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OF

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June, 1817.

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PREFACE.

My attempting to write the Life of so illustrious a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds—a task which Burke declined and Malone has not performed—a work, also, so formidable in my own view of it—may require some apology for such presumption; but the truth is, that I was drawn into it by degrees, as we commonly are to all the sins we commit. I had at first written a short Memoir on the subject, at the earnest request of a friend, which was received with marks of approbation. I had also collected many little anecdotes, which I was told were worth preserving; and at length was persuaded to make the present attempt, or rather, I may say, pressed into the service.

Another motive to my undertaking this subject was, that some of the circumstances which I had to relate might help to clear Sir Joshua, in respect to the unwarranted ideas, many persons have entertained, that he was not the author of his own Discourses, and that also in his youth he was particularly illiterate. That the latter is far from the truth may be seen in the Letter from him to Lord E———, which is demonstrative of a delicate, elegant, grateful, and feeling mind; and is written with admirable simplicity of language.

Familiar letters by Sir Joshua are, however, very scarce: he was too busy and too wise to spend his time in an occupation which is more congenial to the idle and the vain, who are commonly very voluminous in their production of this article.

With respect to the anecdotes which I have inserted in these Memoirs, some few of them, I hope, may be gratifying to the Artist; others may amuse the leisure hours of my reader; some of them, I must acknowledge are trifling, and may not do either: but I have given all I could recollect, and would not make myself the judge by selection, especially when I reflected, that minute particulars are frequently characteristic, and that trifles even are often amusing, when they relate to distinguished persons: therefore I felt unwilling that any memorial, however slight, should be lost, as would inevitably happen, in a very few years.

It is my fixed opinion, that if ever there should appear in the world a Memoir of an Artist well given, it will be the production of an Artist; but as those rarely possess an eminent facility in literary composition, they have avoided the task; and the labour of writing the lives of Painters has been left to depend solely on the skill and ingenuity of those who knew but little concerning the subject they had undertaken, in consequence of which their work is rendered useless and insipid.

I sensibly feel that some parts of these Memoirs may be judged tedious, some parts weak, and other parts not sufficiently connected with the original subject; but I was not so competent a judge of my own work as to make the proper selection: and I also apprehend that, in a variety of readers, some will be pleased with what others will despise, and that one who presumes to give a public dinner must provide, as well as he is able, a dish for each particular palate; so that if I have given too much, it is at my own risk, and from an earnest desire to satisfy every one.

The miscellaneous papers which accompany these Memoirs were the result of my leisure moments: some of them have already appeared in print, and have been approved of beyond my expectations; which has induced me to collect them into this volume, and to add considerably to their number. Some few of the following pages which have been before the public were given under a feigned character; these retain their original form without any alteration.

The subject of these Essays may perhaps be considered, in a great degree, as of a confined nature; although I have attempted to treat it frequently in such a manner as I hoped might afford some small amusement to the general reader. In order to explain my meaning with more distinctness, I have given opinions in respect to the arts under a variety of views, and endeavoured to convey the best advice in my power, in such a manner as to appear least dictatorial, for I do not presume to be a teacher: however, if they shall prove to be worth the consideration of any persons, they will be best suited to those who are connected with the study of the Arts.

In respect to the volume on the whole, if I should say, by way of excusing its imperfections, and to screen myself from severe censure, that it was composed in my idle hours, to relieve my mind when pressed by the difficulties of my profession, and therefore ought to be looked upon with a favourable eye, it would be asked, "Why I should with any pretence to modesty or justice, suppose that my idlings will, in any degree, occupy the attention, or contribute to the amusement, of an enlightened public?" And if, on the other hand, I declare that it has cost me infinite pains and labour, and that I now humbly and respectfully offer it to the experienced world as the very utmost I could produce, after all my most earnest endeavours, it may then very reasonably be said, that I ought to have performed my task much better, as the effect is by no means answerable to such labour and effort.

Under these considerations, therefore, I shall say no more on this subject; but calmly submit the work to the animadversion of the public, and rest perfectly satisfied with their decision, as on the verdict of the purest jury, and one from whose judgment there can be no appeal.

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE last century may be said to have formed an era in the progressive refinement of the British empire in all matters of taste; an era from whence future historians will date our advancement in the arts, and our rivalry of the most polished nations.

In the early part of that century, however, so weak and puerile were the efforts of almost all our native professors, particularly in the *Art of Painting*, as to reflect equal disgrace on the age and nation. Philosophers, poets, statesmen, and warriors, of unquestionable eminence, were our own; but no Englishman had yet added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country, and which alone seemed wanting to fill up the measure of British fame. This remarkable deficiency in the efforts of genius in that department, may in a great degree, have arisen from the want of sufficient encouragement—a natural consequence proceeding from the customs and manners of the preceding ages. What the fury of Henry the Eighth had spared at the Reformation, was condemned by the Puritans, and the Arts, long disturbed by civil commotions, were, in a manner, expelled from Great Britain, or lay neglected in the sensual gallantry of the restored court of Charles the Second: nor were its hopes revived by the party contentions that immediately followed and wholly occupied the attention of all men, rendering them unfit to relish, and without the leisure to protect, the fine arts.

In illustration of this, I may add the observation of an excellent author, that no set of men can have a due regard for the *Fine Arts* who are more enslaved by the pleasures arising from the grosser senses than from those springing from, or connected with, reflection. The interests of intemperance and study are so opposite, that they cannot exist together in the same mind, or, at least, in such degree as to produce any advantages to the agent. When we indulge our grosser appetites beyond what we ought, we are dragged to contrition through the medium of anguish, and forego or violate that dignified calmness of the system which is only compatible with an honourable ambition—the sorceries of Circe, or the orgies of Bacchus, cannot administer or infuse efficient inspiration to intellects debauched by unhallowed fervour; such as sink under their influence, may, indeed, be negatively contented with their ignorance of the value of superior merit, but will never exert their ability for, nor pant with the desire of being enviable, happy, or renowned.

The period at length arrived in which taste was to have its sway; and to seize and improve the favourable opportunity, presented by the circumstances of the times to one possessed of superior talents and ardour of mind, was the fortunate lot of Sir Joshua Reynolds: yet, notwithstanding that he carried his art so much beyond our expectation, and has done so much, we cannot but lament that he was not more frequently called upon to exercise his great genius on subjects more suitable to so enlarged a mind.

It is worthy of remark, that the county of Devon has produced more painters than any other county in England; whilst, at the same time, it must be noticed, that till very lately there were fewer collections of pictures, of good ones, at least, in that county, than in any other part of England of an equal space.

Of that county was Thomas Hudson, the best portrait painter, of his day, in the kingdom, and famous for being the master of Reynolds; also Francis Hayman, the first historical painter of his time; and Mr. Cosway, R. A., Mr. Humphry, R. A., Mr. Downham, Mr. Cross, all eminent in their profession. Of that county also, was Sir Joshua Reynolds, eminent in the highest degree; this illustrious painter, and distinguished ornament of the English nation, the subject of the following memoir, being born at Plympton in Devonshire, on the 16th of July, 1723. It has been noticed as not unworthy of record, that this event took place about three months before the death of Sir Godfrey Kneller, which happened on the 27th of the succeeding October, as if thus perpetuating the hereditary descent of the art; and preceding biographers are correct in stating that he was on every side of his genealogy connected with the clerical profession, as both his father and grandfather were in holy orders, besides having a paternal uncle, John, the elder brother of the family, who was a canon of St. Peter's, Exeter, and held a fellowship of the College at Eton; to this latter, Exeter College in Oxford is much indebted for the bequest of a very valuable library, and a considerable part of his fortune, of which it became possessed by his death in 1758. There is a mezzotinto print of him scraped by Mr. Mac Ardell, from a portrait painted by his Nephew, now in Eton College; besides which, it is recorded that his maternal grandfather was in orders, who had to his wife the daughter of the Reverend Thomas Baker, a most eminent mathematician of the seventeenth century, and one to whom the Royal Society were, on several occasions, particularly indebted.

This gentleman was the son of Mr. James Baker of Ilton in Somersetshire, who lived in great respectability, and was stewart for the extensive estates of the family of Strangeways in Dorsetshire. Thomas was born at Ilton in 1625, and at the age of fifteen, entered a student of Magdalen, at Oxford, from whence he was five years afterwards elected scholar of Wadham College, in which situation, in the year 1645, he proved his loyalty by the performance of some little service for King Charles I. in the garrison of that city. In 1647 he was admitted A. B. but quitted the university without completing that degree by determination; and having taken orders, he was appointed Vicar of Bishop's Nymmet, in Dorsetshire, where he resided many years in studious retirement. Here he applied himself assiduously to the study of mathematics, in which he made a most extraordinary progress; but was totally unknown and unvalued in his obscure neighbourhood, until 1684, when he published his famous "Geometrical Key" in quarto, and in Latin and English. The Royal Society now became ambitious of possessing the result of the labours of his learned life, and having, in particular, but a short time before his death, sent him some difficult and abstruse mathematical queries, he returned an answer so extremely satisfactory, that they voted him a gold medal, with an inscription dictated by the deepest sense of respect. This venerable mathematician died in 1690, and was buried in his own church at Bishop's Nymmet.

Joshua Reynolds was the son of the reverend Samuel Reynolds and Theophila his wife, whose maiden name was Potter; he was the seventh of eleven children, (five of whom died in their infancy,) and it has been said by Mr. Malone, that his father was prompted to give him his scriptural appellation, in hopes that such a singular, or at least uncommon name, might, at some future period of his life, perhaps be the means of attracting for him the patronage of some person with a similar prefix. The good man's intentions, if the circumstance were a fact, were indeed never literally fulfilled; but instead of that, had he lived, he might have seen his son become an honour to his country.

I do not know on what evidence Mr. Malone gives this account concerning the introduction of the name of

Joshua into the family, but this I know, from undoubted authority, (having seen it in Sir Joshua's own hand-writing, and therefore shall insert it, as it serves to controvert this very improbable story, which otherwise would altogether be unworthy of notice) that it is certain that Sir Joshua had an uncle, whose christian name was Joshua, and dwelt at Exeter, and who was his Godfather, but not being present at the baptism of his nephew, was represented by a Mr. Aldwin; the other godfather being a Mr. Ivie; and his godmother was his aunt Reynolds of Exeter, represented also by proxy by a Mrs. Darly. Mr. Malone is in general very correct, but not in the circumstance he has related as above. I hope to be excused in being thus minutely particular, as it serves to prove a fact.

The register of Plympton, however, has, by some negligence or inaccuracy, deprived him of this baptismal name; for in that record it appears that he was baptised on the 30th of July, and he is styled "Joseph son of Samuel Reynolds, Clerk." It is difficult to account for this error in any other way than that which Mr. Malone has given, by supposing that the name was written originally on a slip of paper in an abbreviated form—"Jos. son of Samuel Reynolds," and was at a subsequent period entered erroneously by the clergyman or clerk of the parish.

The maintenance of this family of six children was a tax sufficiently heavy on the slender income of the father who possessed no other resources than those which he derived from the living of Plympton, and the grammar school annexed to it; the whole amounting to a very small sum: for the church was only a Windsor curacy, and he was so ill calculated for the management of a school, that notwithstanding his possessing a high character for learning, its number was, before his death, literally reduced to one solitary scholar. Yet this mortification, which might have overpowered a more irritable temper, the good old man bore without any dejection of spirits, and he continued as much as ever beloved and respected for the variety of his knowledge, his philanthropy, his innocence of heart, and simplicity of manners.

Young Reynolds is said to have been for some time instructed in the classics by his father, who was very assiduous in cultivating the minds of his children, but as it is known that the son did not display any proofs of classical attainments in the earlier part of his life, it is most probable that the mass of general knowledge, by which he was at a later period so eminently distinguished, was the result of much studious application in his riper years. A correct classical scholar, however, he could not be considered in any part of his life. That he was what the world terms a genius, and of the first order, cannot be disputed. He possessed talents of the highest kind which he brought into full and constant action by a laudable ambition, the ardent desire of acquiring eminence in the profession which he had adopted.

It has been ignorantly said, that his father intended him for the church and sent him to one of the universities where he received the degree of Master of Arts. This erroneous notion probably arose from his subsequent honorary degree of LL. D. I have, however, heard him say that his father at first intended him for the practice of physic; and that, if such had been the event, he should have felt the same determination to become the most eminent physician, as he then felt to be the first painter of his age and country. Indeed it was ever his decided opinion, that the superiority attainable in any pursuit whatever, does not originate in an innate propensity of the mind to that pursuit in particular, but depends on the general strength of the intellect, and on the intense and constant application of that strength to a specific purpose. He regarded ambition as the *cause* of eminence, but accident as pointing out the *means*. It is true that, at an early period of his life, he made some trifling attempts in drawing from common prints, but this cannot be considered as any proof that his faculties were more particularly fitted for the study of the arts than for any other, although it has been brought forward as such. The same thing has been done by ten thousand boys before him, and will be done by thousands yet to come, without any of them ever becoming great artists. Such displays of childish ingenuity are the most common refuge of idleness, in order to escape from the labour of a loathsome task; they have the double recommendation that they are not enjoined by command, and that they are more easily performed with credit to the young candidate for applause as they are not likely to be scrutinized by any competent judge of their merits.

There is now one of these very early essays, in the possession of the family, a perspective view of a book case, under which his father has written, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." It is on the back of a Latin exercise. No wonder it should appear like idleness to his father; doing that which you are not required to do, and neglecting to do that which is considered as your duty, will of course look very like idleness, and partake of it in a certain degree. Notwithstanding those little checks from the father, he no doubt perceived that he had raised himself in the opinion of his parent, which gave him encouragement to go on; and it is allowed by his biographer, that his father, who was himself fond of drawings, and had a small collection of anatomical and other prints, was pleased with his son's efforts. We are *also* informed from the same authority, that his elder sisters had *likewise* a turn for the art before him, and that his first essays were made in copying several little sketches done by them; he afterwards copied various prints he met with among his father's books, such as those in Dryden's edition of Plutarch's Lives, and became particularly fond of the amusement. But Jacob Cats' book of Emblems was his great resource, a book which his great grandmother, by the father's side, a Dutchwoman, had brought with her when she quitted Holland.

Young Reynolds had accidentally read the Jesuit's Perspective when he was not more than eight years old, a proof of his capacity and active curiosity. He attempted to apply the rules of that treatise in a drawing which he made of his father's school, a building well suited to his purpose, as it stood on pillars. On showing it to his father, who was merely a man of letters, it seemed to strike him with astonishment, and he exclaimed, " Now this exemplifies what the author of the ' Perspective' asserts in his preface,—that by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders;—for this is wonderful."*

The surprize he excited, and the praise he obtained, naturally inflamed his ambition to surmount greater difficulties in a field of knowledge in which, from the ignorance of those about him in the graphic art, he seemed to stand alone. From these attempts he proceeded to draw likenesses of the friends and relatives of his family with tolerable success. Richardson's Theory of Painting was now put into his hands, where he saw the enthusiastic raptures in which a great painter is described; and it is no wonder that he thought Raffaelle (as he himself has said) the most extraordinary man the world had ever produced. His mind thus stimulated by a high example, and constantly ruminating upon it, the thought of remaining in hopeless obscurity became insupportable to him. It was this feeling which more and more excited his efforts, and in the end produced those works which have established his reputation on a lasting basis.† It should be remembered, that at the time he read Richardson's Treatise, he could know nothing of Raffaelle but from the praise bestowed upon him; mere verbal criticism could evidently give him little insight into the particular beauties or genius of Raffaelle as a painter: but the enthusiastic admiration of the writer kindled a spark of the same generous flame in his own breast. and urged him to pursue the same path of glory, because it was the first that opened itself to his view.

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* Of this school, an engraving accompanies this work, done from an original picture by Prout, a native of Devonshire. The school itself is one of the best in the county; it was erected in 1664, by Sir John Maynard, one of the trustees of Elizeus Hall, Esq., of Cornwood, near Plymouth, who gave 1500*l* per annum to such uses.

† Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Cowley, says, "That in the windows of his mother's apartment, (Cowley's) lay Spencer's Fairy Queen, in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feel-

I have ventured to deliver these opinions the more freely, because I know them to have been his own, and that, if they are not received as the truth, no one has ever yet been able to prove that they are false. Sir Joshua Reynolds's notions on this subject have, notwithstanding, been sometimes mistaken, and his reasonings have been therefore charged with inconsistency. He never meant to deny the existence of genius, as this term denotes a greater degree of natural capacity in some minds than others; but he always contended strenuously against the vulgar and absurd interpretation of the word, which supposes, that the same person may be a man of genius in one respect, but utterly unfit for, and almost an ideot in, every thing else, and that this singular and unaccountable faculty is a gift born with us, which does not need the assistance of pains or culture, time or accident, to improve and perfect it.

As he had shown so early an inclination towards the arts, a neighbour and friend of the family (a Mr. Cranch) advised the father to send his son to London, to be placed under the tuition of Mr. Hudson, a well

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ing the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. Sir Joshua Renolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise."

known painter of portraits, who was also a native of Devonshire. This advice was followed, and Hudson's consent being obtained, young Reynolds was sent to receive instruction from his preceptor: with this view he first visited the capital on the 14th of October, 1741, when he was not quite eighteen years of age; and on the 18th of that month, the day of St. Luke the patron of painters, was placed with his instructor.

In order to give the reader some idea of the state of the arts at that time, it must be observed, that Hudson was then the greatest painter in England; and the qualification that enabled him to hold this decided pre-eminence, was the ability of producing a likeness with that kind of address which, by the vulgar, is considered as flattering to the person. But after having painted the head, Hudson's genius failed him, and he was obliged to apply to one Vanhaaken to put it on the shoulders and to finish the drapery, of both which he was himself totally incapable. Unluckily Vanhaaken died, and for a time Hudson was driven almost to despair, and feared he must have quitted his lucrative employment: he was, however, fortunate enough to meet with another drapery-painter, named Roth, who, though not so expert as the former, was yet sufficiently qualified to carry on the manufactory.

Such were the barren sources of instruction at the time when Reynolds first came to London to be inspired by the genius of Hudson! It should be remarked, however of Hudson, that though not a good painter himself, yet out of his school were produced several very excellent ones, viz., Reynolds, Mortimer, and Wright of Derby, who at that time formed a matchless triumvirate.

Yet it appears that Hudson's instructions were evidently not of the first rate, nor his advice to his young pupil very judicious, when we find that, probably from pure ignorance, instead of directing him to study from the antique models, he recommended to him the careful copying of Guercino's drawings, thus trifling his time away; this instance serves to show the deplorable state of the arts at that time in this country: however, the youthful and tractable pupil executed his task with such skill, that many of those early productions are now preserved in the cabinets of the curious in this kingdom; most of which are actually considered as originals by that master.

He could not escape, indeed, without the ordinary fate of excellence, that of exciting jealousy even in the breast of his master; who, as it is related, having seen an head, painted whilst he was yet a pupil, from an elderly female servant in the family, in which he discovered a taste superior to that of the painters of the day, foretold the future success of his pupil, but not without feeling, and afterwards displaying, in his behaviour to his young rival, some strong symptoms of that ungenerous passion.

When young Reynolds first came to London, he was sent by his master to make a purchase for him at a sale of pictures, and it being a collection of some consequence, the auction-room was uncommonly crowded. Reynolds was at the upper end of the room, near the auctioneer, when he perceived a considerable bustle at the farther part of the room, near the door, which he could not account for, and at first thought somebody had fainted, as the crowd and heat were so great. However he soon heard the name of "Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope," whispered from every mouth, for it was Mr. Pope himself who then entered the room. Immediately every person drew back to make a free passage for the distinguished poet, and all those on each side held out their hands for him to touch as he passed; Reynolds, although not in the front row, put out his hand also, under the arm of the person who stood before him, and Pope took hold of his hand, as he likewise did to all as he passed. This was the only time that Reynolds ever saw that great moralist.—Pity that Pope had not known the future importance of the hand he then received in his own!

The above anecdote I heard from Sir Joshua himself.

Reynolds continued only two years with his master, in which time he made so rapid a progress, that the picture of his painting, already noticed, having been accidentally seen in Hudson's gallery, it obtained so universal a preference, that the preceptor immediately grew doubly jealous of his pupil's excellence, and on that account they soon afterwards parted. Reynolds returned to Devonshire, where he is said, by his biographer, to have dissipated the three following years, making little effort and as little improvement, to the great disquiet of his conscience afterwards. Yet it is well known, that during the period here spoken of, he produced a great many portraits, particularly one of a boy reading by a reflected light,* and several others which are undoubtedly very fine, as he himself acknowledged on seeing them at the distance of thirty years; when he lamented that in so great a length of time he had made so little progress in his art. If it is true, therefore, that he really lamented his loss of time in that interval, it arose most probably from a regret that he had not sooner established himself in London, which he always considered as the proper field for the display of talents: and it was, besides, his early and fixed opinion, which might add to his uneasiness on this subject, that if he did not prove himself the best painter of his time, when arrived at the age of thirty, he never should. At the period thus fixed upon by himself, there can be little doubt that he had, at least, surpassed all his competitors. At that interval of supposed negligence, I apprehend he was still making his observations on what he saw, and forming his taste; and although there were but few works of art, as I have before noticed, within his reach in that county, still there were the works of one artist, who, notwithstanding he was never known beyond the boundary of the county in which he lived and died, was yet a man of first rate abilities; and I have heard Sir Joshua himself speak of this painter's portraits, which are to be found only in Devonshire, with the highest respect: he not only much admired his talents as an artist, but in all his early practice evidently adopted his manner in regard to painting the head, and retained it in some degree ever after.

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* This painting, fifty years afterwards, was sold by auction for thirty-five guineas. Some portraits of the noble family of Abercorn are also very correctly stated to have brought him into considerable notice at the above period.

This painter was William Gandy of Exeter, whom I cannot but consider as an early master to Reynolds. The paintings of Gandy were, in all probability, the first good portraits that had come to his knowledge previous to his going to London; and he told me himself, that *he had seen* portraits by Gandy that were equal to those of Rembrandt, one, in particular, of an alderman of Exeter, which is placed in a public building in that city. I have also heard him repeat some observations of Gandy's, which had been mentioned to him, and that he approved of; one in particular was, that a picture ought to have a richness in its texture, as if the colours had been composed of cream or cheese, and the reverse to a hard and husky or dry manner.*

Mr. Reynolds and his two youngest unmarried sisters had now taken a house at the town of Plymouth Dock, in which he occupied the first floor, and painted various portraits, some of which evince great capacity, although necessarily embarrassed by the want of practice and executive power. That of himself from which the print was taken, accompanying this work, was executed at this period.

He now began to be employed, much to his satisfaction, as by a letter which, at the time, he sent to his father, who resided at Plympton, he acquaints him with some degree of exultation, that he had painted the portrait of the greatest man in the place—and this was the commissioner of Plymouth Dock yard.

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* At the end of this Memoir will be found some biographical notices of William Gandy.

Soon after this he lost his father, who died on Christmas-day, 1746. This gentleman, the Reverend Samuel Reynolds, as has been before observed, was eminent for his learning and moral character, to which he united such innocence of heart and simplicity of manners, that he has often been mentioned as another parson Adams. He was also what is called an absent man. The following instance was related by an intimate friend of his, as occurring on a visit which the old gentleman once made him at his house, about three miles from Plympton, the place of his own residence.

When Mr. Reynolds set out from his home on horse-back, he rode in a pair of gambados, that is, a large pair of boots of peculiar make, very heavy, and open at the outside. so as easily to admit the legs of the rider, and which were thus attached to the saddle. When the old gentleman arrived at his friend's house, it was observed to him that he had only one gambado: "Bless me!" said he, "it is very true, but I am sure that I had them both when I set out from home;" and so it proved to be, as the lost gambado was afterwards found on the road, having dropt from the saddle and his leg without his perceiving the loss of it. It has been also said, that he was somewhat remarkable for his taciturnity. His wife's name, as I have already mentioned, was Theophila, and thence, in order to avoid superfluous words and questions, whenever he would choose to drink tea or coffee, he told her, "When I say *The,* you must make tea; but when I say *Offy,* you must make coffee. This, however, if it did take place, must have been merely as a jest upon his own harmless foible.

It may seem unlikely that the early success of Sir Joshua Reynolds should, in any measure, have been connected with the politics of the times; yet nothing is more true, for notwithstanding his own wishes to visit Italy, the mother and nurse of the arts, still that event might not so soon have taken place, had it not been for some occurrences, which, being so considerably instrumental to the gratification of his desire, even thence possess sufficient importance to be recorded here, as well as from their relating to the earliest and most firm friend Sir Joshua ever had.

During his residence in Plymouth he first became known to the family of Mount Edgecumbe; who warmly patronized and not only employed him in his profession, but also strongly recommended him to the Honourable Augustus Keppel, then a captain in the navy, and afterwards Viscount Keppel.

This officer not having been paid off at the peace of Aix la Chapelle, which took place in 1749, was now about to be employed on a service in which all the characteristic qualities of his mind were, for the first time, eminently called forth. He had indeed long distinguished himself, as well by his spirited activity as by his agreeable and accommodating manners, and at the same time, although still a very young man, displaying the greatest firmness when either his own or his country's honour was at hazard.

At this period the long warfare in which almost all Europe had been engaged, had given opportunities to the commanders of the various Barbary Corsairs to renew their depredations on the neighbouring states, and that too without paying attention to the protection of any flag whatsoever.

Some of these depredations had even been committed on the English flag, which were in some measure submitted to; for though these states were even then well known to be neither powerful nor rich, rendering it thereby easy to compel a cessation of hostilities, or to purchase an alliance, yet it had been our policy to consider it as not very safe or prudent, either to show to an indigent race of barbarous pirates that they had it in their power to exact tribute from a warlike nation like Great Britain, or to engage in war with a people who might, in some measure, be even protected by their very weakness,—a people upon whom no reprizals could be made, and whose armaments, such as they were, could be renewed, as often as they were annihilated, with much less inconvenience than we must have suffered in destroying them.

Under these circumstances they continued, during the early part of 1749, to infest the seas and coasts of the Mediterranean; when the Pope ordered out all his gallies under Monsieur de Bussy, to put a stop to their insults, if possible. The Genoese too, once so powerful as a maritime nation, were now actually unable to oppose those barbarians at sea, and were reduced to the prudential measure of merely placing guards along their coast, in order to prevent their landing, as they had done in several other places, committing the greatest devastation. They were at length, however, able to furnish three gallies, which they fitted out and sent to join a force collected at the particular instance of his Holiness, consisting of four gallies armed by himself, and two ships of war contributed by the Grand Master of Malta, with two xebecs and four large settees from some of the other powers.

Instead, however, of exerting themselves in defence of Christendom, this armament permitted eleven Algerine ships to alarm the whole coast of Naples, where they had proceeded in hopes of seizing the king whilst he was employed in pheasant-shooting in the island of Procida; a design, however, in which they were frustrated, though their insolence was now roused to such a pitch, through impunity, that they became totally regardless of all treaties, and pushed some of their cruizers into the Atlantic in order to capture British vessels.

On the 7th of May, 1749, the Prince Frederic packet-boat arrived at Falmouth, having sailed from Lisbon for that port upwards of two months before, but had been captured by four Algerine Corsairs who had carried her into port, where they detained her twenty-three days, on pretence that the captain named in the commission was not on board, and that the money and jewels of which they plundered her, were the property of Jews. They treated the crew, however, civilly, and did not rob them; and at length permitted the vessel to return home. At this period Mr. Keppel was fitting out at Plymouth Dock, in order to proceed to the Mediterranean station as commodore; and Mr. Reynolds gladly accepted of an earnest invitation to accompany him during part of the voyage.

Orders were instantly given by the admiralty for fitting out a squadron consisting of the Centurion, Assurance, Unicorn, and Sea-horse; in the former of which the commodore was to hoist his broad pendant. It was intended also that this squadron should not only carry out presents for the Dey of Algiers, but that the Commodore should also be empowered to demand restitution of the money plundered out of the Prince Frederic.

As the equipment of the squadron, however, and the preparation of the presents were likely to occupy some time, the Commodore had orders to proceed immediately to sea in his own ship, the Centurion, and accordingly he sailed, accompanied by Mr. Reynolds, on the 11th of May, 1749.

After a passage, rather tedious in point of time, they arrived at Lisbon on the 24th of that month, where our young painter saw several grand religious processions and other ceremonies, novel to him, and which he notices in his memorandums. After a short stay at Lisbon, they proceeded towards Gibraltar, where they arrived on the 9th of June, and after a few weeks got under weigh for Algiers, in order to execute the Commodore's commission. There they arrived on the 20th of July, and Mr. Reynolds accompanied the Commodore in his visit of state, when he had an opportunity of being introduced to the Dey in the usual form; but the most friendly assurances being held out, Commodore Keppel thought it unnecessary to make any longer stay, and immediately sailed for

Port Mahon in the island of Minorca, at which place Mr. Reynolds went on shore to live on the 23rd of August.

Here the friendship of the Commodore, as well as his own merit, soon introduced him to notice, and he was employed busily in painting the portraits of almost all the officers in the garrison, and on the station, much to the improvement of his skill and fortune.

To General Blakeney, the Governor, he was much indebted for polite attention; as that gentleman not only insisted on his not being at any expence during his stay on the island for quarters, but also pressed him to a constant seat at his own table.

His stay at Port Mahon was however prolonged much beyond his original intention, by an unpleasant and indeed very dangerous accident; his horse having fallen down a precipice, by which his face was so much cut as to confine him to his room. At this time it was, I believe, that his lip was so much bruised as to oblige him to have part of it cut off; from whence arose that apparent contraction which Mr. Edwards supposes to have been owing to his subsequent illness at Rome which brought on his partial deafness.

His recovery now enabled him to pursue his original plan, and he for a time took leave of his friend, who had been literally so during the whole course of the voyage, treating him in all respects as a brother, affording him the liberal use of his cabin and library, and introducing him, when in port, to the first circles in which he associated.

Before we follow Mr. Reynolds to Italy, it will not be irrelevant to notice a subsequent anecdote of his friend the Commodore, who in the course of the ensuing year found it necessary to return to Algiers in consequence of the renewed depredations of the Corsairs. Having proceeded with his squadron to that place, he anchored in the bay, directly opposite to, and within gun-shot of, the palace, and then went on shore, accompanied by his captain, and attended only by his barge's crew. On his arrival at the palace he demanded an audience, and on his admission to the Divan, laid open his embassy, requiring at the same time, in the name of his sovereign, ample satisfaction for the various injuries done to the British nation.

Surprised at the boldness of his remonstrances, and enraged at his demands of justice, the Dey, despising his apparent youth, for he was then only four and twenty, exclaimed, that he wondered at the insolence of the King of Great Britain in sending him an insignificant beardless boy.

On this the youthful, but spirited, Commodore is said to have returned an answer in so determined and fearless a manner as to rouse all the passions of the tyrant, who, unused to such language from the sycophants of his court, was so far enraged as to forget the law of nations, in respect to embassadors, and actually ordered his mutes to advance with the bowstring, at the same time telling the Commodore, that his life should answer for his audacity.

The Commodore listened to this menace with the utmost calmness, and being near to a window which looked out upon the bay, directed the attention of the African chief to the squadron there at anchor, telling him, that if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough on board to make a glorious funeral pile. The Dey having cooled a little at this hint, was wise enough to permit the Commodore to depart in safety, and also to make ample satisfaction for the damage already done, faithfully promising to abstain from violence in future.

To return to our subject—Mr. Reynolds now proceeded for Leghorn, and from thence to Rome. When arrived in this garden of the world, this great temple of the arts, (where I have enjoyed so much pleasure, now almost fading from my memory,) his time was diligently and judiciously employed in such a manner as might have been expected from one of his talents and virtue. He contemplated, with unwearied attention and ardent zeal, the various beauties which marked the styles of different schools and different ages. He sought for truth, taste, and beauty at the fountain head. It was with no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence; and by his well directed study acquired, whilst he contemplated the best works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent reputation as a portrait painter. In attending more particularly to this, he avoided all engagements for copying works of art for the various travellers at that time in Rome; knowing that kind of employment, as he afterwards said in a letter to Barry, to be totally useless—" Whilst I was at Rome, I was very little employed by them, and that little I always considered as so much time lost."

Whilst pursuing his studies at Rome, several other English artists were there, to the same intent; particularly Mr. John Astley, who had been his fellow pupil in the school of Hudson, and of whom Reynolds used to say, that Astley would rather run three miles to deliver his message by word of mouth than venture to write a note. Probably his education had been neglected; however, he afterwards became a very rich man by an advantageous marriage which he contracted with a wealthy lady of quality. The observation of his biographer on this event is, that Astley owed his fortune to his form; his follies to his fortune: indeed, at the period of his life I now allude to, he was as poor in purse, as he ever was an artist.

It was an usual custom with the English painters at Rome to meet in the evenings for conversation, and frequently to make little excursions together in the country. On one of those excursions, on a summer afternoon, when the season was particularly hot, the whole company threw off their coats, as being an incumbrance to them, except poor Astley, who alone shewed great reluctance to take off his; this seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity, at last obliged him to take his coat off also. The mystery was then immediately explained; for it appeared, that the hinder part of his waistcoat was made by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own pictures, and thus displayed a tremendous waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

Mr. Reynolds was too much occupied in his studies to dictate much time to epistolary correspondence; but I think it not improper to insert here the following letter, as the first sketch of one he sent to his friend and patron Lord E., written with admirable simplicity of language, and rendered interesting from the elegant, grateful, and feeling mind it displays, as well as shewing the absurdity of imputing some *others* to his pen.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD E.

"MY LORD,

"I am now (thanks to your Lordship) at the height of my wishes, in the midst of the greatest works of art that the world has produced. I had a very long passage, though a very pleasant one. I am at last in Rome, having seen many places and sights which I never thought of seeing. I have been at Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Mahon. The Commodore staid at Lisbon a week, in which time there happened two of the greatest sights that could be seen had he staid there a whole year,—a bull feast, and the procession of *Corpus Christi.* Your Lordship will excuse me if I say, that from the kind treatment and great civilities I have received from the Commodore, I fear I have even laid your Lordship under obligations to him on my account; since from nothing but your Lordship's recommendation I could possibly expect to meet with that polite behaviour with which I have always been treated: I had the use of his cabin, and his study of books, as if they had been my own; and when he went ashore he generally took me with him; so that I not only had an opportunity of seeing a great deal, but I saw it with all the advantages as if I had travelled as his equal. At Cadiz I saw another bull feast. I ask your Lordship's pardon for being guilty of that usual piece of ill manners in speaking so much of myself; I should not have committed it after such favours. Impute my not writing to the true reason: I thought it impertinent to write to your Lordship without a proper reason; to let you know where I am, if your Lordship should have any commands here that I am capable of executing. Since I have been in Rome, I have been looking about the palaces for a fit picture of which I might take a copy to present your Lordship with; though it would have been much more genteel to have sent the picture without any previous intimation of it. Any one you choose, the larger the better, as it will have a more grand effect when hung up, and a kind of painting I like more than little. Though perhaps it will be too great a presumption to expect it, I must needs own I most impatiently wait for this order from your Lordship.

"I am, &c. &c.

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."

Sir Joshua has himself ingenuously confessed, in his writing, that at the first sight of Raffaelle's works in the Vatican, to his great disappointment, he did not relish, or well comprehended their merits, but that he studied them till he did.

Perhaps we may account for this circumstance from the difference in the dispositions of the two painters: Raffaelle possessed a grandeur even to severity; and did not display in his pictures either the allurements of colour, or any great effect of light and shade; parts of the art which delighted Reynolds, whose natural disposition inclined him solely to the cultivation of its graces, and of whose works, softness and captivating sweetness are the chief characteristics.

It is a curious circumstance, and scarcely to be credited in the life of an artist so refined, who seems, even from the earliest dawning of his genius, to have devoted himself to the service of the graces, that he should ever have been, at any period, a caricaturist. Yet this was actually the case during his residence at Rome, where he painted several pictures of that kind; particularly one which is a sort of parody on Raffaelle's School of Athens, comprising about thirty figures and representing most of the English gentlemen then in that city: this picture, I have been informed, is now in the possession of a Mr. Joseph Henry, of Straffan, in Ireland, whose portrait also it contains. But I have heard Sir Joshua himself say, that although it was universally allowed he executed subjects of this kind with much honour and spirit, he yet held it absolutely necessary to abandon the practice, since it must corrupt his taste as a portrait painter, whose duty it becomes to aim at discovering the perfections only of those whom he is to represent.

After remaining in Italy about three years, in which time he visited most of the principal cities of that country, he returned to England by the way of France, and took the road over Mount Cenis, upon which mountain he very unexpectedly met with his old master, Hudson, in company with Roubiliac the famous sculptor, both going to pay a short visit to Rome.

Of Roubiliac it is a pleasing circumstance to record, that his own goodness of heart first brought his excellent abilities into notice, and that his great success in life seems to have depended, in some degree, on his honest and liberal conduct soon after he came to England. At that time he was merely working as a journeyman for a person of the name of Carter, and the young artist having spent an evening at Vauxhall, on his return picked up a pocket-book, which he discovered on examining it at his lodgings, to contain a considerable number of Bank notes, together with some papers apparently of consequence to the owner. He immediately advertised the circumstance, and a claimant soon appeared, who was so pleased with the integrity of the youth, and so struck with his genius, of which he shewed several specimens, that he not only, being a man of rank and fortune, gave him a handsome remuneration, but also promised to patronize him through life, and faithfully performed that promise.

On the arrival of Mr. Reynolds at Paris, he met his friend Mr. Chambers, the architect (afterwards Sir William,) accompanied by his wife, then also on their way to Rome; and whilst there he painted the portrait of Mrs. Chambers, which has since been copied in mezzotinto. With this eminent architect, indeed, he long continued in habits of intimacy, respecting him as an instance of genius rising in opposition to circumstance.

Mr. Chambers, it is pretty generally known, was, though a Swede by birth, a Briton by descent, having sprung from the ancient family of Chalmers in Scotland, who were also barons of Tartas in France: his father was a merchant, and had suffered much in his fortune by supplying Charles the Twelfth with money and goods during his campaigns, for which he received nothing more than the base copper coin of that mad monarch, struck for the purpose in his various emergencies, and which becoming soon depreciated, the generous and confiding merchant was involved in ruin.

At the early age of two years, Sir William was brought to England and placed at Rippon school in Yorkshire, after leaving which he was appointed to a situation under the India Company, which carried him to China: he then returned to London, and soon displayed those talents for architecture which introduced him to the notice of the Earl of Bute, who immediately appointed him drawing master to his present Majesty, a situation partly held also by Goupy; in consequence of this connection he soon had the management of the Gardens at Kew.

Sir William Chambers's works in architecture are numerous in England, Scotland, and Ireland; but the principal and best of them is Somerset Place, commenced by him in the year 1776, (but not yet fully completed,) under his immediate and constant inspection, according to his original designs. Of his writings the principal ones are, "A Treatise on Civil Architecture," which has gone through three editions— "A Dissertation on Oriental Gardening," which has gone through two, and has been elegantly translated into French, by Monsieur de la Rochet, with Chetqua's Explanatory Discourse, in defence of that work.

After parting with his friends at Paris, Mr. Reynolds proceeded for the British metropolis, and on his arrival in England, which took place in the month of October, 1752, he found his health in such an indifferent state, as to judge it prudent to pay a visit to his native air, and accordingly set off immediately for Plymouth, during which visit to that town, he painted the portrait of his friend Dr. Mudge, a remarkable fine head, of which there is also a print. From this time a warm, disinterested, and reciprocal friendship subsisted between this truly respectable family of the Mudges and Mr. Reynolds, who always held them in the highest esteem, and the friendly connection between them was kept up to the latest period of his life.

This portrait and one other of a young lady were all that he undertook whilst at Plymouth, being strongly urged by his friend Lord Edgecumbe to return as soon as possible, to the metropolis, as the only place where his fame could be established and his fortune advanced; in consequence of which advice, as soon as his health permitted, he set off for London, and engaged handsome apartments in St. Martin's lane, at that time the favourite and fashionable residence of artists, about the end of the year 1752.

At this period, as it is recorded of him, the earliest specimen he gave of his improvement in the art, was the head of a boy in a Turkish turban, richly painted, something in the style of Rembrandt; which being much talked of, induced his old master, Hudson, to pay him a visit, when it so much attracted his attention, that he called every day to see it in its progress, and perceiving at last no trace of his own manner left, he exclaimed, "By G—, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England!"

This little anecdote, however, we must consider as a jest upon Hudson by some of his contemporaries, or else it would seem that he had improved but little in taste during his Italian tour, in his progress to which, Mr. Reynolds had met him, but the year before, upon Mount Cenis.

The first pupil whom Mr. Reynolds had under his care was Giuseppe Marchi, a young Italian whom he brought home with him from Rome, the place of his birth. He continued with him the principal part of his life, and assisted him in making his copies, in sitting for attitudes for his portraits, and in partly painting his draperies. In the latter part of his time he had a salary from Sir Joshua, I think about a hundred per year, together with his board and lodging, but left him many years before his death, and went to Swansea in Wales, where he practised as a portrait painter; some time after he returned again to London, and to Sir Joshua, with whom he continued till the death of the latter; after which he completed as well as he was able, several pictures which Sir Joshua had left unfinished.

The picture mentioned above of a boy in a Turkish habit, was painted from this Giuseppe Marchi by Sir Joshua, soon after their arrival in England, and is a great likeness; there is a mezzotinto print taken from it. Marchi sometimes scraped in mezzotinto himself, and there are several plates done by him from the paintings of Reynolds. He died in London, but at what time I do not exactly know.

It was about the year 1753 that Mr. Reynolds so much distinguished himself by some of his most admired portraits; and he now found his prospects so bright and extensive, that he removed to a large house on the north side of Great Newport-street, where he afterwards resided for eight or nine years.

This period was the dawn of his splendour; for his amiable modesty, accompanied by his extraordinary talents, soon gained him powerful and active connections: even his earliest sitters were of the highest rank; the second portrait which he painted in London being that of the old Duke of Devonshire. Yet Mr. Reynolds, notwithstanding this auspicious commencement of his career in London, seems to have been annoyed by the great celebrity of a very mean competitor, but who, at that time, was the pink of fashion. This was John Stephen Liotard, a native of Geneva; he was born in 1702, and was designed for a merchant, but he went to study at Paris in 1725, and in 1738 accompanied the Marquis de Puisieux to Rome, who was going embassador to Naples. At Rome he was taken notice of by the Earls of Sandwich and Besborough (then Lord Duncannon,) who engaged Liotard to go with them on a voyage to Constantinople.

At the Porte he became acquainted with Richard second Lord Edgecumbe, (who was the particular and early friend of Mr. Reynolds,) and Sir Everard Fawkener, our embassador, who persuaded him to come to England. In his journey to the Levant he had adopted the Eastern habit, and wore it here with a very long beard. It contributed much to the portraits of himself, and some thought it was to attract customers. He painted both in miniature and enamel, though he seldom practised them: but he is best known by his works in crayons. His likenesses were very strong, and too like to please those who sat to him; thus he had great employment the first year and very little the second. Devoid of imagination, he could render nothing but what he saw before his eyes. Freckles, marks of the small-pox, every thing found its place; not so much from infidelity, as because he could not conceive the absence of any thing that appeared to him. Minuteness prevailed in all his works, grace in none; nor was there any ease in his outlines, but the stiffness of a bust in all his portraits. Thence his heads want air and the softness of flesh.

Reynolds gives his opinion of this artist thus: "The only merit in Liotard's pictures is neatness, which, as a general rule, is the characteristic of a low genius, or rather no genius at all. His pictures are just what ladies do when they paint for their amusement; nor is there any person, how poor soever their talents may be, but in a very few years, by dint of practice, may possess themselves of every qualification in the art which this *great man* has got." Liotard was twice in England, and staid about two years each time.

In respect to the laborious, and what is called the finished manner, Sir Joshua used to add, that the high finished manner of painting would be to be chosen, if it was possible with it to have that spirit and expression which infallibly fly off when you labour; but those are transient beauties which last less than a moment, and must be painted in as little time; besides, in poring long, the imagination is fatigued and loses its vigour. You will find nature in the first manner, but it will be nature stupid and without action. The portraits of Holbein are of this high finished manner; and, for colouring and similitude, what was ever beyond them? but then you see fixed countenances, and all the features seem to remain immoveable. Gerard Vanderwerf also—how spiritless are his figures!

Mr. Reynolds now exerted his talents to the utmost of their powers, and produced a singularly fine whole length portrait of his patron Commodore Keppel, in which he appears to be walking with a quick pace on the sea-shore, and in a storm. This picture, by its excellence and the novelty of the attitude, attracted general notice; and its design as I have been informed, and perhaps with some truth, arose from the following interesting circumstance in the life of his noble friend.

Mr. Keppel having been appointed to the command of the Maidstone frigate in the year 1746, soon after his return from the eventful voyage under Commodore Anson, he was unfortunately wrecked in that ship, on the coast of France, on the 7th of July in the subsequent year; for running close in shore, in pursuit of a French privateer, in the vicinity of Nantz, she struck and soon afterwards went to pieces. Captain Keppel, by his skill and active exertions, saved the lives of his crew; but they were immediately made prisoners: they, as well as he, were treated with great hospitality and politeness, and he himself was in a few weeks permitted to return to England, when a court-martial, as usual upon such occasions, was held upon him, and he was honourably acquitted from all blame respecting the loss he had sustained.

The portrait represents him as just escaped from shipwreck; and has since been engraved by Fisher, that most exact and laborious artist, of whom Sir Joshua used to say, that he was injudiciously exact in his prints, which were mostly in the mezzotinto style, and wasted his time in making the precise shape of every leaf on a tree with as much care as he would bestow on the features of a portrait. Fisher himself was not, indeed, brought up to the art; it is said that he was originally a hatter: he has, however, made some good copies of several of Sir Joshua's best pictures, particularly those of Garrick and Lady Sarah Bunbury.

The novelty and expression introduced in his portrait of Mr. Keppel, were powerful stimulants to the public taste; and, as it has been well observed by one of his biographers, he "soon saw how much animation might be obtained by deviating from the insipid manner of his immediate predecessors; hence in many of his portraits, particularly when combined in family groups, we find much of the variety and spirit of a higher species of art. Instead of confining himself to mere likeness, in which, however, he was eminently happy, he dived, as it were, into the minds, and manners, and habits, of those who sat to him; and accordingly the majority of his portraits are so appropriate and characteristic, that the many illustrious persons whom he has delineated, will be almost as well known to posterity, as if they had seen and conversed with them."

Soon after this he added to his celebrity by his picture of Miss Greville and her brother, as Cupid and Psyche, which, it has been well observed, he composed and executed in a style superior to any portraits that had been produced in this kingdom since the days of Vandyke.

He was now employed to paint several ladies of high quality, whose portraits the polite world flocked to see, and he soon became one of the most distinguished painters, not only in England, but in Europe. For it should be remarked, that at this time there were no historical works to make a demand upon the painter's skill: and though it may seem a curious observation, it will nevertheless be found, on examination, to be one most true, that hitherto this empire of Great Britain, so great, so rich, so magnificent, so benevolent, so abundant in all the luxury that the most ample wealth could procure, even this exalted empire had never yet been able to keep above one single historical painter from starving, whilst portrait painters have swarmed in a plenty at all times thick as " autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa."

A true taste was wanting; vanity, however, was not wanting; and the desire to perpetuate the form of self-complacency crowded his sitting room with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and with men who wanted to appear as heroes and philosophers. From Reynolds's pencil they were sure to be gratified. The force and felicity of his portraits not only drew around him the opulence and beauty of the nation, but happily gained him the merited honour of perpetuating the features of all the eminent and distinguished men of learning then living; with most of whom (so attractive were his manners as well as his talents) he contracted an intimacy which only ended with life. In this assemblage of genius, each was improved by each. Reynolds, like a man of great mind, always cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of the first characters of his time; and often assisted those who were in difficulties, both with his advice and his purse.

He had a mind ever open and desirous to acquire useful information, a sound and penetrating judgment to select and separate what he acquired, and infinite industry and application in rendering it serviceable to its proper purpose.

It was not my good fortune to be personally acquainted with him at this early period of his fame, when he first became intimate with the (afterwards) great Dr. Johnson; to whom, as Mr. Boswell says, " Sir Joshua Reynolds was truly his *dulce decus*, and with whom he maintained an uninterrupted intimacy to the last hour of his life." I shall therefore avail myself of the very just account of the event, as related by Mr. Malone in the sketch prefixed to his works.

" Very soon after Sir Joshua's return from Italy, his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced; and their intimacy continued uninterrupted to the time of Johnson's death. Happening to meet with the life of Savage, in Devonshire, which, though published some years before, was new to him, he began to read it," (as Mr. Boswell has informed us,) " while he was standing with his arm leaning against a chimney-piece. It siezed his attention so strongly, that, not being able to lay down the book till he had finished it, when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally benumbed." Being then unacquainted with the author, he must naturally have had a strong desire to see and converse with that extraordinary man; and, as the same writer relates, he, about this time, was introduced to him. When Johnson lived in Castle-street, Cavendish-square, he used to visit two ladies who resided at that time in Newport-street, opposite to Reynold's, Miss Cotterells, daughters of Admiral Cotterell; Reynolds used to visit there also, and thus they met. Mr. Reynolds, as I have observed above, had, from the first reading of his Life of Savage, conceived a very high admiration of Johnson's powers as a writer. His conversation no less delighted him, and he cultivated his acquaintance with the laudable zeal of one who was ambitious of general improvement. Sir Joshua, indeed was lucky enough, at their very first meeting, to make a remark, which was so much above the common place style of conversation, that Johnson at once perceived that Reynolds had the habit of thinking for himself. The ladies were regretting the death of a friend, to whom they owed great obligations; upon which Reynolds observed, "You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from the burden of gratitude." They were shocked a little at this alleviating suggestion, as too selfish; but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and was much pleased with the *mind*, the fair view of human nature it exhibited, like some of the Reflections of Rochefoucault. The consequence was, that he went home with Reynolds, and supped with him. Sir Joshua used to relate a characteristic anecdote of Johnson. About the time of their first acquaintance, when they were one evening together at the Miss Cotterells, the then Duchess of Argyle and another lady of high rank came in: Johnson, thinking that the Miss Cotterells were too much engrossed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected as low company, of whom they were somewhat ashamed, grew angry; and resolving to shock their supposed pride, by making their great visitors imagine they were low indeed, he addressed himself in a loud tone to Mr. Reynolds, saying, "How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were *to work as hard as we could?*" as if they had been common mechanics.

This anecdote, as it relates to Johnson, betrays in him more of pride, envy, and vulgarity, than of the patience of philosophy, totally unlike the disposition of his companion to whom he addressed his speech.

Another anecdote, which I heard related by Sir Joshua's sister, serves to shew how susceptible Johnson's pride was of the least degree of mortification.

At the time when Sir Joshua resided in Newport-street, he one afternoon, accompanied by his sister Frances, paid a visit to the Miss Cotterells, who lived much in the fashionable world. Johnson was also of the party on this tea visit; and at that time being very poor, he was, as might be expected, rather shabbily and slovenly apparelled. The maid servant, by accident, attended at the door to let them in, but did not know Johnson, although he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he having always been attended by the man servant. Johnson was the last of the three that came in; when the servant maid, seeing this uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving he could be one of the company who came to visit her mistresses, laid hold of his coat just as he was going up stairs, and pulled him back again, saying, "You fellow, what is your business here? I suppose you intended to rob the house." This most unlucky accident threw poor Johnson into such a fit of shame and anger, that he roared out, like a bull, for he could not immediately articulate, and was with difficulty at last able to utter, "What have I done? What have I done?" Nor could he recover himself for the remainder of the evening from this mortifying circumstance.

Of these ladies, the Miss Cotterells, so often mentioned in Johnson's Biography, as well as by the different writers who speak of Sir Joshua, it will not be reckoned obtrusive here to notice that they were the daughters of a very respectable naval officer, Rear Admiral Charles Cotterell, who, towards the latter part of his life, was not employed in the service, having been put on the superannuated list of flag-officers in 1747. He died in 1754, very soon after Sir Joshua's acquaintance took place with his family. His first appointment to the command of a ship was in 1726, when he succeeded Sir Yelverton Peyton in the Diamond frigate; and five years afterwards he was removed to the Princess Louisa, a line of battle ship. On the rupture with Spain, in 1739, he was commissioned in the Lion, of sixty guns, and served with Sir John Norris in the Channel fleet during the ensuing summer; after which he was ordered to proceed to the West Indies, in a squadron commanded by Sir Chaloner Ogle, for the express purpose of reinforcing Admiral Vernon, previous to the attack upon Carthagena. Captain Cotterell was actively engaged in that service, and, soon after its failure, returned to England; when, his ship being paid off, he was appointed to the command of the Canterbury, in 1742. In that ship he went on service to Gibraltar, and on his return was promoted to the Royal George, in which ship he served for some time in the Channel fleet; but this was his last commission, as he remained unemployed after her being paid off, and, according to the etiquette of the service, lost his flag, not being in actual service, and in full pay, when the promotion took place in 1747.

I have recorded this veteran's services the more particularly as his daughters have been so often mentioned: and in unison with the preceding anecdote of the Doctor, whose external appearance had so much deceived the servant at the Miss Cotterells, I may also note, that Johnson, it is well known, was as remarkably uncouth in his gait and action, as slovenly in his dress, insomuch as to attract the attention of passengers who by chance met him in the street. Once, particularly, he was thus annoyed by an impertinent fellow, who noticed him, and insultingly imitated him in derision so ludicrously, that the Doctor could not avoid seeing it, and was obliged to resent it, which he did in this manner: "Ah!" said Johnson, " you are a weak fellow, and I will convince you of it;" when immediately he gave him a blow, which knocked the man out of the foot-path into the dirty street flat on his back, and the Doctor walked calmly on.

Another circumstance Sir Joshua used to mention relative to Dr. Johnson, which gives an idea of the situation and mode of living of that great philosopher in the early part of his life.

Roubiliac, the famous sculptor, desired of Sir Joshua that he would introduce him to Dr. Johnson, at the time when the Doctor lived in Gough-square, Fleet-street. His object was to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument, on which Roubiliac was then engaged for Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua accordingly introduced the Sculptor to the Doctor, they being strangers to each other, and Johnson received him with much civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library; in which, besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having, with considerable dexterity and evident practice, first drawn it up against the wall, which served to support it on that side on which the leg was deficient. He then took up his pen, and demanded what they wanted him to write. On this Roubiliac, who was a true Frenchman, (as may be seen by his works,) began a most bombastic and ridiculous harangue, on what he thought should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose, all which the Doctor was to write down for him in correct language; when Johnson, who could not suffer any one to dictate to him, quickly interrupted him in an angry tone of voice, saying, "Come, come, Sir, let us have no more of this bombastic, ridiculous rhodomontade, but let me know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality, of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write."

Such was the first interview of two men both eminent for genius; and of Roubiliac I may here record another anecdote which took place on the return of that Sculptor from Rome, when he paid a visit to Reynolds, and expressed himself in raptures on what he had seen on the Continent—on the exquisite beauty of the works of antiquity, and the captivating and luxuriant splendour of Bernini. "It is natural to suppose," said he, "that I was infinitely impatient till I had taken a survey of my own performances in Westminster Abbey, after having seen such a variety of excellence, and by G——my own work looked to me meagre and starved, as if made of nothing but tobacco-pipes."

A strong proof this of the improvement he had gained from his tour to the Continent, of his candor, and uncommon humility.

Doctor Johnson had a great desire to cultivate the friendship of Richardson, the author of Clarissa, and with this view paid him frequent visits. These were received very coldly by the latter; "but," observed the Doctor (in speaking of this to a friend,) "I was determined to persist till I had gained my point; because I knew very well, that when I had once overcome his reluctance and shyness of humour, our intimacy would contribute much to the happiness of both." The event verified the Doctor's prediction.

It must, however, be remarked, that an intimacy with Johnson was always attended with a certain portion of inconvenience to persons whose time was much occupied, as his visits to those he liked were long, frequent, and very irregular in the hours.

The Doctor's intercourse with Sir Joshua was at first produced in the same manner as is described in respect to Richardson. He frequently called in the evening, and remained to a late hour, when Sir Joshua was desirous of going into new company, after having been harrassed by his professional occupations the whole day. This sometimes overcame his patience to such a degree, that, one evening in particular, on entering the room where Johnson was waiting to see him, he immediately took up his hat and went out of the house. Reynolds hoped by this means he would have been effectually cured; but Johnson still persisted, and at last gained his friendship.

Johnson introduced Sir Joshua and his sister to Richardson, but hinted to them, at the same time, that if they wished to see the latter in good humour, they must expatiate on the excellencies of his Clarissa.

Johnson soon became a frequent visitor at Sir Joshua's, particularly at Miss Reynolds's tea-table, where he had every opportunity of female conversation whilst drinking his favourite beverage.

Indeed his visits were not alone to Sir Joshua, but to Miss Reynolds, for whom he had the highest respect and veneration; to such a degree, that some years afterwards, whilst the company at Mr. Thrale's were speculating upon a microscope for the mind, Johnson exclaimed, " I never saw one that would bear it, except that of my dear Miss Reynolds, and her's is very near to purity itself."

There is no doubt that Miss Reynolds gained much of his good-will by her good-humoured attention to his extraordinary predilection for tea, he himself saying, that he wished his tea-kettle never to be cold; but Sir Joshua having once, whilst spending the evening at Mr. Cumberland's, reminded him of the enormous quantity he was swallowing, observing that he had drank eleven cups, Johnson replied, " Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine, why then should you number up my cups of tea?"

Johnson's extraordinary, or rather extravagant, fondness for this refreshment did not fail to excite notice wherever he went; and it is related, though not by Boswell, that whilst on his Scottish tour, and spending some time at Dunvegan, the castle of the chief of the Macleods, the Dowager Lady Macleod having repeatedly helped him, until she had poured out sixteen cups, she then asked him, if a small bason would not save him trouble and be more agreeable? —" I wonder, Madam," answered he roughly, " why all the ladies ask me such questions! It is to save yourselves trouble, Madam, and not me. The lady was silent, and resumed her task. Every reader, in this place, will recollect the so often told anecdote of his versification at Miss Reynold's tea table, when criticising Percy's Reliques, and imitating his ballad style—

" Oh ! hear it then my Renny dear,
" Nor hear it with a frown—
" You cannot make the tea so fast,
" As I can gulp it down."

Doctor Johnson's high opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds was formed at a very early period of their intimacy, and increased, instead of diminishing, through life. Once at Mr. Thrale's, when Sir Joshua left the room, Johnson observed, " There goes a man not to be spoiled by prosperity;"—and on another occasion he said, " A story is a specimen of human manners, and derives its sole merit from its truth: when Foote has told me something, I dismiss it from my mind like a passing shadow: when Reynolds tells me something, I consider myself as possessed of an idea the more."

In 1753, the artists began to exert themselves to give some kind of public eclat to their profession, and an Academy of Arts was proposed to be instituted. For this purpose a meeting was called by circular letter, in order to adopt the first principles for its foundation; but some jealousies and disagreements prevented any thing being done: indeed, some invidious persons were so anxious to thwart every thing connected with the improvement of the national taste, that they even descended to treat this as a subject fit for caricature, and published some satirical prints, in which they attempted to point ridicule at the most active friends to the measure. These prints, however, if they had any effect at the time, are now sunk in oblivion, and are no where to be found.

In 1755 Mr. Reynolds was still advancing in fame. His price in that year was twelve guineas for a head only, and for half and whole lengths in proportion. It was about this time too, that a conversation took place between him and Johnson, which may in some measure, be considered as a kind of apology on the part of Johnson, for having, in some degree, forced himself into an intimacy; when Johnson said, "If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone: a man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

From a letter of Dr. Johnson to Bennet Langton, in the year 1758, we find that the fame of Mr. Reynolds had so far increased, as to justify him in raising his price pretty considerably. He says—"Mr. Reynolds has this day (January 9th) raised his price to twenty guineas a head, and Miss is much employed in miniatures. I know not any body else whose prosperity has increased since you left them."

Notwithstanding Sir Joshua's prosperity was now so great as to occupy the whole of his time, yet in the succeeding year he found leisure to produce his first efforts in the literary way, consisting of three papers for the Idler, then conducted and principally executed by his friend Johnson. At that time, indeed, Johnson was under many obligations, as well as those literary ones, to Sir Joshua, whose generous kindness would never permit his friends to *ask* a pecuniary favour, his purse and heart being always open.

Johnson, however, still preserved the strong spirit of independent exertion; and being at this period pushed for money to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to settle some little debts she had left, he sat down to his "Rasselas," which, as he afterwards informed Sir Joshua, he composed in the evenings of a single week, having it printed as rapidly as it was written, and even not reading it over until several years afterwards, when finding it accidentally in a chaise, whilst travelling in company with Mr. Boswell. Yet this work, so hastily written, enabled the publisher to pay him the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

I have heard Sir Joshua repeat a speech which the Doctor made about this time, and in which he gave himself credit in two particulars:—"There are two things," said he, "which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, shewing, from various causes, why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public.

The papers in the Idler, to which I have alluded, are the numbers 76, 79, and 82, written between September and November, 1759. In the first of these he ridicules, with considerable humour, the cant of ignorant and presuming connoisseurs, who, trusting to narrow rules, are often guided by *false* principles; and even though these should be *correct*, are still totally unqualified to form a just estimation of the sublime beauties in works of genius: and in this Essay he states a position which, given with his ingenuity, has an appearance of as much novelty as truth, that whatever part of an art can be executed or criticised by rules, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules: so that, as he adds, if a man has not correct perceptions, it will be in vain for him to endeavour to supply their place by rules, which though they may certainly enable him to talk more learnedly, will never teach him to distinguish more acutely. In laying down these positions, he does not, however, assert that rules are absolutely injurious to a just perception of works of taste and genius, or to their execution; but merely censures that scrupulous and servile attention to minute exactness or frivolous ornament, which are sometimes inconsistent with higher excellence, and always lost in the blaze of expanded genius.

In his second Essay he displays a considerable depth of thought, and great quickness of perception, on the just meaning of the general rule, "to imitate nature." He shews that a mere literal adherence to this rule would baulk every flight of fancy in the painter, though these flights are what serve to immortalize the poet; such imitation, if conducted servilely, being a species of drudgery to which the painter of genius can never stoop, and one in which even the understanding has no part, being merely a mechanical effort. He further shews, that painting has its best plea for claiming kindred with its sister, Poetry, from the power which, like her, it can exercise over the imagination; and as he adds, it is to this power that the painter of genius directs his aim: in this sense he studies nature, and often arrives at his end, even by being unnatural, in the confined sense of the word. His concluding remarks in this Essay, on the works of Michael Angelo, contain in themselves a volume of criticism, and displays that "enthusiasm of intellectual energy," by which he was always moved, when speaking of, or contemplating the productions of, those masters most eminent for their intellectual power.

In the third Essay, his definition of beauty is as clear and distinct as his conception of it was accurate: and from the inference he draws—that the works of nature, if we compare one species with another, are all equally beautiful, and that preference is given from custom, or from some association of ideas, and thus, that in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or centre of all its various forms—he again illustrates and confirms the principle of his first Essay, proving that the painter, by attending to the invariable and general ideas of nature, produces beauty; but that, if he regards minute particularities and accidental discriminations, so far will he deviate from the universal rule, and pollute his canvas with deformity. Indeed, those papers may be considered as a kind of syllabus of all his future discourses, and certainly occasioned him some thinking in their composition. I have heard Sir Joshua say, that Johnson required them from him on a sudden emergency, and on that account he sat up the whole night to complete them in time; and by it he was so much disordered, that it produced a vertigo in his head.

The efforts of Mr. Reynolds had not only produced an improvement in the art, in consequence of the number of professional men who imitated his style, but had also infused such a taste in the public at large, that in the year 1760 they were content to pay twenty-five guineas for a head.

This improved taste in portrait painting had also extended itself to other departments of the art, which even but ten years before had been at but a low ebb in public opinion; for though the artists had contrived to support, by annual subscription, an academy in St. Martin's-lane, governed by a commitee of the whole body, yet that whole body consisted of but a very small number.

The public attention, indeed, had been fortunately, in some measure, engaged by the paintings which several of the professors had gratuitously bestowed on the Foundling Hospital; and the body of artists were, from the result of this experiment, stimulated to form a general exhibition of their several works, which first took place in this year; and the exhibition so far succeeded, as to have the double effect of amusing and enlightening the public, whilst the artists themselves were also gainers by the spirit of emulation excited by competition: for as Edward observes, from the time of the accession of his present Majesty to the throne, the arts have made more rapid advances towards perfection in Great Britain, than ever was known in any other country in so short a space of time.

Finding himself now sufficiently established to move in a higher sphere, Mr. Reynolds quitted his residence in Newport-street, and removed to Leicester-fields, where he had bought a handsome house on the west side of the square; to which he added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works, and a commodious and elegant room for his sitters. In this speculation, as I have heard him confess, he laid out almost the whole of the property he had then realized. He also set up a handsome carriage; and his mode of living was in other respects suitably elegant.

Johnson, this year, in a letter to Barretti, alludes to the general exhibition just established, saying—"The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pistures and statues, in imitation, I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise much in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he deserves, among other excellencies, by retaining his kindness for Barretti."

"This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists, and lovers of Art. Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious; since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles, to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return."

The cynical turn of this latter observation is certainly not in unison with the sentiments which dictated the former part of the passage; but we must make allowances not only for the want of perception of the beauties of painting, which was the natural consequence of Johnson's near-sightedness, but also for that species of envy which perhaps even Johnson felt when comparing his own annual gains with those of his fortunate friend.

At the first exhibition opened by the artists, the Catalogue was the ticket of admission by which whole companies could be admitted; but this mode was found, by experiment, to produce little other than tumult, and it was then considered as absolutely necessary to demand one shilling admission from each person. Johnson, although he speaks so superciliously of the arts, yet willingly employed his pen in composing a Preface to the Catalogue which was then given gratis: but as this was a new regulation, it was thought requisite by the artists to give reasons to the public for this alteration; and, as Johnson has done this so well in his forcible and clear language, explaining the nature and intention of the exhibition, and also has given so essential a part of historical information in the region of the arts, I apprehend no apology can be necessary for inserting it in this place.

Written by Dr. Johnson.

" The public may justly require to be informed of the nature and extent of every design for which the favour of the public is openly solicited. The artists, who were themselves the first promoters of an exhibition in this nation, and who have now contributed to the following Catalogue, think it, therefore, necessary to explain their purpose, and justify their conduct. An exhibition of the works of art being a spectacle new in the kingdom, has raised various opinions and conjectures among those who are unacquainted with the practice of foreign nations. Those who set their performances to general view, have too often been considered the rivals of each other; as men actuated, if not by avarice, at least by vanity, and contending for superiority of fame, though not for a pecuniary prize. It cannot be denied or doubted, that all who offer themselves to criticism are desirous of praise; this desire is not only innocent but virtuous, while it is undebased by artifice, and unpolluted by envy; and of envy or artifice those men can never be accused, who, already enjoying all the honours and profits of their profession, are content to stand candidates for public notice, with genius yet unexperienced, and diligence yet unrewarded; who, without any hope of increasing their own reputation or interest, expose their names and their works, only that they may furnish an opportunity of appearance to the young, the diffident, and the neglected. The purpose of this exhibition is not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art; the eminent are not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt; whoever hopes to deserve public favour, is here invited to display his merit. Of the price put upon this exhibition, some account may be demanded. Whoever sets his works to be shewn, naturally desires a multitude of spectators; but his desire defeats its own end, when spectators assemble in such numbers as to obstruct one another.

"Though we are far from wishing to diminish the pleasures, or depreciate the sentiments of any class of the community, we know, however, what every one knows, that all cannot be judges or purchasers of works of art. Yet we have already found by experience, that all are desirous to see an exhibition. When the terms of admission were low, the room was thronged with such multitudes, as made access dangerous, and frightened away those whose approbation was most desired.

"Yet because it is seldom believed that money is got but for the love of money, we shall tell the use which we intend to make of our expected profits. Many artists of great abilities are unable to sell their works for their due price:—to remove this inconvenience, an annual sale will be appointed, to which every man may send his works, and them, if he will, without his name. Those works will be reviewed by the committee that conduct the exhibition; a price will be secretly set on every piece, and registered by the secretary; if the piece exposed is sold for more, the whole price shall be the artist's; but if the purchasers value it at less than the committee, the artist shall be paid the deficiency from the profits of the exhibition."

In 1762, the famous affair of the Cock-lane Ghost took place, in which Johnson acted rather a prominent part. Mr. Reynolds, however, had too little taste for those wanderings of the imagination to join in the absurdity which gave credence to this juggling business; he therefore escaped that severity of censure which very justly fell upon Johnson and several others.

At this time he was particularly noticed by the pen of Sterne, in the sixth volume of his Tristram Shandy, just then published; and there too is noticed that want of stability in the colours of Sir Joshua, which has, in many instances, been very severely, and sometimes even unjustly, adverted to. He says, "I would not answer for my aunt Dinah, was she alive, —faith scarce for her picture—were it but painted by Reynolds—but if I go on with my drawing, after naming that son of Apollo, I'll be shot." And again, in describing the attitude of Corporal Trim, in reading the Sermon, he says, "Not Reynolds, great and graceful as he is, could have conceived one superior."

In the same year Reynolds produced the so much celebrated picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, to which there could not be a much higher compliment paid than in the opening of the Epilogue to the "Brothers," by Cumberland.

> "Who but hath seen the celebrated strife,
> Where Reynolds calls the canvas into life,
> And 'twixt the Tragic and the Comic muse,
> Courted of both, and dubious which to choose,
> Th' immortal actor stands."———

For this picture the Earl of Halifax paid three hundred guineas; but it has since been purchased, by Mr. Angerstein, at two hundred and fifty.

Mr. Garrick's intimacy with Mr. Reynolds had been now formed for some years, and it continued until the close of the former's life; of course I had many opportunities of observing that great actor, and of acquiring many anecdotes about him.

To give to all these their due chronological order, would be an unnecessary precision; I shall, therefore, insert some of them in the present place, from their being particularly connected with the subject of this biography.

David Garrick sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of those sittings he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teazed; for when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his pallet and pencils on the floor, saying he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

As a contrast to the foregoing anecdote of Garrick, I remember that Mrs. Yates, the famous tragedian, when she sat for her portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds, said to him, "I always endeavour to keep the same expression and countenance when I sit to you, Sir Joshua; and, therefore, I generally direct my thoughts to one and the same subject."

Once, when the Bishop of St. Asaph was sitting to Sir Joshua, the conversation turning on Garrick, the Bishop asked him, how it was that Garrick had not been able to make any excellent players with all his instructions? and Sir Joshua's answer was,—"Partly because they all imitate him, and then it became impossible: as this was like a man's resolving to go always behind another; and whilst this resolution lasts, it renders it impossible he should ever be on a par with him."

Sir Joshua Reynolds had it long in contemplation to paint a picture of an extensive composition, purposely to display the various powers of David Garrick as an actor. The principal figure in the front was to have been a full length of Garrick, in his own proper habit, in the action of speaking a prologue, surrounded by groups of figures representing him in all the different characters, by personifying which he had gained fame on the stage.

This scheme Sir Joshua described to Garrick, at the time he was painting his portrait; and Garrick expressed great pleasure when he heard it, and seemed to enjoy the idea prodigiously; saying, "That will be the very thing I desire: the only way, by G——, that I can be handed down to posterity."

It is much to be regretted, however, that this picture was never begun, as, from such a hand as Sir Joshua's, the work would have been invaluable, supposing it even to have been left in an unfinished state. But we may conclude, that Sir Joshua, on mature consideration, foresaw that the subject was not eminently calculated to make a good composition for a painting.

On Sunday mornings, there was always a kind of public levee at Mr. Garrick's house, where, at one time or other, all the most illustrious characters of the kingdom might be seen. On one of those public mornings, Mr. B—— W——, an eminent painter, paid a visit to Mr. Garrick, and took in his hand his little daughter, telling her, before hand, that he would carry her to see the greatest stage player in the world. When they were in the room, and in the midst of this splendid company, the child ran up to her father, and speaking with a voice sufficiently audible to be heard by every one there, said "Father, father, be all these folks that I see here stage-players?" Her father was not a little disconcerted at the child's abrupt speech.

When Garrick once complained to Sir Joshua of the daily sarcasms with which he was annoyed from Foote, the comedian, Sir Joshua answered, that Foote, in so doing, gave the strongest proofs possible of sensibly feeling his own inferiority; as it was always the lesser man who condescended to become malignant and abusive.

Dr. Mudge, when in Garrick's company at Mount Edgecumbe, heard him say, that his regard for his mother's peace and happiness prevented him from appearing on the stage till after her death, and that he imagined this circumstance greatly contributed to the vast success he had met with; for being then turned of thirty, his judgement was more mature, and occasioned his avoiding many errors which he might have run into had he begun earlier in life.

I also remember to have heard old Dr. Chauncey say, at Sir Joshua's table, that he saw Garrick at his first appearance on the stage in Goodman's-fields, at which time he was infinitely more excellent, more purely natural than afterwards, when he had acquired many stage tricks and bad habits.

I shall here close these anecdotes with a curious though rather too severe a criticism on the manner of Garrick's performing the part of King Richard the Third. On the morning after Garrick had appeared in that part, Gibbon the historian called on Sir Joshua, when he mentioned his having been at the play on the preceding evening, and immediately began to criticise Garrick's manner of acting that character. He said he thought that he gave it, in the first scenes, a mean, creeping, vulgar air, totally failing in the impression of a prince; and in the latter part so very different a cast, that it did not seem to be the same person, and therefore not in harmony as a whole.

In the autumn of the year 1762, Mr. Reynolds having impaired his health by incessant application to his profession, again paid a visit to his native country, accompanied by his friend Dr. Johnson, with whom he was entertained at the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen in the west of England.

During their stay at Plymouth, they were the guests of Dr. John Mudge, who was then a surgeon, and afterwards an eminent physician of that town; a man whose virtues and various powers of mind, if described, would occupy a much larger space than I shall presume to give them in this short Memoir.

Mr. Reynolds's friendship for the whole family, and the interest he took in whatever related to them, were of the liveliest kind. This acquaintance with the Mudges, both father and son, ought to be reckoned amongst the earliest of his literary connections.

Yet though I refrain to give way to my own grateful and friendly feelings towards this family, I hope I shall be excused in recording the testimonies of two such good judges of human nature, as Burke and Johnson, upon this very subject.

In a letter which the former wrote to Mr. Malone, in the year 1797, and which I here quote from its intimate connection with the subject of my biography, he speaks of how much Sir Joshua "owed to the writings and conversation of Johnson;" adding, that "nothing shows more the greatness of Sir Joshua's parts, than his taking advantage of both, and making some application of them to his profession; when Johnson neither understood, nor desired to understand, any thing of painting, and had no distinct idea of its nomenclature, even in those parts which had got most into use in common life. But though Johnson had done much to enlarge and strengthen his habit of thinking, Sir Joshua did not owe his first rudiments of speculation to him. He has always told me, that he owed his first disposition to generalize, and to view things in the abstract, to old Mr. Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, and father to the celebrated mechanic of that name. I have myself," adds Mr. Burke, "seen Mr. Mudge the clergyman at Sir Joshua's house. He was a learned and venerable old man; and, as I thought, very much conversant in the Platonic philosophy, and very fond of that method of philosophizing. He had been originally a dissenting minister; a description which at that time bred very considerable men, both among those who adhered to it, and those who left it. He had entirely cured himself of the unpleasant narrowness which in the early part of his life had distinguished those gentlemen, and was perfectly free from the ten times more dangerous enlargement which has been, since then, their general characteristic. Sir Joshua Reynolds had always a great love for the whole of that family, and took a great interest in whatever related to them."

In addition to this, I shall insert from the periodical obituary of the day, a high eulogy bestowed upon the same individual by Johnson himself, on his demise in the year 1769. He speaks of him as "the Reverend Mr. Zacariah Mudge, prebentary of Exeter, and vicar of St. Andrews in Plymouth; a man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion, and reverenced as a pastor. He had that general curiosity to which no kind of knowledge is indifferent or superfluous, and that general benevolence by which no order of men is despised or hated.

"His principles, both of thought and action, were great and comprehensive. By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what inquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity, a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity: for knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it.

"The general course of his life was determined by his profession; he studied the sacred volumes in the original languages; with what diligence and success, his Notes upon the Psalms give sufficient evidence. He once endeavoured to add the knowledge of Arabic to that of Hebrew; but finding his thoughts too much diverted from other studies, after some time desisted from his purpose.

"His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his sermons were composed, may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the public: but how they were delivered, can be known only to those who heard them; for as he appeared in the pulpit, words will not easily describe him. His delivery, though unconstrained was not negligent, and though forcible was not turbulent; disdaining anxious nicety of emphasis and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity, it roused the sluggish and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject without directing it to the speaker.

"The grandeur and solemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour; at the table of his friends he was a companion, communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, of manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. His acquaintance was universally solicited, and his presence obstructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid. Though studious he was popular; though inflexible he was candid; and though metaphysical yet orthodox."

Such was the obituary testimony of Johnson to the memory of a man, equally and deservedly dear both to himself and to Sir Joshua Reynolds!

In addition to this, I have myself heard Sir Joshua declare, that the elder Mr. Mudge was, in his opinion, the wisest man he had ever met with in his life; and so great an admirer was he of the literary works of Mr. Mudge, that he had intended to have re-published his Sermons, which were out of print: and also to have written a sketch of his life and character.—Pity it was not done by one who could have done it so well!

Some of the occurrences, which took place during this tour, have been already narrated by Mr. Boswell, who informs us, that Sir Joshua and his friend were not only shewn every thing relative to the Dock-yard and other parts of the naval establishment at Plymouth, with a degree of sedulous and polite attention on the part of the commissioner, but that the same officer also accommodated them with his yacht for the purpose of a marine trip to the Eddystone lighthouse, which, however, they were prevented examining with accuracy, from the tempestuous state of the weather.

It was about this time I first saw Sir Joshua; but I had seen several of his works which were in Plymouth, (for at that time I had never been out of the country,) and those pictures filled me with wonder and delight, although I was then very young; insomuch, that I remember when Reynolds was pointed out to me at a public meeting, where a great crowd were assembled, I got as near to him as I could from the pressure of the people, to touch the skirt of his coat, which I did with great satisfaction to my mind.

During their stay at Plymouth, Dr. Mudge, in conversation with Johnson, mentioned a circumstance of a most curious mode of trial, to which a friend of his, a man of undoubted veracity, had been an eye witness: Dr. Johnson desired to have it related to him by the person who saw it; on which the gentleman being introduced to the Doctor, he repeated the circumstances, which were these:—

In some part of the East Indies, a man, one of the natives, was suspected of murder, and the mode taken to prove either his guilt or innocence was this. The suspected criminal was brought guarded, and his hands bound, to a public place prepared for the trial, where was a large fire, over which was a cauldron of melted lead: into this vessel of melted lead he was forced to dip his naked hand, which, if he was innocent of the supposed crime, it was concluded, would receive no injury from the burning metal; but, if guilty, would be destroyed. All the officers of the English man-of-war then in the harbour, and of which the gentleman who related it was the purser, were present at this extraordinary manner of trial, and the gentleman averred that he distinctly saw the prisoner dip his hand into the melted lead, taking up some in his palm, and leisurely spilling it on the ground at his feet, without any apparent injury, or even pain to his hand. One of the English officers present had the curiosity to put a small stick, which he held in his hand, into the cauldron, and on taking it out again, found the part which had been immersed in the metal nearly consumed.

Dr. Johnson heard the narrative with much attention, and declared he would most willingly take a voyage to the East Indies, if he could be insured to be witness to such a sight.

If there was any juggling in this affair, it cannot now be detected; but the person who saw it was unable to account for it, and the credulity of Dr. Johnson made him a very fit man to relate this story to.

Sir Joshua having completed his pleasant trip, and succeeded, in a great measure, in the restoration of his health, he returned to the metropolis and to the practice of his art; indeed, the true enjoyment of a profession Sir Joshua possessed, in as great a degree, perhaps, as any man ever did; he was never so happy as in those hours which he passed in his painting room. He has often confessed, that when he has complied with the invitations of the nobility to spend a few days of relaxation with them at their country residences, though every luxury was afforded which the heart could desire, yet he always returned home like one who had been kept so long without his natural food.

Sir Joshua used to say, that "he will never make a painter who looks for the Sunday with pleasure as an idle day."

None of his hours were ever spent in idleness, or lost in dissipation; and on those evenings which he spent at home, after his daily occupation was past, he employed himself in looking over, and studying from, the prints of the old masters, of which he had procured a fine collection.

He was, however, happy in the friendly society of a few amiable individuals, with whom his evenings were sometimes spent; and amongst those the Cotterells were still numbered, at whose house Johnson and he had been frequent visitors.

In a letter from Johnson to Barretti, written in December, after the return of the two friends to the metropolis, the former says, "Reynolds still continues to increase in reputation and riches. Miss Cotterell is still with Mrs. Porter. Miss Charlotte is married to Dean Lewis, and has three children." And in a subsequent letter, he adds, " Miss Cotterell still contiuues to cling to Mrs. Porter. Mr. Reynolds gets 6000 a-year."

Mr. Reynold's practice was now, indeed, so great, that he found it necessary to have pupils to assist in the minor parts of his profession, of which number the first after Marchi was Mr. Beech a native of Dorsetshire, and soon after Mr. Berridge was placed under his tuition; this gentleman was born in Lincolnshire: and his fourth pupil was Mr. Hugh Barron, whose early promise and final failure may serve as a warning to others. This person was a native of the metropolis, and born somewhere near Soho, in which vicinity his father had an official situation in the Westminster Dispensary, as apothecary to that establishment. He was placed with Mr. Reynolds, with whom he continued several years; and, on leaving him, attempted his profession as a portrait painter in the capital: but the desire of improving himself in the art induced him to visit Italy in 1773, to which country, like Sir Joshua, he took the maritime route, and like him called at Lisbon on his way.

He made some stay there, practising his art, being much patronized by the English factory both there and at Oporto, and then proceeded on his voyage: he seems to have been long a sojourner at the seat of the arts, principally at Rome and at Genoa, returning to England not until 1778. His first residence in London was in his old master's immediate neighbourhood, but he did not remain there long; and is since dead, (in 1791,) at the age of middle life. This person was in some degree an instance of misapplied talents; for though as Mr. Edwards records, he was the best amateur performer of his day on the violin, yet he was never much esteemed as a painter, notwithstanding the early promise which he gave of graphic excellence whilst a youth, at a drawing-school, under the tuition of Fournier, some time about the year 1764.

His younger brother, William, about the year 1775, produced a view of Wanstead House, which was engraved by Picot, and dedicated to Sir Joshua; further particulars of him will be found in Edwards.

At his hours of leisure Mr. Reynolds considered it as necessary to his mental improvement, as well as to his professional interest, to mix in learned and convivial society; and about this time, in order not only to enjoy it with freedom, but also more particularly with the kind intention of gratifying his venerable friend, he became the proposer, and with the assistance of Johnson was the founder, of that club, still in existence, and for many years denominated the "*Literary Club.*" This, however, was a title which they did not arrogate to themselves; a thing, indeed, in which Sir Joshua would have been the last person to join: but as I was not then in the metropolis myself, and feel so anxious for the literary fame of him whose friendship did me so much honour, as to wish to guard him against the imputation of affecting that which he really did possess, though some envious persons have denied it, (I allude to his own literary merit,) I consider myself as warranted in going to some length on the subject, from the authority of contemporary biographers.

Whilst writing the life too of the founder of the club, it will not be considered as out of place brifly to notice the original design which, as first declared at its institution, in February, 1764, was to confine the club to twelve members, consisting of Sir Joshua, then only Mr. Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Drs. Goldsmith, Nugent, and Percy afterwards Bishop of Dromore, Sir Robert Chambers and Sir John Hawkins, with Messrs. Burke, Langton, Chamier, Dyer, and the Honourable Topham Beauclerk.

These were thus so judiciously selected, as Mr. Malone observes, and were men of such talents and so well known to each other, that any two of them, if they should not happen to be joined by any more, might be good company for each other. Such was the beginning of a society which has now existed for half a century, boasting of having had enrolled, on its list of members, many of the most celebrated characters of the last century.

Sir John Hawkins, though he does not expressly mention Sir Joshua as the founder, has, notwithstanding, entered more into detail on this subject than either Mr. Boswell or Mr. Malone; he observes, speaking of Dr. Johnson in the preceding year, (1763,) that he had now considerably extended the circle of his acquaintance, and had added to the number of his friends sundry persons of distinguished eminence; amongst whom he enumerates Sir Joshua and some others of the original members, and he then enters more minutely into those principles which must have weighed much with the founder when he first thought of the plan: for he adds, that from Johnson's delight in convivial meetings, his love of conversation, and his sensible feeling of the attractions of a tavern, it was but natural that he should wish for frequent opportunities of indulging them in a way that would free him from domestic restraint, from the observance of hours, and from a conformity to family regulations. "A tavern was the place for these enjoyments, and a weekly club was instituted for his gratification, and the mutual entertainment and delight of its several members. The first movers in this association were Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds; the place of meeting was the Turk's Head in Gerard-street; the day, Monday in every week; and the hour of assembling, seven in the evening. Our evening toast," continues Sir John, "was *esto perpetua*. A lady, distinguished by her beauty and taste for literature, (Mrs. Montague,) invited us two successive years to a dinner at her house; curiosity was her motive, and possibly a desire of intermingling with our conversation the charm of her own. She affected to consider us as a set of literary men, and perhaps gave the first occasion for distinguishing the society by the name of the *Lit-*

erary Club, a distinction which it never assumed to itself."

Having thus slightly noticed what may be considered as an event not wholly unimportant in the life of Sir Joshua, I may further add of this year, as connected with the art, that in the month of April was first opened the exhibition of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, at the Great Room in Spring Gardens. This took place from a union of all the artists of the metropolis in 1760, and was followed by a royal charter in the succeeding year.

It may not be foreign to my purpose here, for the information of general readers, to take some notice of the royal charter of incorporation of this establishment, particularly as it has been entirely passed over by former biographers.

This charter was then given to the "Society of Artists of Great Britain," to consist of a president, vice president, directors, and fellows, to be for ever after a body corporate, with perpetual succession, and with power to enjoy lands in perpetuity, either by purchase or devise, to the yearly value of 1000*l.* notwithstanding the statute of mortmain. Their arms, or corporation seal, consisting of azure, a brush, a chissel, and a pair of compasses, composed fretty, or; over these, in chief, a regal crown proper. This coat had two supporters: on the dexter side, Britannia; on the sinister, Concord. The crest was on a wreath, an oak branch, and a palm branch in saltire, and in the centre of these, a chaplet of laurel. This common seal too, a thing very unusual in heraldic grants, they had liberty to break, alter, or change the same, from time to time, as they thought fit.

It was further stipulated, that all the officers, together with the directors, should be either painters, sculptors, architects, or engravers, by profession.

The charter further authorized them to hold meetings for the better improvement of those arts, in London, or within ten miles thereof, as often as it might be necessary.

Mr. Lambert was the first president, and Mr. Hayman his vice; Messrs Dalton and Newton were the first treasurer and secretary; the other members of the direction were Sir William Chambers, Messrs. Mac Ardell, Barret, Collins, Cotes, Grignion, Gwyn, Hone, Meyer, Moser, Payne, Penny, Rooker, Sandby, Seaton, Tyler, Wall, Wilson, Wilton, and Yeo.

As the events which gave rise to this establishment are intimately connected with the present Royal Academy in its progress and foundation, I cannot give a better view of them, in part, than is afforded by the slight sketch drawn up in the year 1766, by Mr. John Gwyn, an ingenious architectural writer, in his "London and Westminster Improved."

The passage has, indeed, been quoted before, but will not be improper in this place. He observes, that, "Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller kept up the national passion with great success; and some public works, which required decorations, gave opportunity to Sir James Thornhill and others, to shew, that historical painting, if properly encouraged, was a field in which the British nation might engage with their competitors, not without advantage; but notwithstanding this advancement of the art of painting, and the number of ingenious professors who continually advanced in every branch, neither painting, nor professors of painting, were known, distinguished, or encouraged. The few, indeed, who had taste and discernment, sought for these ingenious men, and purchased their works; but the public knew them not, nor did they know each other: they had no society or intercourse with their fellow artists, consequently had very little to say in each other's recommendation, in the different branches of painting; and he who had the greatest acquaintance, whatever were his abilities, was sure to get the most money. However, the natural good sense and ingenuity of the British nation continued still to furnish very able masters; and these, at length, collected their scattered and dispersed brethren, and formed a little society, who wisely considering their mutual interest, by a voluntary subscription among themselves, established an academy in St. Martin's-lane.

The establishment of the Foundling Hospital, which was a national concern, and attracted the notice of the public in a very particular manner, gave an opportunity, when finished, for displaying a scene entirely new to this nation. The Hospital was just in its infancy, and elegant decorations, and every possible means that could allure or draw the attention of the public towards its support and maintenance, were found necessary; but the expense of such ornaments could not be afforded by a charity whose utmost abilities were demanded for the succour and support of deserted perishing infants. In order to contribute to the support of this useful establishment, and to shew at once that ingenuity and compassion for the distresses of human nature are usually found to reside in the same person, the most considerable artists in Great Britain nobly and generously united in bestowing a great number of excellent performances, in painting and sculpture, which embellished the Hospital, entertained the public, and, at the same time convinced the world that painting was arrived to a degree of perfection in this kingdom, of which, until this era, they had no conception. The Governors of the Hospital, convinced of the use and benefit which accrued to the charity from these truly valuable donations, and desirous of improving a connection so very advantageous to them, encouraged the several contributors, and also the whole body of those who professed the polite arts, to have an annual meeting at the Hospital, on the fifth of November: these meetings drew together the most ingenious artists from every quarter, and at one of them it was proposed to the whole body, to have an annual exhibition of such performances as should be judged worthy the notice of the public.

A proposal so very advantageous to merit of every kind, could not fail of being received with applause, and was unanimously agreed to. In consequence of this resolution, application was made to the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, who, taking it into consideration, rightly judged, that an exhibition of this nature could not be carried into execution with so much propriety as under their patronage; they complied, therefore, willingly, with this request, and, in the year 1760, the first exhibition of the artists of Great Britain was made, and another the year following; but as every member of the Society was at liberty to distribute what number of tickets for admittance he thought fit, that which was intended only as a polite entertainment and rational amusement for the public, became a scene of tumult and disorder; and to such a height was the rage of visiting the exhibition carried, that, when the members themselves had satisfied their own curiosity, the room was crowded, during the hours allotted for the exhibition, with menial servants and their acquaintance. This prostitution of the polite arts, undoubtedly became extremely disagreeable to the professors themselves, who heard, alike, with indignation, their works censured or approved by kitchen-maids and stable-boys; but the cause of the final separation, (for this abuse might have been remedied,) of the artists of Great Britain from the Society, was this: it had been, and still is, usual for the Society to give premiums for historical and landscape painting; these rewards were usually adjudged among the competitors some little time before the exhibition began, and as those who gained the premiums were obliged to leave their pictures a limited time with the Society, they were, of course, sure to be in the exhibition. The great inconvenience of this method of proceeding was soon discovered by several of the most eminent painters, whose reputations were already so eminently established as to prevent their becoming candidates for a trifling premium; these, therefore, as their characters were so nearly concerned, very justly objected to the continuation of this custom, for the following obvious reason: it was generally known that the Society had determined premiums for several pictures, and it was natural enough for persons who knew nothing of the matter to inquire, upon entering the room, which of the pieces, among that profusion of art, were those that had obtained the premium? and, being satisfied in this particular, they very innocently concluded, for want of better judgment, that these had obtained the prize from *all* the rest, and, consequently, were the *best* pictures. Had it been possible to have confined this injurious decision to the vulgar spectators, it would have been a thing of no consequence; but, unfortunately for the arts, many in a much higher sphere of life were liable to be led away by the same opinion; and therefore, as the society would not give up the point, a separation ensued, and every succeeding exhibition has been made at the room in Spring Gardens. The prodigious encouragement given to it, and the applause bestowed on the several performances, by persons of the greatest taste and distinction, evidently shew what a prodigious progress has been made in the arts, as well as what great expectations may be formed of what will probably be done by concurring incitements of applause and emulation, and the effects of society and concord. The success of the exhibition, and the harmony which subsisted among the exhibitors, naturally led them to the thoughts of soliciting an establishment, and forming themselves into a body: in consequence of which solicitation, his Majesty was most graciously pleased to grant them his Royal Charter, incorporating them by the name of the Society of Artists of Great Britain; which charter bears date the 26th day of January, 1765, and is the one of which I have given the preceding sketch.

In the summer of this year a violent and very dangerous illness had attacked Mr. Reynolds, which had nearly deprived his associates of one of the best of friends, and the world of one of its brightest ornaments.

His illness, however, was but of short duration, and his recovery was cheered by the following affectionate letter from Dr. Johnson, then on a visit in Northamptonshire :

" TO JOSHUA REYNOLDS, ESQ. IN LEICESTER-FIELDS,
LONDON.

" DEAR SIR,

" I did not hear of your sickness, till I heard, likewise of your recovery, and therefore escaped that part of your pain which every man must feel to whom you are known as you are known to me. Having had no particular account of your disorder, I know not in what state it has left you. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you, or my own interest as by preserving you; in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose almost the only man whom I call a friend. Pray let me hear of you from yourself, or from dear Miss Reynolds. Make my compliments to Mr. Mudge.

" I am, dear Sir,
" Your most affectionate,
" Most humble servant,
" SAM. JOHNSON.

" At the Rev. Mr. Percy's, at Easton-Maudit, Northamptonshire, (by Castle Ashby) August 19, 1764."

In 1765 Mr. Reynolds exhibited a whole length portrait of Lady Sarah Bunbury, in which she is represented as sacrificing to the Graces. Previous to this he had painted an excellent whole length portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in the dress she wore as bridemaid to the Queen; and in the same exhibition he had another portrait of Lady Waldegrave; of which Mr. Barry, in a letter to Dr. Sleigh, says, "We have had two exhibitions since I wrote to you; the pictures that struck me most were Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces, and Lady Waldegrave; they are some of Mr. Reynolds's best works, which is the greatest character they can have."

It was in this year that Johnson's edition of Shakspeare made its appearance; and even for this, the world is much obliged to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Boswell tells us, that in 1756 the Doctor had resumed his scheme of giving that work with notes, and had even published proposals, in which he promised that it should be perfected by Christmas, 1757, but that his habitual indolence had prevented him from pursuing the system of research necessary for such an undertaking. Sir John Hawkins also notices particularly that a Reverend Divine (Churchill) had exhibited him to ridicule in a satirical poem, and revived the remembrance of that engagement to the public, "which by this and other instances of the laxity of his mind, he seemed not inclined to fulfil."

This was about 1760; but as Hawkins adds, although Johnson was insensible to the abuse, yet his friends took the alarm, and by all the arts of persuasion and reasoning, endeavoured to convince him that his credit was at stake, in having yet made no progress in a work, for which he had already taken subscriptions.

The true reason to be given for the delay of this work is, that Johnson had undertaken it at a period when he was obliged to be a literary drudge for his livelihood, and merely on account of the profits it would afford him; but it never was an object of his desire. In the mean time he became possessed of the pension of three hundred per annum from the bounty of his present majesty, and therefore, that task, which before was undertaken from necessity only, now became loathsome to him, and he could not summon up sufficient resolution to go on with the work, although he had engaged himself to the public by having received subscriptions for it. He indeed confessed that he was culpable, and made promises, from time to time, that he would commence the necessary course of reading; but even now his best friends trembled for his fulfilment of these promises, nor was it until Sir Joshua and some others of his friends contrived to entangle him in a wager for its performance at a given period, that he could be prevailed to sit down to it in earnest. These friendly exertions, however, had the best effect, and at length, in 1765, the work was produced.

I make no doubt that Sir Joshua, in order to encourage Johnson in the business, at the same time offered to furnish him with the few notes on the text of Shakspeare, which he faithfully performed; and as these notes serve to show the clearness of perception and mode of thinking in Reynolds, it is surely requisite to insert them in this place.

In Macbeth, act the first, scene the sixth, in the dialogue between the King and Banquo, is this passage—

King. " This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This Guest of summer,
The temple-haunting Martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansion'ry, that the Heav'n's breath
Smells wooingly. Here is no jetty frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate."

On which Sir Joshua observes, " this short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. This conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, what is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas, the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life."

On this note, the following observation has been made in a late edition by Mr. Malone, which, although expressing a difference of opinion, is yet highly complimentary to Sir Joshua.—"It is not without reluctance that I express my dissent from the friend whose name is subscribed to the preceding note; whose observations on all subjects of criticism and taste are so ingenious and just, that posterity may be at a loss to determine, whether his consummate skill and execution in his own art, or his judgment in that and other kindred arts, were superior."

In Othello, act first, scene third, the Duke says,

> "Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
> Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
> Into your favour."

The Duke then proceeds to repeat a variety of proverbs in rhyming distichs; on which Johnson says in a note, "The duke seems to mean, when he says he will speak like Brabantio, that he will speak sententiously."

But Sir Joshua was of opinion, that Shakspeare here meant something further; for Brabantio was father of Desdemona, and the Duke was endeavouring to reconcile him to her marriage with the Moor:

he therefore adds, "i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion."

Perhaps the Poet might have also wished to say, or to imply, "Hear me now say, what you ought to say; let me repeat those wise proverbs of which you are so fond, and whose wisdom ought now to regulate your feelings."

In the same scene Brabantio says,

> "But words are words; I never yet did hear
> That the bruis'd heart was *pierced* through the ear."

On this passage Warburton had observed, that "the Duke had by sage sentences been exhorting Brabantio to patience, and to forget the grief of his daughter's stolen marriage: to which Brabantio is made very pertinently to reply, to this effect, 'My Lord, I apprehend very well the wisdom of your advice: but though you would comfort me, words are but words; and the heart, already bruised, was never pierced, or wounded, through the ear.' It is obvious that the text must be restored thus:

> That the bruised heart was *pierced* through the ear.

That is, that the wounds of sorrow were never cured, or a man made *heart-whole*, merely by the words of consolation."

Next comes Mr. Stevens, who treats the bruised heart, first surgically, and then applies a black letter plaister to the wound. "Pierced may be right. The consequence of a bruise is sometimes matter collected, and this can no way be cured without *piercing* or letting it out. Thus in *Hamlet*:

> "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
> While rank corruption, mining all within,
> Infects unseen."——

Again,

> "This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
> That inward breaks, and shows no cause without,
> Why the man dies."

What reference these passages can possibly have to the point in question, I will not pretend to say; and indeed Mr. Stevens himself seems to have doubted there being a cure for this bruised heart; he therefore adds—" Our author might have had in his memory the following quaint title of an old book; i. e. 'A Lytell Treatise called the Dysputacyon, or the Complaynte of the Harte through perced with the lokynge of the eye. Imprinted at London, in Flete-strete, at y^{e} syngne of the Sonne, by Wynkin de Worde.'

" Again, in a 'Newe and a Mery Interlude, concerning Pleasure and Payne in love, made by Jhon Heywood: fol. Rastel. 1634.

> " Thorough myne erys dyrectly to myne harte
> Percyth his wordys evyn lyke as many sperys."

After all this display of ingenuity and research, Sir Joshua Reynolds, with all the calm dignity of a philosophical annotator, expresses himself thus:

" Shakspeare was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon; so that very often the reader who has not the same continuity, or succession of ideas, is at a loss for his meaning: many of Shakspeare's uncouth-strained epithets may be explained by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occured to the poet was this:

> " The *troubled* heart was never cured by words."

To give it poetical force he altered the phrase:

> " The wounded heart was never reached through the ear."

Wounded heart he changed to *broken,* and that to *bruised,* as a more common expression. *Reached* he altered to *touched,* and the transition is then easy to *pierced;* i. e. thoroughly *touched*: when the sentiment is brought to this state, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing heart* in its common acceptation *wounding the heart,* which making in this place nonsense, is corrected to *pierced the heart,* which is very stiff, and as Polonius says, *is a vile phrase.*" This note seems to have been the foundation for Malone's subsequent, and more copious, illustration of the passage.

On a subsequent passage in the same play, in the first scene of the fourth act, where Othello, in his jealousy, exclaims, "Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is no words that shake me thus—pish—noses, ears, and lips—is't possible!—confess! handkerchief!—O devil!"—[*Falls in a trance*] Warburton says, that, "The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *instruction* for *induction,* (for so it should be read,) has, indeed, sunk it into arrant nonsense. Othello is just going to fall into a swoon; and, as is common for people in that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sublimity of thought, is compared to the season of the sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the sun. This being the allusion, the reasoning stands thus—'My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it were, into dissolution, for no cause. There must be an *induction* of something; there must be a real cause. My jealousy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, *words* only, could not shake me thus, and raise all this disorder. My jealousy, therefore, must be grounded on matter of fact.—Shakspeare uses the same word in the same sense in King Richard the Third:

> " A dire induction I am witness to."

" Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of Fame:

> " Plots ha' you laid? inductions dangerous."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his note upon this passage observes, that, " However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

" Othello, in broken sentences, and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shews, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpowers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence."

In a letter written by Mr. Burke to Barry, then at Rome, in the year 1766, I find some observations of Sir Joshua's recorded, which deserve insertion here.

He says, " Reynolds was dining with me when the pictures arrived, (meaning those by Barry, painted at Rome, and sent to Mr. Burke,) and I will tell you fairly what he said.

" He declared the drawing to be perfectly correct, the expression just and noble: Alexander's attention, and the physician's unaffected manner, could not, he said, be better. In regard to the colouring, he said he did not wish it other than it was. That colouring was a knack acquired by habit and experiment; that nothing, however, could be more dangerous to a young painter than to indulge himself in that glare of colour which catches the eye, and imposes on the imperfect judgment. I do not at all suppose that his opinion is, that to begin with a wish of excelling in colour, is to begin at the wrong end of the art.

" As our conversation naturally dwelt on painting, I found that Reynolds's expectations of what would be your great object of attention were the works of Michael Angelo, whom he considers as the Homer of Painting: I could find that his own study had been much engrossed by that master, whom he still admires the most. He mentioned, indeed, his having, for some months, confined himself to the Capella Sistina, and begged me to desire you to let us know the effect it has on you when you give it your attention." &c.

In this year, also, he painted a very excellent three-quarter portrait of Mrs. Collier, an eminent beauty of that time, and from which there is a mezzotinto print taken by J. Watson. The face is seen in profile, and has a pensive air, as if contemplating the death of a favourite sparrow, which appears laid on the table before her. The lines under the print are from Catullus:

Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ;
Passer delitiæ meæ puellæ;
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.

The following couplets were written by a gentlemen of Devonshire, a friend of Sir Joshua's, and who knew the lady, on seeing the picture—

The torture of a father's breast
  Timanthes to conceal,
Anguish too great to be exprest,
  He covered with a veil.

The lightning of bright Collier's eyes
  Reynolds despaired to show,
That vivid fire his art defies,
  So bade the tear to flow.

Doctor Farmer, of Cambridge, had written a most excellent and convincing pamphlet to prove that Shakspeare knew little or nothing of the ancients but by translations. Being in company with Dr. Johnson, he received from him the following compliment upon the work: "Dr. Farmer," said Johnson, "you have done that which never was done before; that is, you have completely finished a controversy beyond all further doubt." "I thank you," answered Dr. Farmer, "for your flattering opinion of my work, but still there are some critics who will adhere to their old opinions; certain persons that I could name."

"Ah!" said Johnson, "that may be true: for the limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone."

Dr. Farmer has been long celebrated as a man particularly well informed on the subject of old English literature; and, as a man of learning, was, therefore, always an acceptable guest with Sir Joshua. He was a native of Leicester, and nearly of the same age with his friend; and having completed his education at Cambridge, he entered into orders, serving a curacy at a village near that university for many years, whilst a tutor at Emanuel College: but his appointment, in 1767, as a preacher at Whitehall, gave him frequent opportunities of residence in London, where he became a distinguished book collector.

Dr. Askew, of Queen's-square, was particularly attached to him, and being himself a man of learning, gave him a most hospitable reception at his house, where he first met Sir Joshua, along with several others of the distinguished characters of the day.

With these two he mixed much in evening society; so much so, indeed, that, when offered a bishopric by Mr. Pitt, so strong was his wish to associate without restraint, "and to enjoy himself without responsibility," that, as he said a friend, "one that enjoyed the theatre and the Queen's Head in the evening, would have made but an indifferent bishop." He was therefore a member of several clubs, particularly one in Essex-street, founded by Johnson: the unincreasible club at the Queen's Head in Holborn, where he met Hayley, Romney, Topham, Newbery, and others; and the Eumelian club held at the Blenheim Tavern, in Bond-street, of which Sir Joshua himself was a member, together with Messrs. Boswell, Windham, Knight, North, Burney, Seward, and many other highly respectable and much esteemed public characters.

It is not here irrelevant to notice, that it was owing to his good sense and good taste (whilst canon residentiary of St. Paul's) that his colleagues were induced to admit the ornaments of sculpture into that cathedral. Had such a man been concerned in the direction of that edifice, when it was proposed to decorate it with the efforts of the graphic art, how easily would a new and permanent source of encouragement have been established? one too, most certainly no less consonant with the principles of the Protestant religion than the productions of the sculptor.

In 1767 the royal patronage was extended to the artists, and an attempt was made to form an academy, partly arising from the dissentions and animosities which followed the incorporation in 1765; for those who were not admitted into the body as incorporated, were so stimulated by jealousy as to resolve to submit no longer to rules and regulations, towards which they had no voice, and they accordingly attempted, for a year or two, to get up an exhibition of their own, but were not very successful in this plan.

In the regular exhibition of this year, Mr. Reynolds did not produce a single effort of his pencil; yet even here be gave a proof that merit will always be exposed to the little attacks of malice; for Burke observes in a letter to Barry, dated the 26th of April, 1767, " Jones, who used to be poet laureat to the exhibition, is prepared to be a severe and almost general satirist upon the exhibitors. His ill behaviour has driven him from all their houses, and he resolves to take revenge in this manner. He has endeavoured to find out what pictures they will exhibit, and upon such information as he has got, has before-hand given a poetic description of those pictures which he has not seen. I am told he has gone so far as to abuse Reynolds, at guess, as an exhibitor of several pictures, though he does not put in one."

The reason of his apparent inattention to the exhibition this year, is afterwards explained by Burke, saying, "The exhibition will be opened to-morrow. Reynolds, though he has, I think, some better portraits than he had ever before painted, does not think mere heads sufficient, and having no piece of fancy finished, sends in nothing this time."

In a subsequent letter from the same pen, in August, we find, "As to Reynolds, he is perfectly well, and still keeps that superiority over the rest, which he always had from his genius, sense, and morals."

I may mention in this place, that Mr. Barry was a pupil of Mr. Reynolds some time before the year 1767, being then also a student at the academy in St. Martin's-lane: his early initiation into the art having commenced at Shipley's drawing-school, and been continued in the gallery of the Duke of Richmond, so nobly and generously established for the furtherance of taste, and the developement of genius.

It is recorded of him, however, that his early excellence, or rather the praises bestowed on it, together with the premiums awarded by the Society for the encouragement of Arts, for his drawings from antique models, and also from the life, had the unpleasant effect of relaxing his studies and exertions, instead of stimulating him to attempt approaching nearer to perfection.

After finishing his term with Sir Joshua, he retired to Wales, where he was invited by the late munificent Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne, who was his steady patron, and assisted him in his proposed plan of studying at Rome, whither he went in the year 1770; returning five years afterwards to England, when he attempted to settle in his profession in the metropolis, taking a house in Duke-street, St. James's. Having married Miss Keene, daughter of the architect of that name, he was effected so much by some unhappy family occurrences, as to retire from the metropolis soon after, and to settle at his former Welsh residence, where, however, he remained but a short time; the loss of his wife, who died in parturition of her only child, having induced him, once more, to leave what may properly be called his natal country; for, though born in London, he was yet of Welsh parentage, his father being the celebrated blind performer on the Welsh harp.

His object in visiting Rome seems to have been to seek employment in his art, in addition to the wish of stifling the regret for the loss of an amiable wife; he accordingly commenced the copying of some of the finest pieces in that capital, but his health was soon so much impaired, that he was induced to return to England, where he did indeed arrive, but only to breathe his last sigh where he had first opened his eyes upon the world.

In Edwards's Anecdotes may be seen many particulars respecting his performances; and I cannot help regretting, along with that author, that his drawing, in chalk, of the gallery so munificently filled with valuable subjects for the student, and so liberally opened by a late Duke of Richmond, is lost, as such a thing would now be highly interesting to all lovers of the art.

Mr. Reynolds now attained the summit of his reputation as an artist, and maintained his dignified station to the close of his life. Cotes and Ramsay shared, in some degree, with him the fashion of the day; for each of those painters had employment from the court of England, where Reynolds as an artist was never able to become a favourite. From that source of envied and enviable honour, he had not the happiness of receiving a single commission; for it is to be observed, that those exquisite portraits of the King and Queen, now in the council-room of the Royal

Academy, were painted at the request of Reynolds himself, purposely for that place.

Mr. Cotes has now been dead upwards of forty years, having lived only two years after the establishment of the Royal Academy, of which he was a member, and indeed one of the four who signed the petition to his Majesty to solicit its foundation.

This was the artist whom Hogarth considered superior to Reynolds as a portrait painter; but perhaps his great excellence ought to be confined solely to his portraits in crayons, in which style he was certainly superior to most of his rivals, as has been properly remarked by Mr. Edwards. In oils, however, he must be considered totally inferior to his illustrious competitor; and he was evidently so in the opinion of the public, as his price for a three-quarter never exceeded twenty guineas.

Mr. Allan Ramsay, even if possessed of no merit of his own, would always have been noticed as the son of Allan, the Scottish poet, and the Burns of the early part of the last century.

His father is called a self-taught poet. It is difficult, however, to know what that means when said by way of distinction—every real poet must be self-taught. And the son, in the same manner, is said to be a self-taught painter, because he had received no instructions till he gave them to himself in Italy; as every good painter has done before him, either there or elsewhere. But his being the compatriot of the Earl of Bute was a ready passport to royal notice on his return, particularly when added to his own abilities. He was certainly superior to the artists of his time in general; though his excellence did not warrant Walpole in classing him so exactly with Sir Joshua, when he said, "Reynolds and Ramsay have wanted subjects, not genius." But I have heard Sir Joshua say, that Ramsay was the most sensible man of all the living artists; and therefore it proved that something besides good sense is required to make a good painter.

Without entering into a tedious detail of minute circumstances and of the petty animosities at that time existing among the artists, I shall briefly observe, that during all the contentions between the Society of Artists, Dalton's Royal Academy in Pall Mall, and the intrigues and quarrels that occupied so much of the public press and of the public time, Mr. Reynolds did not interfere; his name, indeed, was on the roll of the Society at its first incorporation, and he was afterwards appointed one of the directors, but he did not act, and, as quaintly observed by a writer of that time, " did not like them much;"—in fact, he had long withdrawn himself from the private meetings of the directors, declaring publicly, that he was no friend to their proceedings.

Much credit is, however, due to him, for his exertions in favor of the public exhibitions; and Barry, indeed, does him full justice in one of his lectures, when speaking of them as *established* by Sir Joshua, he says, " to which we owe almost all the art we can boast." In this year (1768,) in order at once to put an end to these jarring interests, a rational and extended plan was drawn up for the present Royal Academy, of which, it has since been well observed by Barry, under the reign of his present Majesty, our most gracious patron, the arts were, in some measure, raised out of that disgraceful obscurity in which they had been so long buried; and a Royal Academy was instituted under the King's immediate protection, for the purpose of bringing forward that great line of historical, superior art; from the successful prosecution of which only, the King and public can expect to see its reputation worthy their attention."

Notwithstanding the part which Mr. Reynolds was taking in the necessary preparations for this establishment, yet he found time to gratify himself with a trip to Paris, in the autumn of this year, in company with Mr. William Burke, who, in a letter dated the 10th of October, from that metropolis, says, " Mr. Reynolds and I make this scamper together, and are both extremely satisfied with our tour; we return in a few days."

His return took place within the expected time; and so forward were the proposed arrangements, that on the 28th of November a petition was presented to his Majesty, of which the professed objects were the establishment of a well regulated school or academy of design, for the use of students in the arts, and an annual exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they should have an opportunity of presenting their productions to the inspection of the public, and of thereby obtaining such share of general reputation and encouragement ,as their performances might seem to merit.

It was intended to supply the funds for the support of the institution, by the produce of this annual exhibition; and his Majesty was graciously pleased to promise what further aid it might require, from the privy purse. This aid was necessary, for a few years, to the amount of 5000*l.*; but the sums raised by the exhibitions were soon so considerable, as not only to render the royal munificence unnecessary, but even to accumulate a large surplus in the funds, now forming the basis of a liberal fund for decayed artists. For the first twenty years, the net produce, on an average, amounted to upwards of 1500*l.* per annum, and since that it has amounted to an additional 1000*l.*

A very good view of the regulations of this establishment may be found in the Monthly Magazine for March, 1810; and I may here observe, that annual prizes were also determined on as stimulants to rising genius. These were, of course, to be awarded to the best productions; but it was whimsically quoted at the time, from the laws of the ancient city of Thebes, that formerly the painter who exhibited the worst picture, was also subject to a fine!

Professorships were likewise established, and Dr. Johnson was nominated Professor of Ancient Literature; an office, indeed, merely honorary, but conferred on him, as Sir John Hawkins hints, at the recommendation of Mr. Reynolds.

Goldsmith also was not forgotten, he having received the complimentary appointment of Professor of Ancient History; an office, like the preceding, without trouble or salary, and, as Dr. Percy observed, merely giving him a place at the annual dinner.

Goldsmith himself, in a letter to his brother, says of it—"The King has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established; but there is no salary annexed; and I took it, rather as a compliment to the Institution, than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt."

But the most importrnt event as relative to this Institution, and as connected with the subject of the present biography, was, that in order to give dignity to this Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, which was composed of the ablest and most respectable artists then resident in Great Britain, Reynolds was elected the first president by an unanimous vote. On that occasion he was knighted, perhaps with a view to dignify him: and indeed, had that distinction been always so bestowed, it would really have been an honour, and not the subject of those sarcasms which but too often accompany the title. Reynolds received it with satisfaction, as he well knew that it would give additional splendour to his works in vulgar eyes. It is not matter of surprize that his election as president was unanimous; it is certain that every circumstance considered, he was the most fit, if not the only person, qualified to take the chair: his professional rank, his large fortune, the circle of society in which he moved, all these contributed to establish his claim; and to these was added a still more urgent motive, namely, that he had refused (as I have been told) to belong to the Society on any other conditions. Accordingly the Royal Academy of Arts in London was opened on the 10th of December, 1768, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt., with a discourse adapted to the occasion.

This honour of knighthood was highly gratifying to all Sir Joshua's friends. Dr. Johnson acknowledged that for years he had not tasted wine, until he was induced to break through his rule of abstemiousness in order to celebrate his friend's elevation; and Barry afterwards observed, in a letter to Mr. Burke, "I have a notion, some how or other, that the arts would be just now of some consequence, and pretty much of a public concern, did not the state competitors, of whom the papers are so full, divert the attention of the public into another channel.

"However, I can say with truth, that as nobody is more an enthusiast for Art than I am, so there is no one who rejoices more sincerely at the honour done Art by the title and dignity his Majesty has graciously conferred on that person whose plan of a public exhibition has been as serviceable to the art as his performances were. The public opinion will supply what I would say."

The task of delivering discourses in the Academy was no part of the prescribed duty of this office, first so ably filled by Sir Joshua; but was voluntarily imposed on himself, for reasons which shall be afterwards noticed, whilst taking a slight view of his fifteenth discourse.

Before we proceed to investigate the purport of his discourses in their regular order, it may be well here to observe, that the delivery of these discourses was not particularly happy, considering the great taste of the speaker in other respects, and cannot be much commended; which may be accounted for from two causes; first, that his deafness might have prevented his being well able to modulate his voice; but secondly, I am rather of opinion that the real cause was, that as no man ever felt a greater horror at affectation than he did, so he feared to assume the orator, lest it should have that appearance: he therefore naturally fell into the opposite extreme as the safest retreat, from what he thought the greatest evil.

It has been related as an anecdote, that on one of the evenings when he delivered his discourse, and when the audience was, as usual, numerous, and composed principally of the learned and the great, the Earl of C————, who was present came up to him, saying, " Sir Joshua, you read your discourse in so low a tone, that I could not distinguish one word you said." To which the President, with a smile replied, " That was to my advantage."

There is some little difficulty in fixing the exact date of his first discourse; some accounts stating its delivery on the 10th of December, 1768, when the Academy was first opened: in Malone's edition of his works, it is indeed dated on the 2nd of January, 1769; whilst Sir Joshua himself, in a letter to Barry, which will be hereafter inserted, speaks of its being delivered on the first of that month.

Without attempting to reconcile those jarry dates, I shall merely observe, that the objects he had in view in this first discourse, were to imprint upon the minds of his audience how many advantages might be expected from such an institution; after which he offered hints for the consideration both of the professors and of the visitors, whose office it is to attend the school of the living model. He next showed the absolute necessity of an implicit obedience to all the rules of art, on the part of the youthful students, warning them to repress any premature or irregular disposition to aim at masterly dexterity before they had well acquired the necessary rudiments: and he then showed, to render even diligence effectual, it was absolutely necessary that it should always be directed to proper objects.

In alluding to the extraordinary circumstance of such an institution not having been before established, he observed, that " It is, indeed, difficult to give any other reason why an empire like that of Britain should so long have wanted an ornament so suitable to its greatness, than that slow progression of things which naturally makes elegance and refinement the last effect of opulence and power."

After shewing that the Academy had commenced its labours at, perhaps, the happiest possible period, not only from the patronage of the Monarch, and from the general desire among the nobility to be distinguished as lovers and judges of the arts, as well as from the greater superfluity of public wealth in general to reward the professors, but also from the fact, that there was, at that time, a greater number of excellent artists than were ever known before, at one period, in the nation; he pointed out the principal advantages resulting from the academy to the art itself, to consist, not only in its furnishing able men to direct the student, but in being, also, a repository for the great examples of the art. "These," said he, "are the materials on which genius is to work, and without which the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly or deviously employed."

Whilst recommending strict attention to the students, he particularly inculcated, that "those models which have passed through the approbation of ages, should be considered by them as perfect and infallable guides; as subjects for their imitation, not their criticism;" and he then expressed his confidence, that this was the only efficacious way of making any progress in the arts; adding, that he who sets out with doubting, will find life finished before he becomes master even of the rudiments of his profession. He here considered it as a maxim, that he who begins by presuming on his own sense, has ended his studies as soon as he has commenced them; and from this he took occasion to observe, that every opportunity should be seized to discountenance that false and vulgar opinion, that rules are the fetters of genius. In contradiction to such an opinion, he asserted, that they were fetters only to men of no genius; as that armour which, upon the strong, is an ornament and defence, becomes a load upon the weak and misshapen, crippling that body which it was intended to protect.

The advantages of assiduity he proved by experience:—"When we read the lives of the most eminent painters, every page informs us, that no part of their time was spent in dissipation. Even an increase of fame served only to augment their industry. To be convinced with what persevering assiduity they pursued their studies, we need only reflect on their method of proceeding in their most celebrated works. When they conceived a subject, they first made a variety of sketches, then a finished drawing of the whole; after that, a more correct drawing of every separate part—heads, hands, feet, and pieces of drapery; they then painted the picture; and, after all, retouched it from the life. The pictures, thus wrought with such pains, now appear like the effect of enchantment, and as if some mighty genius had struck them off at a blow!"

At the conclusion of this spirited discourse, he expressed his hope that the Institution might answer the expectation of its Royal Founder—"that the present age may vie in arts with that of Leo the Tenth; and that *the dignity* of the dying art (to make use of an expression of Pliny) may be revived under the reign of George the Third."

This spirited oration gave general satisfaction, and in a periodical journal of that time, it was observed, that this discourse certainly did honour to the President as a painter, if any honour could be added to that which he had already acquired by his pencil. It was also acknowledged, that it had great merit as a literary composition; whilst Sir Joshua's idea, "that the Academy would at least contribute to advance the knowledge of the arts, and bring us nearer to that ideal excellence which it is the lot of genius always to contemplate, but never to attain," is followed by the observation, that this sentiment, none but a genius conscious of the idea of unattainable perfection, and of a perpetual effort to approach it, could have conceived.

As a further testimony of Sir Joshua's merit, and well deserved elevation, Barry says, in a letter, in the early part of this year, to Mr. Burke, "I am happy to find Mr. Reynolds is at the head of this academy;" (this was previous to his hearing of his knighthood;) "from his known public spirit, and warm desire of raising up art among us, (which exerted itself so successfully in establishing the Exhibition,) he will, I have no doubt, contrive this institution to be productive of all the advantages that could possibly be derived from it; and whilst it is in such hands as his, we shall have nothing to fear from those shallows and quicksands upon which the Italian and French academies have lost themselves:" and on another occasion, in the same year, he wrote from Paris to Mr. Burke, whilst speaking of the paintings at Versailles, "What I have seen since, gives me more and more reason to admire Mr. Reynolds; you know my sentiments of him already, and the more I know and see of the art, the less likely they are to change."

On the first of January, 1769, a poetical tribute was paid to the arts, and to the new Academy of London, by the pen of the Reverend Dr. Thomas Francklin, Chaplain to the King, and translator of Phalaris, Sophocles, and Lucian, into English, and author also of three plays, the Earl of Warwick, and Matilda, tragedies, and the Contract, a comedy.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE ARTS.

When Discord, late, her baleful influence shed
O'er the fair realms of Science and of Art,
Neglected Genius bent his drooping head,
And pierced with anguish ev'ry tuneful heart;
    Apollo wept his broken lyre,
    Wept to behold the mournful choir
Of his lov'd Muses, now an exil'd train,
And in their seats to see Alecto reign.

When lo! Britannia, to the throne
Of goodness makes her sorrows known,
For never there did grief complain,
Or injur'd merit plead in vain.
The monarch heard her just request,
He saw, he felt, and he redressed;
Quick with a master hand he tunes the strings,
And harmony from discords springs.

Thus good, by Heav'n's command, from evil flows,
From Chaos, thus, of old, Creation rose;
When order with confusion join'd,
And jarring elements combin'd,
To grace with mutual strength the great design,
And speak the Architect divine.

Whilst Eastern tyrants, in the trophy'd car,
Wave the red banner of destructive war,
In George's breast a nobler flame
Is kindled, and a fairer fame
Excites to cherish native worth,
To call the latent seeds of genius forth,
To bid discordant factions cease,
And cultivate the gentle arts of peace.
And lo! from this auspicious day,
The sun of science beams a purer ray.

Behold! a brighter train of years,
A new Augustian age appears;
The time, nor distant far, shall come,
When England's tasteful youth no more
Shall wander to Italia's classic shore;
No more to foreign climes shall roam
In search of models, better found at home.

With rapture the prophetic muse
Her country's opening glories views,
Already sees, with wond'ring eyes,
Our Titians and our Guidos rise,
Sees new Palladois grace th' historic page,
And *British Raffaelles* charm a future age.

Meantime, ye sons of art, your offerings bring,
To grace your Patron and your King,
Bid sculpture grace his honour'd name
In marble, lasting as his fame:
Bid Painting's magic pencil trace
The features of his darling race,

And as it flows through all the royal line,
Glow with superior warmth and energy divine.

If tow'ring Architecture still
Can boast her old creative skill,
Bid some majestic structure rise to view,
Worthy him, and worthy *you ;*
Where *art* may join with *nature* and with sense,
Splendor with grace—with taste, magnificence;
Where strength may be with elegance combin'd,
The perfect image of its master's mind.

And oh! if with the tuneful throng
The muse may dare to mix her humble song,
In your glad train permit her to appear,
Though poor, yet willing, and though rude, sincere,
To praise the Sov'reign whom her heart approves,
And pay this tribute to the ART she loves."

On the 2d of the month, the academy was opened, and a general meeting of the Royal Academicians took place, when some public business was gone through; after which the whole body adjourned to an elegant entertainment at the St. Alban's Tavern, where Sir Joshua presided with his accustomed urbanity, the meeting being honoured with the presence of many of the most distinguished nobility, who were now proud to come forward as patrons of the arts.

It seems beneath the dignity even of biography, to note these things which many will esteem trifling in themselves, yet the time may come when even these particulars will be of some interest; and as this period was an era in the annals of British art, I must be allowed to mark it by the gratulations of the Poets of the day, who exprest their good wishes in the best manner they were able, and no doubt would have done it much better if it had been in their power. In that point of view, therefore, I shall not refrain from inserting a song made for the occasion, by the good old Mr. Hull, the commedian, and sung at this joyous meeting by Mr. Vernon, the fashionable performer of the day.

SONG.

Let Science hail this happy year,
Let Fame its rising glories sing,
When arts unwonted lustre wear,
And boast a patron in their King;
And here unrivall'd shall they reign,
For George protects the polish'd train.

To you just ripen'd into birth,
He gives the fair, the great design;
'Tis *yours*, ye Sires, of genuine worth,
To bid the future artists shine;
That arts unrivall'd long may reign,
Where George protects the polish'd train.

'Tis *yours*, O well selected band,
To watch where infant genius blows,
To rear the flower with fost'ring hand,
And ev'ry latent sweet disclose;
So arts unrivall'd long will reign,
Where George protects the polish'd train.

No more to distant realms repair
For foreign aid, or borrow'd rule,
Beneath her Monarch's gen'rous care,
Britannia founds a nobler school,
Where arts unrivall'd shall remain,
For George protects the polish'd train.

So shall her sons in Science bred,
Diffuse her arts from shore to shore,
And wide her growing genius spread,
As round the world her thunders roar;
For he, who rules the subject main,
Great George protects the polish'd train."

This song, so congenial to the flattering hopes of the company, whose cares were, for a time, suspended in festivity, and who had met to be gay, was received with much applause.

On Wednesday, the 26th of April, the exhibition of the Royal Academy, in Pall Mall, was opened for the first time, and drew the greatest crowds and of the highest fashion; and it was observed in the periodical journals of the time, that the encouragement given to this institution was even already visible in the works of genius then exhibited: and I may take the opportunity of noting in this place, that Sir Joshua's exertions to raise the character of the Academy, were not confined to his discourses alone; as from its first opening, until the year 1790, inclusive, it appears that he sent no less than two hundred and forty-four pictures to the various exhibitions.

In this year Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote a most excellent letter to Barry, then a student at Rome. It is so descriptive of the writer's principles, and so honourable to his feelings as an artist, that I shall insert it here at length, only premising, that it was partly addressed to Barry in consequence of a letter from him to Mr. Burke, in which he described himself as engaged in some contests with the picture dealers at Rome, who were acting very illiberally towards young English artists, and using underhand means to prevent their being employed by various travellers in copying or making originals, as those dealers in rotten pictures earnestly desired to possess themselves of all the loose cash which affluent tourists had purposed to lay out in Vertu.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am very much obliged to you for your remembrance of me in your letter to Mr. Burke, which, though I have read with great pleasure as a composition, I cannot help saying with some regret, to find that so great a portion of your attention has been engaged upon temporary matters, which might be so much more profitably employed upon what would stick by you through your whole life.

"Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object, from the moment he rises till he goes to bed; the effect of every object that meets the painter's eye may give him a lesson, provided his mind is calm, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction. This general attention, with other studies connected with the art, which must employ the artist in his closet, will be found sufficient to fill up life, if it was much longer than it is. Were I in your place, I would consider myself as playing a great game, and never suffer the little malice and envy of my rivals to draw off my attention from the main object; which, if you pursue with a steady eye, it will not be in the power of all the Cicerones in the world to hurt you. Whilst they are endeavouring to prevent the gentlemen from employing the young artists, instead of injuring them, they are, in my opinion, doing them the greatest service.

"Whilst I was at Rome I was very little employed by them, and that I always considered as so much time lost: copying those ornamental pictures, which the travelling gentlemen always bring home with them as furniture for their houses, is far from being the most profitable manner of a student spending his time. Whoever has great views, I would recommend to him, whilst at Rome, rather to live on bread and water, than lose those advantages which he can never hope to enjoy a second time, and which he will find only in the Vatican; where, I will engage, no cavalier sends his students to copy for him. I do not mean this as any reproach to the gentlemen; the works in that place, though they are the proper study of an artist, make but an awkward figure painted in oil, and reduced to the size of easel pictures. The Capella Sistina is the production of the greatest genius that was ever employed in the arts; it is worth considering by what principles that stupendous greatness of style is produced; and endeavouring to produce something of your own on those principles, will be a more advantageous method of study, than copying the St. Cecilia in the Borghese, or the Herodias of Guido, which may be copied to eternity, without contributing one jot towards making a man a more able painter.

"If you neglect visiting the Vatican often, and particularly the Capella Sistina, you will neglect receiving that peculiar advantage which Rome can give above all other cities in the world. In other places you will find casts from the antique, and capital pictures of the great painters, but it is *there* only that you can form an idea of the dignity of the art, as it is there only that you can see the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. If you should not relish them at first, which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight, never cease looking till you feel something like inspiration come over you, till you think every other painter insipid, in comparison, and to be admired only for petty excellencies.

"I suppose you have heard of the establishment of a Royal Academy here; the first opportunity I have I will send you the discourse I delivered at its opening, which was the first of January. As I hope you will be hereafter one of our body, I wish you would, as opportunity offers, make memorandums of the the regulations of the academies that you may visit in your travels, to be engrafted on our own, if they should be found useful.

"I am, with the greatest esteem, yours,

"J. Reynolds.

"On reading my letter over, I think it requires some apology for the blunt appearance of a dictatorial style, in which I have obtruded my advice. I am forced to write in a great hurry, and have little time for polishing my style."

In the month of October, this year, Sir Joshua was called on to attend the sessions in the Old Bailey, in company with Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, and several other distinguished characters, to give evidence to character in favor of the well known Mr. Barretti, in consequence of his being obliged to stand trial under a verdict of manslaughter, found against him by a coroner's inquest, on the 10th of the month.

This unfortunate circumstance arose from Mr. Barretti having been attacked on the 5th in the evening, at the end of Panton-street, going into the Haymarket, by a prostitute, who rudely and indecently accosted him. He pushed her from him, but she finding by his accent that he was a foreigner immediately called him by the most opprobious names; and her loud tones having brought up a bully, he began to assault Mr. Barretti in the most outrageous manner.

Some more of the gang then approached, and attempted to hustle him, when he was obliged, in his defence, to pull out a small knife, warning them not to use him ill, that he would not bear it, and would strike the first person that should come near him.

He then ran, and as they pursued him, he kept moving his hand backward and forward in running from them, to defend himself, and thus wounded two of his assailants, one of whom died afterwards in the Middlesex hospital. The crowd was now so great, that Mr. Barretti, no longer in dread of his life, immediately submitted himself, and was committed by Sir John Fielding to Tothill-fields prison.

The coroner's inquest sat two days before they brought in their verdict, when Barretti was admitted to bail, and the trial taking place on the 23rd, he refused to avail himself of the usual privilege of having half his jury composed of foreigners; but the evidences for the prosecution so completely contradicted themselves and each other, that little more was necessary than for him to explain the circumstances, which he did, justifying the act as one of self-defence, after having been repeatedly struck and abused; at the same time asserting, that the knife was drawn only to terrify, and not to wound, though the pressing of the populace in his retreat had, in a moment of agitation, led him further than he at first intended.

This was confirmed by some most respectable eye-witnesses; and the host of brilliant evidence, in favour of his general character, immediately drew forth a verdict of acquittal, to the complete satisfaction of the court and of the public at large.

The only pupil whom Sir Joshua had at this period was Mr. Charles Gill, son of a person at Bath, whose exquisite taste as a pastry cook has been particularly noticed by Anstey in his celebrated poem. Mr. Gill, the younger, has, however, not been so celebrated in his art, and is unhappily one of those whom Mr. Edwards notices to have been peculiarly unfortunate, having received a very severe wound in his thigh, which has deprived him of the use of his leg.

Sir Joshua during part of this year appears to have been deprived of his sister's domestic attentions, by a visit to Paris. This has been very prettily noticed by Dr. Johnson, in a letter to a Miss Flint, a very young lady who had translated his Strictures on Shakspeare into French, and was then resident at that gay metropolis. He says, " How can you prevent me from complaining of those charms by which you have gained so much on Miss Reynolds, that she no longer remembers her country nor her friends? It is but a trifle for you to praise us; it is a trifle to spread our literary fame, whilst you deprive us of the pleasure of seeing and of conversing with Miss Reynolds. In short, Madam, *you* must become less amiable, if you wish that we should love you more."

It was also some time about this period, and previous to my becoming a pupil of Sir Joshua, that a circumstance took place, highly illustrative of his character, and which I shall now detail, knowing it to be authentic.

Sir Joshua, as his usual custom, looked over the daily morning paper at his breakfast time; and on one of those perusals, whilst reading an account of the Old Bailey sessions, to his great astonishment, saw that a prisoner had been tried and condemned to death for a robbery committed on the person of one of his own servants, a negro who had been with him for some time. He immediately rung the bell for the servants, in order to make his inquiries, and was soon convinced of the truth of the matter related in the newspaper. This black man had lived in his service as footman for several years, and has been pourtrayed in several pictures, particularly in one of the Marquis of Granby, where he holds the horse of that General. Sir Joshua reprimanded this black servant for his conduct, and especially for not having informed him of this curious adventure; when the man said he had concealed it only to avoid the blame he should have incurred had he told it: he then related the following circumstances of the business, saying, that Mrs. Anna Williams (the old blind lady who lived at the house of Dr. Johnson) had, some time previous, dined at Sir Joshua's with Miss Reynolds; that in the evening she went home to Bolt-court, Fleet-street, in a hackney-coach, and that he had been sent to attend her to her house. On his return he had met with companions who had detained him till so late an hour, that when he came to Sir Joshua's house, he found the doors were shut and all the servants gone to rest. In this dilemma he wandered in the street till he came to a watch-house, in which he took shelter for the remainder of the night, among the variety of miserable companions to be found in such places; and amidst this assembly of the wretched, the black man fell sound asleep, when a poor thief who had been taken into custody by the constable of the night, perceiving, as the man slept, that he had a watch and money in his pocket (which was seen on his thigh,) he watched his opportunity and stole the watch, and with a penknife cut through the pocket, and so possessed himself of the money. When the Black awaked from his nap, he soon discovered what had been done to his cost, and immediately gave the alarm, and a strict search was made through the company; when the various articles which the Black had lost were found in the possession of the unfortunate wretch who had stolen them. He was accordingly secured, and next morning carried before the Justice, and committed to take his trial at the Old Bailey, (the Black being bound over to prosecute,) and, as we have seen, was at his trial cast and condemned to death. Sir Joshua, much affected by this recital, immediately sent his principal servant, Ralph Kirkly, to make all inquiries into the state of the criminal, and, if necessary, to relieve his wants in whatever way could be done. When Kirkly came to the prison, he was soon admitted to the cell of the prisoner, where he beheld the most wretched spectacle that imagination can conceive—a poor forlorn criminal, without a friend on earth who could relieve or assist him, and reduced almost to a skeleton by famine and by filth, waiting till the dreadful morning should arrive when he was to be made an end of by a violent death. Sir Joshua now ordered fresh cloathing to be sent to him, and also that the black servant should carry to him every day a sufficient supply of food from his own table; and at that time Mr. E. Burke being very luckily in office he applied to him, and by their joint interest they got his sentence changed to transportation; when after being furnished with all necessaries, he was sent out of the kingdom.

When Goldsmith first published his "Deserted Village," he dedicated it to his friend Sir Joshua, in which he elegantly observes, "I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of the art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest, therefore, aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged, at present, in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you."

During the latter part of the year, Sir Joshua was much occupied in the preparation of his second discourse, which was delivered at the rooms of the Academy, on the 11th of December, 1769.

The general object of this discourse was to convey a brief code of instructions for improvement in the various arts which the Academy was intended to encourage; and these hints, as it was neatly observed at the time, were offered with the "ingenuous modesty of a man, who by excellence becomes concious of defect, as hints founded upon his own previous mistakes which might at least prevent industry from being misapplied."

Considering the study of Painting, in particular, as divided into three parts, he supposed the first, which was merely that of acquiring a facility of drawing any object, a tolerable readiness in the management of colours, and an acquaintance with the most simple and obvious of the rules of composition, to have been already passed through by the student, to whom he next recommended the absolute necessity of collecting subjects for expression, and of amassing a stock of ideas capable of being combined and varied agreeable to circumstances.

This he considered as forming the second period, in which the student was to endeavour to acquire a general knowledge of all that was already known and executed; in which, no longer under the tuition of any particular master, he was to consider himself solely as the pupil of the art, and thus to acquire and combine all the perfections scattered through the works of the most celebrated of past times, and of the various schools.

In this part of the progress, though the student was to be at liberty to regulate his taste, and to enlarge the powers of his imagination, still was he to consider himself as restricted by certain rules, and so much in subjection and discipline under the art in general, as not to be permitted to resign himself to any particular authority, much less to deviate into any track where he could perceive no antecedent footsteps.

Having gone through the second, and arrived at the last stage, he considered the student as then liberated from all former authority, and to be now guided solely by judgement; being thus placed, if not upon an equality, yet in the same rank with those who had preceded him; and even as exercising a portion of sovereignty over those very rules by which he himself had been governed in the former course of his studies.

At this period too, he described him as justified in adopting a new mode of judgment; being no longer bound to compare the productions of art with each other, but to examine the art itself by Nature's own standard, and thus to correct its errors, and supply its defects.

With a memory thus stored, and a judgment thus directed, then, and not till then, was the student to try the power of imagination, nay, even to give it the reins; for he asserted that " the man whose mind has been thus disciplined, might be indulged in the warmest enthusiasm, and might even venture to play on the borders of the wildest extravagance; as then the habitual dignity which long converse with the greatest minds has imparted to him, will display itself in all his attempts, and he will stand among his instructors, not as an imitator, but as a rival." He assumed that invention was little more than a new combination of such images as have been already treasured up in the memory, so that he whose mind was best stored with images, would most certainly be the most capable of invention; and thus that he who was best acquainted with the compositions of others, would be the most capable of originality.

Of course it followed, as he premised, that such artists as toil on in the dull drudgery of copying, though they might, indeed, faithfully exhibit the minutest part of some favourite composition, would, however, never arrive at any excellence. This position, so much at variance with the rules then generally adopted, he explained by the observation, that of the best large compositions, a great part was always commonly-place, which, though it takes much time to copy, could conduce but little to improvement. It follows, of course, as he observes, that imitation should always be preceded by selection; but still as that requires no effort of the mind, so would the powers of invention and composition become torpid and devoid of energy from want of exercise, instead of being kept, as they ought to be, in constant practice.

Indeed, he confined the use of copying solely to the learning to colour; though, even that branch of the art can never be acquired by a servile copyist: and here too he pointed out that a skilful artist would always rather consider what the productions of the ancient masters had been, than what they are now, when changed by dirt and varnish: and from hence he again pointed out the necessity to copy Nature herself, in comparison with those hues, the best coloured pictures are but faint and feeble, and therefore most likely to give the youthful student ideas totally distinct from either art or nature.

In addition to these hints, he allowed that copying might be so far proper, as to make slight sketches of the machinery and general management of any admired picture, in order to preserve these for future regulations of style, so that the student, instead of copying the touches of the great masters, would only copy their conceptions.

Yet in these general observations, it was not his intention to do away models in painting: but instead of advising the student to paint a copy, he recommended to him to paint a companion; so that by comparing the two carefully together, he might best see his own defects, and be thereby taught to guard against them.

In this most important part of the art, he recommended Lodovico Caracchi as the best model for style, and this he accompanied by some most judicious remarks, but too long for insertion here: and his concluding observations are highly worthy the attention of all students, showing them that to excel, they must always consider that "Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of Labour."

In the year 1770 died a former pupil of Sir Joshua's of the name of Dusign. His father was a colonel in the army, and his mother daughter of the Earl of Hyndford, a Scottish peer. After quitting Sir Joshua, he practised, a few years, at Bath, where his family resided; but the desire of improving himself in his art induced him to proceed to Rome, and there he soon after died of a consumption. About this time, also, a little circumstance took place which, from its connection with the art, deserves a record here.

Most persons remember the lines by Pope which begin thus:

> "Come gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
> While Procris panted in the secret shade."——

These verses, it is well known, Pope sent to Miss Martha Blount, accompanied with a fan, on which he had painted the story of Cephalus and Procris, from a design of his own invention, with the motto "*Aura Veni.*"

After the death of Miss Blount, this fan, with other effects, was sold by public auction, and Sir Joshua Reynolds sent a person to bid for it, as far as thirty guineas; but the man who was intrusted with the commission mistook the mark in the catalogue, and thought it could mean no more than thirty shillings, as that sum seemed a very sufficient price for a fan. As it sold, however, for about two pounds, he lost the purchase; but luckily, it was bought by a dealer in toys, and Sir Joshua got it by giving him a reasonable profit on his bargain. The fan was afterwards stolen from him.

Sir Joshua's opinion of the degree of skill with which it was painted, being asked; he replied, that it was such as might have been expected from one who painted for his amusement alone; like the performance of a child. This must always be the case when the work is taken up only from idleness, and laid aside when it ceases to amuse any longer. But those, he added, who are determined to excel, must go to their work whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night, and will find it to be no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labour.

This was said to his pupils, and in this mode only it was that he ever gave any instruction to them, when accident produced an opportunity to give it force.

Sir Joshua's close attention to his profession required a certain portion of relaxation and social intercourse with his friends; and about the year 1770, he, as stated by Mr. Cumberland, was one of a very pleasant society, which, without having the name of a club, was accustomed to dine together, on stated days, at the British Coffee House.

This society was composed of men of the first eminence for their talents, and as there was no exclusion, in the system, of any member's friend or friends, their parties were continually enlivened by the introduction of new guests, who, of course, furnished new sources for conversation, from which politics and party seemed, by general consent, decidedly proscribed.

Such a society might, no doubt, have been highly agreeable; but its description, thus strongly marked by Mr. Cumberland, seems rather drawn up in contradiction to the Literary Club, of which he was not a member.

This society at the British Coffee House must, however, with the exception of Johnson's conversation, have made him amends for any exclusion from the other; for here were Foote, Fitzherbert, Garrick, Macpherson, Doctors Carlisle, Robinson, and Beattie, Caleb Whiteford, and " though last, not least," Sir Joshua Reynolds, who introduced Goldsmith as a member, immediately previous to the representation of his comedy of " She Stoops to Conquer."

It was about this time, too, that the so often told circumstance of the *Epitaphs* took place. The occurrences which led to this display of witticism, have been variously detailed. I shall, therefore, insert Mr. Cumberland's account of it, as it contains some particulars not otherwise generally known.

He says, that it was on a proposal started by Edmund Burke, that a party of friends who had dined together at Sir Joshua's, and at his house, should meet at the St. James's Coffee House, which accordingly took place, and was occasionally repeated with much festivity and good fellowship. Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Johnson, Garrick, Sir Joshua, Goldsmith, Edmund and Richard Burke, Hickey, an attorney, an Irishman, and a friend of the Burkes, commemorated by Goldsmith, and two or three others, constituted the party.

It was at one of these meetings that the idea was suggested of extempore Epitaphs upon the parties present; pens and ink were called for, and Garrick, off hand, with a good deal of humour, wrote the Epitaph upon poor Goldsmith, who was the first *in jest*, as he proved *in reality*, that was committed to the grave.

The Dean also gave him an epitaph, and Sir Joshua illuminated the Dean's verses with a sketch of his bust in pen and ink, which Mr. C. states to have been inimitably caricatured; but this does not appear to me like an act of Sir Joshua's, nor did I ever hear it mentioned by any other author.

These circumstances were of course sufficient to prompt Goldsmith to his well known poem of "Retaliation," which, however, was written with such good temper, as to shew that he was fully convinced of the pleasantries of his friends having been solely produced by the harmless mirth of the moment.

It is probable that whoever reads this Memoir, must have already seen that celebrated poem; yet still his delineation of Sir Joshua is too accurate to be here omitted.

"Here Reynolds is laid; and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly staring,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raffaelles, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff!"

In the poetical epistle addressed to Goldsmith, by Cumberland, as a supplement to his Poem, are the following lines:

"Pour forth to Reynolds without stint,
Rich Burgundy, of ruby tint;
If e'er his colours chance to fade,
This brilliant hue shall come in aid;
With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
And warm the bosoms of the Graces."

These lines certainly savour much of their author.

When first the cross readings, ship news, and mistakes of the press, appeared in the newspapers of the day, they attracted universal attention, and the lucky invention so much delighted Dr. Goldsmith, that he declared, in the heat of his admiration of them, that it would give him more pleasure to have been the author, than of all the works he had ever published of his own.

They were written by the late Caleb Whiteford, who was one of the members when the epitaphs were written. On that occasion, Whiteford wrote two on Goldsmith and Cumberland, with which they were both so displeased, that he did not attend at the next meeting, but addressed the following apology to Sir Joshua.

"Admire not, dear Knight!
That I keep out of sight,

Consider what perils await him,
Who with ill season'd jokes
Indiscreetly provokes
The *Genus irritabile Vatum.*

I felt when these swains
Rehears'd their sweet strains,
That mine had too much lemon juice;
And strove to conceal,
For the general weal,
What at last I was forc'd to produce.

After such panegyric
The least thing satiric
Must throw both the Bards in the twitters;
'Twas impossible they,
After drinking Tokay,
Could relish a bumper of *bitters.*

Do talk to each bard,
Beg they won't be too hard,
But be merciful as they are stout;
I rely on your skill,
Say just what you will,
And as you brought me *in*, bring me *out!*

To the company too,
Some apology's due,
I know you can do it with ease;
Be it your's, Sir, to place,
In the *best light*, my case,
And give it what *colour* you please.

For those brats of my brain,
Which have caused so much pain,
Henceforth I renounce and disown 'em;
And still keep in sight,
When I epitaphs write,
De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

With this whimsical request it is said Sir Joshua complied, and by his friendly exertions succeeded in restoring that harmony which had thus been interrupted by the irritability of those who were annoyed by Caleb's briskness.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into the particulars of the well known anecdote of Dr. Bernard, already mentioned as a member of this society; when having advanced in conversation with Sir Joshua and Dr. Johnson, that he thought no man could improve who was past the age of forty-five, the latter immediately turned round to the Dean and observed, " that he (the Dean) was an instance to the contrary; for there was great room for improvement in him, and he wished that he would set about it."

The Dean took no notice of this hint at the time, but the next day sent a very elegant poetic epistle, addressed to " Sir Joshua Reynolds and Co.;" and as part of those stanzas is highly descriptive of Sir Joshua, I shall not only insert that passage, but the whole in order to make it more intelligible and impressive.

" I lately thought no man alive,
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventur'd to assert it;
The observation was not new,
But seemed to me so just and true,
That none could controvert it.

No, Sir! says Johnson, 'tis not so,
That's your mistake, and I can shew
An instance if you doubt it;
You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late,
I wish you'd set about it.

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
Which way I should apply it;
Learning and wit seemed past my reach,
For who can learn, when none will teach,
And wit I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,
You can inform me if you will,
(My books are at a distance;)
With you I'll live and learn, and then,
Instead of books, I shall read men,
So lend me your assistance.

Dear Knight of Plympton, tell me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,
And smile serene like thine;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By studious imitation;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make them mine
By constant application.

Thy art of pleasing, teach me, Garrick!
Thou who reverest odes Pindarick,*
A second time read o'er;
Oh could we read the backwards too,
Last thirty years thou shouldst review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express them,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress them,
In terms select and terse;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerk to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place,
In fairest light, each borrow'd grace,
From him I'll learn to write;
Copy his clear, familiar style,
And from the roughness of his file
Grow like himself—polite."

In the midst of all this excellent society, Sir Joshua still attended sedulously to his profession; and in this year (1770,) his price for a head was raised to thirty-five guineas: his own portrait was also painted about this time by Zoffanii in a large picture, in which were represented all the first members of the Royal Academy, and now in the King's collection.

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* Garrick had said that Cumberland's Odes might be read either backwards or forwards, with equal beauty and precision.

This group of portraits was afterwards engraved by Earlom.

On the 14th of December he produced his third discourse, whose leading objects were a delineation of the great and essential principles of the grand style, an investigation of beauty, and a series of arguments to prove that the genuine habits of nature are totally distinct from those of fashion.

He commenced this discourse by adverting to a great difficulty which operated against him in the arrangement of each discourse; that was the circumstance of his being obliged to direct his advice to an assembly composed of so many students of different ages, and of different degrees of advancement. In speaking afterwards of the close attention to be paid to nature, he still warned the student that even nature herself is not to be too closely copied; and he added, that there are excellencies in the art of painting beyond what is commonly called the imitation of nature; so that a mere copier of nature can never produce any thing great, can never raise and enlarge the conceptions, nor warm the heart of the spectator.

He therefore recommended to the genuine painter to have more extensive objects in view, and instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, rather to endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas; and thus to strive for fame by captivating the imagination, instead of seeking praise by the silly attempt at deceiving the senses. The correctness of this principle he considered as so absolute in itself, as not to require the aid of novelty to recommend it, and he shewed that it was from the earliest times enforced by the poets, orators, and rhetoricians of antiquity, as well as supported by the general opinion of the enlightened part of mankind, giving, at the same time, appropriate quotations from the classic authorities.

To this he added, that "the moderns are not less convinced than the ancients of this superior power (of the ideal beauty) existing in the art; nor less sensible of its effects. Every language has adopted terms expressive of this excellence. The *gusto grande* of the Italians, the *beau ideal* of the French, and the *great style*, *genius*, and *taste*, among the English, are but different appellations of the same thing. It is this intellectual dignity, they say, that ennobles the painter's art; that lays the line between him and the mere mechanic; and produces those great effects in an instant, which eloquence and poetry, by slow and repeated efforts, are scarcely able to attain."

He confessed, indeed, that it is not easy to define in what this *great style* consists; nor to describe, by words, the proper means of acquiring it, even if the mind of the student should be highly capable of such an acquisition; for if taste or genius were to be taught by rules, then they would no longer be taste or genius. Still, although there neither are, nor can be, any precise invariable rules for the exercise or the acquisition of these great qualities, yet, as he expressed himself, they always operate in proportion to our attention in observing the works of nature, to our skill in selecting, and to our care in digesting, methodizing, and comparing our observations.

He therefore recommended a long and strict examination both of the beauties and defects of nature, by which means the student is enabled to acquire a just idea of her beautiful forms, and to correct nature by herself, her imperfect state by her more perfect.

The eye being thus enabled to distinguish the beauties and deficiencies, as well as the deformities, the judgment is then enabled, as he observed, to make out an abstract idea of the general forms of things, more perfect than any one original, "and what may seem a paradox, the student learns to design naturally by drawing his figures unlike to any one object."

This then, he described to be "Ideal Beauty," the idea of the perfect state of nature, that great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted; an idea which has acquired, and which seems to have a right to the epithet of divine, "as it may be said to preside like a supreme judge over all the productions of nature, appearing to be possessed of the will and intention of the Creator, as far as they regard the external form of living beings." He added, that when a man once possesses this idea in its perfection, there is no danger but that he will be sufficiently warmed by it himself, and also be enabled to warm and ravish every one else.

With respect to *fashion,* he laid it down as a principle, that however the mechanic and ornamental arts may be obliged, or even permitted, to sacrifice to her, yet she must be entirely excluded from any control over the art of painting: wherefore the painter must never mistake this capricious changeling for the genuine offspring of nature, but must divest himself of all prejudices in favour of his age and country; and must even disregard all local and temporary ornaments, looking only on those general habits which are every where and always the same, addressing his works to the people of every age and every country, and even calling upon posterity to be his spectators.

Here he took occasion to reprobate the ridiculous frippery of the style of French painting in the time of Louis XIV. but acknowledged, that to avoid the errors of that school, and to retain the true simplicity of nature, is still a task more difficult than may appear at first sight; as the prejudices in favour of the fashions and customs to which we have been used, and which are justly called a second nature, make it often difficult to distinguish that which is natural from that which is the result of education. Our only guides and instructors, then, he asserted, are to be found among the ancients; by a careful study of whose works, the artist and the man of taste will be enabled to form a just conception of the real simplicity of nature: to which he added, " they will suggest many observations which would probably escape you, if your study were confined to nature alone, and indeed, I cannot help suspecting, that in this instance the ancients had an easier task than the moderns. They had, probably, little or nothing to unlearn, as their manners were nearly approaching to this desirable simplicity; while the modern artist, before he can see the truth of things, is obliged to remove a veil, with which the fashion of the times has thought proper to cover her."

Had Sir Joshua, however, happily lived until the present times, he would perhaps have omitted the latter observation!

After some very judicious observations on the imitators of nature in her lowest forms, and justly reprobating them in some instances, he concluded his admirable discourse, by warning his hearers not to consider him as countenancing a careless or undetermined manner of painting; adding, that although the painter is certainly to overlook the accidental discriminations of nature, yet he is still to exhibit distinctly and with precision, the general forms of things; wherefore a firm and determined outline is one of the characteristics of the great style in painting: to which he subjoined the important truism, that he who possesses the knowledge of the exact form which every part of nature ought to have, will be fond of expressing that knowledge with correctness and precision in all his works.

It was in the year 1771, that I was first placed under the tuition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I was introduced, and strongly recommended by my good and much respected friend Dr. John Mudge. If I might now be suffered to say a little of myself, I would declare that I feel it next to impossible to express the pleasure I received in breathing, if it may be so said, in an atmosphere of art; having until this period been entirely debarred, not only from the practice of the art itself, but even from the sight of pictures of any excellence, as the county of Denvon at that time did not abound with specimens, and even those few which are scattered about that country I had no opportunity of ever seeing; and as from the earliest period of my being able to make any observation, I had conceived him to be the greatest painter that ever lived, it may be conjectured what I felt when I found myself in his house as his scholar: but as the admiration and respect which I now honestly confess I always felt for him, render me liable to be considered as a partial judge of his various merits, this consideration inclines me to give the authorities of others, in preference to my own, whenever it will serve my purpose—of such as knew him well, and may be considered as less prejudiced encomiasts.

As one prominent cause of Sir Joshua's cultivating the very best society, and which almost may be said to have been domesticated with him, Mr. Malone is certainly correct in stating, that finding how little time he could spare from his profession, for the purpose of acquiring, and adding to his knowledge from books, he very early and wisely resolved to partake, as much as possible, the society of all the ingenious and learned men of his own time, in consequence of which, and his unassuming and gentle manner, and refined habits, his table, for above thirty years, exhibited an assemblage of all the talents of Great Britain and Ireland; there being, during that period, scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished for his attainments in literature or the arts, or for his exertions at the bar, in the senate, or the field, who was not occasionally found there.

In addition to this, it has been stated by the author of "Testimonies," to his genius, that the circle of his acquaintance, owing to the celebrity of his name, was very extended; that many illustrious foreigners were on a footing of personal intimacy with him; and that he was resorted to by persons of the highest quality, who revered his genius as much as they respected the excellence of his private character. Thence, his house was long the resort of excellence of every kind, of the learned, the elegant, the polite, in short all that were eminent for worth, or distinguished by genius. "From such connections, his mind, rich in its own store, received an accession of most extensive knowledge, and an inexhaustible treasure for conversation. He was rich in observation, anecdote and intelligence."

To return to Mr. Malone's account of him, from which I trust my readers will excuse the transcription of a note, I shall here insert his observation, that the "*Noctes Cœnæque Duem* enjoyed at his table. (as Mr. Boswell in the dedication prefixed to his Life of Johnson, has described it,) will be long remembered by those who had the happiness to partake of them; but the remembrance must always be accompanied with regret, when it is considered, that the death of their amiable and illustrious host has left a chasm in society, and that no such common centre of union for the accomplished and the learned now exists, or is likely soon to exist, in London."

The observation above alluded to, of Mr. Boswell's, is to the following purport. "If there be a pleasure in celebrating the distinguished merit of a contemporary, mixed with a certain degree of vanity, not altogether inexcusable, in appearing fully sensible of it, where can I find one, in complimenting whom I can with more general approbation gratify those feelings? Your excellence, not only in the art over which you have long presided with unrivalled fame, but also in philosophy and elegant literature, is well known to the present, and will continue to be the admiration of future ages. Your equal and placid temper, your variety of conversation, your true politeness, by which you are so amiable in private society, and that enlarged hospitality which has long made your house a common centre of union for the great, the accomplished, the learned, and the ingenious; all these qualities, I can, in perfect confidence of not being accused of flattery, ascribe to you."

This warm and friendly tribute to the excellence of Sir Joshua Reynolds was written in 1791, a very short period before his lamented death; but I trust I shall not be accused of premature anachronism by its insertion in this place, to which it so particularly refers.

To such testimonies as those my own suffrage is unnecessary: I shall therefore only observe, that, among the many advantages which were to be gained in the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the most considerable certainly was, the opportunity of improvement from the familiar intercourse which he thus perpetually kept up with the most eminent men of his time for genius and learning.

A few anecdotes of some of those persons I have collected, but have related only such as are new and not to be found in any other writer; for of the illustrious dead even the slightest memorials are ever received with a degree of satisfaction; and though but trifles in themselves, yet as they relate to distinguished characters, we consider them as a kind of relics, and attend to each little circumstance with the same religious enthusiasm as the devotee follows the footsteps of his saint. They help to transport the mind back to the very period in which the occurrences were passing, and for a time we seem to be existing in a former age. Therefore, without further apology, I shall give those which at this time occur to my recollection.

Dr. Johnson being in company with Sir Joshua and his sister, Miss Reynolds, and the conversation turning on morality; Sir Joshua said, he did not think there was in the world any man completely wicked.

Johnson answered "I do not know what you mean by completely wicked."

" I mean," returned Sir Joshua, " a man lost to all sense of shame." Dr. Johnson replied, that, " to be completely wicked a man must be also lost to all sense of conscience."

Sir Joshua said, he thought it was exactly the same, he could see no difference.

" What!" said Johnson, " can you see no difference? I am ashamed to hear you or any body utter such nonsense; when the one relates to men only, the other to God!"

Miss Reynolds then observed, that when shame was lost, conscience was nearly gone.

Johnson agreed that her conclusion was very just.

Dr. Johnson was displeased if he supposed himself at any time made the object of idle curiosity. When Miss Reynolds once desired him to dine at Sir Joshua's, on a day fixed upon by herself, he readily accepted the invitation; yet having doubts as to the importance of her companions, or of her reasons for inviting him, he added, at the same time, "But I will not be made a show of."

James Mac Ardell, the mezzotinto engraver, having taken a very good print from the portrait of Rubens, came with it one morning to Sir Joshua Reynolds, to inquire if he could inform him particularly of the many titles to which Rubens had a right, in order to inscribe them properly under his print; saying, he believed that Rubens had been knighted by the kings of France, Spain and England; was secretary of state in Flanders, and to the privy council in Spain; and had been employed in a ministerial capacity from the court of Madrid to the court of London, to negociate a treaty of peace between the two crowns, and that he was also a magistrate of Antwerp, &c.

Dr. Johnson happened to be in the room with Sir Joshua at the time, and understanding Mac Ardell's inquiry, interfered rather abruptly, saying, "Pooh! pooh! put his name alone under the print, Peter Paul Rubens: that is full sufficient and more than all the rest."

This advice of the Doctor's was accordingly followed.

At the time that Miss Linley was in the highest esteem as a public singer, Dr. Johnson came in the evening to drink tea with Miss Reynolds, and when he entered the room, she said to him, "See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company, for I had an offer of a place in a box at the Oratorio, to hear Miss Linley: but I would rather sit with you than hear Miss Linley sing." "And I, Madam," replied

Johnson, " would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne."

The Doctor would not be surpassed even in a trifling compliment.

Several ladies being in company with Dr. Johnson, it was remarked by one of them, that a learned woman was by no means a rare character in the present age: when Johnson replied, " I have known a great many ladies who knew Latin, but very few who know English."

A lady observed, that women surpassed men in epistolary correspondence. Johnson said, " I do not know that." " At least," said the lady, " they are most pleasing when they are in conversation."—" No, Madam," returned Johnson, " I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues."

A friend of Dr. Johnson's, in conversation with him, was lamenting the disagreeable situation in which those persons stood who were eminent for their witticisms, as they were perpetually expected to be saying good things--that it was a heavy tax on them.

" It is, indeed," said Johnson, " a very heavy tax on them: a tax which no man can pay who does not steal."

A prosing dull companion was making a long harangue to Dr. Johnson upon the *Punick war*, in which he gave nothing either new or entertaining. Johnson, afterwards, speaking of the circumstance to a friend, said, " Sir I soon withdrew my attention from him, and thought of Tom Thumb."

A young gentlemen, who was bred to the Bar, having a desire to be in company with Dr. Johnson, was, in consequence, invited by Miss Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister, to meet him at their house. When the interview took place, they fell into deep conversation on politics, and the different governments in Europe, particularly that of Venice. Miss Reynolds, who related the anecdote, said, that as it was a subject which she neither liked or understood, she did not attend to the conversation, except to hear that the young man was humbly making his inquiries to gain all possible information from the profound knowledge of Dr. Johnson; when her attention was suddenly attracted by the Doctor exclaiming in a very loud and peremptory tone of voice, "Yes, Sir, I know very well that all Republican rascals think as you do!"

One morning when Garrick paid a visit to Sir Joshua, in the course of conversation he was very freely giving his opinion upon an eminent author of that time; he particularly condemned his dramatic works, respecting which he expressed himself in these words: "Damn his dish-clout face; his plays would never do for the stage if I did not cook them up and make prologues and epilogues for him, so that they go down with the public." He also added, "he hates you, Sir Joshua, because you do not admire the painter whom he considers as a second Corregio." "Who is that?" replied Sir Joshua. "Why, his Corregio," answered Garrick, "is Romney the painter!"

I remember to have heard Garrick complain that it was a very great fatigue to him to dine in company so frequently as his interest seemed to require. From hence we may conclude, that he considered himself as under the necessity of being a very delightful companion, which he certainly was: but had he been content to be like other persons at table, it would have then been no fatigue to him. On the same account he avoided ever going to a masquerade in any specific personification, as that would have involved him in the difficulty of supporting his character as a wit.

Sir Joshua had given to Dr. Johnson a copy of that portrait now at Knowle, the seat of the Duke of Dorset, in which the Doctor is represented with his hands held up, and in his own short hair; it is nearly a profile, and there has been a print taken from it, which portrait the Doctor notices this year in the following letter:

"TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN LEICESTER-FIELDS.

"DEAR SIR,

"When I came to Lichfield, I found that my portrait had been much visited, and much admired. Every man has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place; and I was pleased with the dignity conferred by such a testimony of your regard.

"Be pleased, therefore,

"To accept the thanks of, Sir,

"Your most obliged and humble serv't.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"*Ashbourn in Derbyshire, July* 17, 1771.

"Compliments to Miss Reynolds."

Dr. Johnson knew nothing of the art of painting either in theory or practice, which is one proof that he could not be the author of Sir Joshua's discourses; indeed his imperfect sight was some excuse for his total ignorance in that department of study. Once being at dinner at Sir Joshua's, in company with many painters, in the course of conversation Richardson's Treatise on painting happened to be mentioned. "Ah!" said Johnson, "I remember when I was at college, I by chance found that book on my stairs: I took it up with me to my chamber and read it through, and truly I did not think it possible to say so much upon the art." Sir Joshua, who could not hear distinctly, desired of one of the company to be informed what Johnson had said; and it being repeated to him so loud that Johnson heard it, the Doctor seemed hurt, and added, "But I did not wish, Sir, that Sir Joshua should have been told what I then said."

The latter speech of Johnson denotes a delicacy in him, and an unwillingness to offend; and it evinces a part of his character which he has not had the credit of having ever possessed.

Sir John Hawkins also observes very well of Johnson, that of the beauties of painting, notwithstanding the many eulogiums on the art, which, after the commencement of his friendship with Sir Joshua, he inserted in his writings, he had not the least conception; indeed he said once to Sir John, that in his whole life he was never capable of discerning the least resemblance of any kind, between a picture and the subject it was designed to represent.

Those who wish to know more of his sentiments upon the art, may find a specimen in an anecdote related by Mrs. Piozzi on that subject, in the 98th page of her book.

But I shall give, as, perhaps, a more pleasing subject, some other ideas of Dr. Johnson, " that majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom," who, in several places, thus speaks of portraits:

" Genius is chiefly exerted in historical pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of this subject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greatest is not always best. I should grieve to see *Reynolds* transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendor and to airy fiction, that art, which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead."

And again, " Every man is always present to himself, and has, therefore, little need of his own resemblance; nor can desire it but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection; and though, like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it."

This is certainly the best apology for portrait that has ever been given; and to it I shall here add a few observations of my own on this department of painting.

Under this view of art so well described by Johnson, it is that portrait may assume a dignity: and certain it is that all those portraits which have been executed by the higher order of painters have it; as we may perceive in them how much the genius of the artist has been able to discern, and faithfully to represent that which was characteristic and valuable in the individual which was his model, and thereby clearly demonstrated the possession of high powers.

But the reason why portrait is treated with so much contempt, is because there are more bad pictures of this class preserved than of any other branch in the art, on account of their local value, being the resemblance of some favourite object, whereas, the bad performances in any other branch of art having no value, are neglected and perish. It may be observed also, that more bad portrait painters get employment than bad painters of any other class; which adds to the comparative plenty of those works: and this excessive plenty of bad portraits, from the above causes, has, in the end, given a degraded rank to that department. But could we see in portraiture all the qualities displayed of which it is capable, it would be found to contain many of the highest merits of even history itself; and those who treat it slightly surely cannot have examined it with a sufficient attention nor have had a clear idea of all its difficulties and merits. It appears to me to be in many respects similar to that of writing a distinct character of an individual, which, when it is done with justice and nice discrimination, I apprehend to be a greater effort of genius than to write the life or memoir.

But the department of portrait alone may be divided into different classes as practised by different professors according to their abilities and inclinations.

Three are distinct, for instance; and first those portraits which are true but not ingenious, where their merit consists in a careful endeavour at similitude to the person represented, but in a manner dry, laboured, and tasteless; secondly, those which are ingenious but not true; in these much skill is often to be found, but then the pure imitation of nature has been sacrificed to ideal graces and adscititious beauties; Lely and Kneller are instances; the consequence of which is, that manner and sameness become the poor substitute for truth, variety, and nature. Such works are too much like each other to be like any thing else, and create no interest; but that order of portrait which does honour to the department is both true and ingenious, as may be exemplified in the works of Rembrandt, Velasquez, Vandyke, Reynolds, and Titian.

After all that has been said, there can be no doubt but that a decided superiority must be given to historical painting, when it is of the highest order, as it requires, of necessity, a much greater mass of acquired knowledge of every kind; also, because that in it is contained a large portion of the excellence of portrait, if not the whole: and when portraiture is compared with grand composition, it bears but as a part, and, of consequence, a part is much easier to accomplish than a whole.

Yet I will venture to say, that, in certain instances, I have seen groupes of portraits by Titian which have contained the essence of history; and history by Raffaelle which contained the essence of portrait: and it can scarcely be denied, that portrait, in its greatest degree of perfection, becomes a species of history, as it must possess its first merits, character. and expression; and that history is not degraded by the introduction of dignified portrait. Therefore I am of opinion that it is a most useful and necessary part of the practice of an historical painter, that he sometimes should recur to the close imitation of nature by employing himself in portrait, and not survey it with an improper pride. A strong proof of an ingenious and speculative mind is its being able to gain instruction from every quarter, even from whence it might be least expected.

While on the subject of portrait, I may be allowed to observe, that it is a very desirable thing that the name should be written on the back of every portrait, signifying the person it represents.

I remember a letter from Mr. Locke to Collings, of which the following is an extract:

"Pray get Sir Godfrey to write on the back of Lady Marsham's picture, Lady Marsham; and on the back of mine, John Locke, 1704. This he did to Mr. Molyneaux's: it is necessary to be done, or else the pictures of private persons are lost in two or three generations; and so the picture loses its value, it not being known whom it was made to represent."

Mr. Locke died about a month after this letter was written.

Sir Joshua himself, indeed, never did this, nor even mark his own name, except in the instance of Mrs. Siddons's portrait as the Tragic Muse, when he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment.

I remember to have heard General Paoli declare, that he could decide on the character and disposition of a man whose letter he had seen.

Notwithstanding this assertion may be carried something beyond what we may be inclined to allow, yet it is not destitute of truth to such as are nice discriminators of character.

If such is possible to be the case from merely seeing a letter, how much more information may we suppose to be drawn from a fine portrait; and in this particular excellence the portraits of Reynolds most certainly surpass all other portraits existing in the world. This brings to my remembrance the anecdote told of Bernini, the famous sculptor, that Charles the First having a desire that Bernini should make his bust, sent over his portrait, painted by Vandyke, which exhibited three views of his face; and when the picture was presented to Bernini, who did not know whom it represented, he immediately exclaimed, " My God! whose portrait is this!—the man will not come to a timely end."

In the course of this year, Sir Joshua took another trip to Paris, from which he had scarcely returned when Mr. Bennet Langton renewed, in a very pressing manner, an invitation which he had given to him and Goldsmith to spend some part of the autumn with him and his lady, the Countess of Rothes, at their seat in Lincolnshire. With this obliging request, however, he was unable to comply, and Goldsmith in a letter to Mr. Langton, declining the invitation on the part of both, says, " Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant, that must make up for his idle time by diligence; we have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer."

In fact, at this period Sir Joshua may be said to have been at the zenith of his eminence, as we see him now employed in pourtraying the most illustrious personages in every different department, whilst his intimacy was seduously sought after by all degrees of persons.

Much of the attention which even Goldsmith personally met with was undoubtedly owing to the patronage of his admired friend; yet Sir Joshua used to say, that Goldsmith looked at, or considered, public notoriety, or fame, as one great parcel, to the whole of which he laid claim, and whoever partook of any part of it, whether dancer, singer, slight of hand man, or tumbler, deprived him of his right, and drew off the attention of the world from himself and which he was striving to gain. Notwithstanding this, he lamented that whenever he entered into a mixed company, he struck a kind of awe on them, which deprived him of the enjoyment and freedom of society, and which he then made it his endeavour to dispel by playing wanton and childish pranks in order to bring himself to the wished-for level.

It was very soon after my first arrival in London, where every thing appeared new and wonderful to me, that I expressed to Sir Joshua my impatient curiosity to see Dr. Goldsmith, and he promised I should do so on the first opportunity. Soon afterwards Goldsmith came to dine with him, and immediately on my entering the room, Sir Joshua, with a designed abruptness, said to me, "This is Dr. Goldsmith; pray why did you wish to see him?" I was much confused by the suddenness of the question, and answered, in my hurry, "Because he is a notable man." This, in one sense of the word, was so very contrary to the character and conduct of Goldsmith, that Sir Joshua burst into a hearty laugh, and said, that Goldsmith should, in future, always be called the notable man.

What I meant, however, to say was, that he was a man of note, or eminence.

He appeared to me to be very unaffected and good-natured; but he was totally ignorant of the art of painting, and this he often confessed with much gaiety.

It has often been said of Goldsmith, that he was ever desirous of being the object of attention in all companies where he was present; which the following anecdote may serve to prove.

On a summer's excursion to the continent he accompanied a lady and her two beautiful daughters into France and Flanders, and often expressed a little displeasure at perceiving that more attention was paid to them than to himself. On their entering a town, I think Antwerp, the populace surrounded the door of the hotel at which they alighted, and testified a desire to see those beautiful young women; and the ladies, willing to gratify them, came into a balcony at the front of the house, and Goldsmith with them; but perceiving that it was not himself who was the object of admiration, he presently withdrew, with evident signs of mortification, saying, as he went out, "There are places where I am the object of admiration also."

One day when Drs. Goldsmith and Johnson were at dinner with Sir Joshua, a poem, by a poet already alluded to, was presented to Sir Joshua, by his servant, from the author. Goldsmith immediately laid hold of it, and began to read it, and at every line cut almost through the paper with his finger nail, crying out, " What d——d nonsense is this;" when Sir Joshua caught it out of his hands, saying, " No, no, don't do so; you shall not spoil my book, neither:" for the Doctor could not bear to hear of another's fame.

Sir Joshua was always cautious to preserve an unblemished character, and careful not to make any man his enemy. I remember when he was told of some very indiscreet speech or action of Goldsmith, he quickly said, " What a fool he is thus to commit himself, when he has so much more cause to be careful of his reputation than I have of mine!" well recollecting that even the most trivial circumstance which tells against an eminent person, will be remembered as well as those in his favour; and that the world watch those who are distinguished for their abilities with a jealous eye.

Sir William Temple, in his Memoirs, relates a surprizing instance of sagacity in a Macaw, one of the parrot genus of the largest kind, which occurred under his own observation. His relation is, indeed, a very wonderful one; but I am the more apt to give it credit from being myself a witness of the following instance of apparent intellect in a bird of this species, and therefore can vouch for its truth: at the same time I hope to be excused for giving what I consider merely as a curious circumstance, and not to incur the accusation of vanity, in this instance at least, by making a weak endeavour to extol my own poor work, for very poor it was.

In the early part of the time that I passed with Sir Joshua as his scholar, I had, for the sake of practice, painted the portrait of one of the female servants; but my performance had no other merit than that of being a strong likeness.

Sir Joshua had a large macaw, which he often introduced into his pictures, as may be seen from several prints. This bird was a great favourite, and was always kept in the dining parlour, where he became a nuisance to this same house-maid, whose department it was to clean the room after him; of course, they were not upon very good terms with each other.

The portrait, when finished, was brought into the parlour, one day after dinner, to be shown to the family, that they might judge of the progress I had made. It was placed against a chair, while the macaw was in a distant part of the room, so that he did not immediately perceive the picture as he walked about on the floor; but when he turned round and saw the features of his enemy, he quickly spread his wings, and in great fury ran to it, and stretched himself up to bite at the face. Finding, however, that it did not move, he then bit at the hand, but perceiving it remain inanimate, he proceeded to examine the picture behind, and then, as if he had satisfied his curiosity, left it, and walked again to a distant part of the room; but whenever he turned about, and again saw the picture, he would, with the same action of rage, repeatedly attack it. The experiment was afterwards repeated, on various occasions, in the presence of Edmund Burke, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, and most of Sir Joshua's friends, and never failed of success; and what made it still more remarkable was, that when the bird was tried by any other portrait, he took no notice of it whatever.

On the 10th of December in this year, Sir Joshua delivered his fourth discourse, whose object was to give a view of those general ideas from whence arises that presiding principle which regulates the art of Painting, under the various heads of Invention, Expression, Colouring, and Drapery; after which he took a view of the two separate styles, the Grand and the Ornamental, in Historical Composition, specifying the schools in which examples of each were to be found; to this he added a sketch of what he designated as the Composite style formed from local habits and customs, as well as on a partial observation of nature.

To enter into any thing like a specific detail of subjects so grand and so extensive, would be to copy the whole of this excellent discourse, which may, in fact, be compared to a cabinet of gems, as combining, within its circumscribed limits, every thing rich and rare: yet as my plan requires me to give a view of his opinions, as well as of his actions, through a life marked with the excellencies both of the man and the painter, I trust I shall be indulged in embodying a few of his well digested ideas into this part of my work, directed rather to the reader of taste than to the artist.

To form a judgment from his opening, one must see immediately the claim which Painting has upon the human mind; as he lays it down as a principle that the value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced by it; wherefore, as this principle is observed or neglected, the profession of the painter becomes either a liberal art, or merely a mechanical trade.

This principle he even considered as discriminative in the art itself, stating, that this exertion of mind, which is the only circumstance that truly ennobles the art, makes the great distinction between the Roman and Venetian schools.

With respect to Invention in painting, he did not apply that term merely to the invention of the subject, such being for the most part, supplied by the historian or the poet: but still the choice must rest with the artist, for as no subject can be proper that is not generally interesting, so it ought to be either some eminent instance of heroic action, or of heroic suffering, of spirit or of fortitude, accompanied, either in the action or in the object, by something in which mankind are universally concerned, and which strikes powerfully upon the public sympathy.

Invention, then, he defined by observing, that whenever a story is related, every man forms a picture in his mind of the action and expression of the persons employed; and therefore what we call invention in a painter, is the power of representing this mental picture on canvas.

Minuteness of representation in the concomitant parts of a story, he thought unnecessary, any further than that they should not be unnatural, but judiciously contrived, so as not to strike the spectator more than they did himself at the first conception of his composition: for as the general idea constitutes real excellence, so all smaller things, however perfect in their way, must be sacrificed without mercy to the greater. To every kind of painting, he considered this rule as applicable; particularly in portraits, where the grace, and even the likeness consist more in taking the general air, than in observing the exact similitude of every feature.

In this part of his discourse he gave some hints by no means useless to every day connoisseurs, saying, that we know well enough, when we analyze a picture, the difficulty and subtilty with which an artist adjusts the back-ground, drapery, and masses of light; we know that a considerable part of the grace and effect of his picture depends upon them; but then this art is so much concealed, even to a judicious eye, that no remains of any of these subordinate parts occur to the memory when the picture is not present.

As the great end of the art is to strike the imagination, so the painter is to make no ostentation of the means, by which this is done; the spectator is only to feel the result in his bosom: an inferior artist, indeed, he acknowledged, is unwilling that any part of his industry should be lost upon the spectator; he takes as much pains to discover, as the greatest artist does to conceal, the marks of his subordinate assiduity. Thus in works of the lower kind, every thing appears studied, and encumbered; it is all boastful art and open affectation. "The ignorant often part from such pictures with wonder in their mouths, and indifference in their hearts!"

In Expression, Sir Joshua considered the painter as having difficulties to contend with, very different from those of the poet or the historian: he has but one sentence to utter, but one moment to exhibit or embody; he cannot expatiate, or impress the mind with a progression of circumstances which excite veneration for the hero or the saint: he has no means of giving an idea of the dignity of the mind, but by that external appearance which grandeur of thought does generally, though not always, impress on the countenance, and by that correspondence of figure to sentiment and situation, which all men wish, but cannot command.

As the painter, therefore, cannot make his hero talk like a great man, he must make him look like one; for which reason, he ought to be well studied in the analyses of those circumstances which constitute dignity of appearance in real life: but as in Invention, so likewise in Expression, care must be taken not to run into particularities, and those expressions alone ought to be given to the figures, which their respective situations generally produce.

As a principle, alike essential to the artist and the connoisseur, with respect to Colouring, he observed, that to give a general air of grandeur at first view, all trifling or artful play of little lights, or an attention to a variety of tints, are to be avoided; and that a quietness and simplicity must reign over the whole of a picture, to which a breadth of uniform and simple colour will very much contribute.

In this branch of the art, he considered Grandeur of Effect to be produced in two different ways, which seem entirely opposed to each other; the one being the reducing of the colours to little more than chiaro scuro, as practised in the school of Bologna; the other, as in the Roman and Florentine schools, making the colours very distinct and forcible; whilst still, the presiding principle of both these manners is simplicity.

For though the varied tints of the last mentioned schools have not that kind of harmony which is produced by other means, still they have that effect of grandeur which was intended. "Perhaps these distinct colours strike the mind more forcibly, from there not being any great union between them; as martial music, which is intended to rouse the nobler passions, has its effect from its sudden and strongly marked transitions from one note to another, which that style of music requires; whilst in that which is intended to move the softer passions, the notes imperceptibly melt into one another."

In Drapery, the great painter must, as he observed, adhere to the foregoing principles, carefully avoiding the debasement of his conceptions with minute discriminations of stuffs, which mark the inferior style; for "with him the cloathing is neither woollen nor linen, nor silk, satin, or velvet: it is drapery; it is nothing more." He acknowledged, indeed, that the art of disposing the foldings of the drapery, makes a very considerable part of the painter's study; but that to make it merely natural, is a mechanical operation, to which neither genius nor taste are required, whilst at the same time it demands the nicest judgment to dispose the drapery, so as that the folds shall have an easy communication, gracefully following each other, with such natural negligence as to look like the effect of chance, and at the same time shew the figure under it to the utmost advantage,

In adverting to the various schools, he considered the Roman, Florentine, and Bolognese, as the three great ones in the epic style, whilst the best of the French painters were to be considered as a colony from the former of the three; but the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch schools, he ranked beneath them, as all professing to depart from the great purposes of painting, and catching at applause by inferior qualities.

It will be readily understood from this, that he esteemed the ornamental style as of inferior consideration in comparison with the other; for as mere elegance was their principal object, particularly in the Venetian school, and as they seemed more willing to dazzle than to affect, so it could be no injury to them to suppose that their practice is useful only to its proper end; for as what may heighten the elegant may degrade the sublime: so the simplicity, nay severity, of the great manner, is almost incompatible with this comparatively sensual style.

He then boldly laid it down as a maxim, that "such as suppose that the great style might happily be blended with the ornamental, that the simple, grave, and majestic dignity of Raffaelle could unite with the glow and bustle of a Paolo or Tintoret, are totally mistaken. The principles by which each is attained, are so contrary to each other, that they seem, in my opinion, incompatible, and as impossible to exist together, as that in the mind the most sublime ideas and the lowest sensuality should at the same time be united."

To mark the distinction, therefore, more strongly between the two principal styles, he added, that however contradictory it may be in geometry, it is yet true in matters of taste, that many little things will never make a great one; that the sublime impresses the mind at once with one great idea, as at a single blow; whilst the elegant may be, and is, produced by repetition, by an accumulation of many minute circumstances.

After giving a professional and philosophical view of the various schools in these styles, Sir Joshua observed, that of those who have practiced the Composite style, and have succeeded in this perilous attempt, perhaps the foremost is Corregio; his style being founded on modern grace and elegance, to which is superadded something of the simplicity of the grand style; conspiring with which effect are breadth of light and colour, the general ideas of the drapery, and an unterrupted flow of outline.

He then allowed, that next to him, if not his equal, was Parmegiano, whom he described as dignifying the gentleness of modern effeminacy, by uniting it with the simplicity of the ancients, and the grandeur and severity of Michael Angelo. He confessed, indeed, that these two extraordinary men, by endeavouring to give the utmost degree of grace, have sometimes, perhaps, exceeded its boundaries, and have fallen into the most hateful of all hateful qualities, affectation.

Still did he adhere to the opinion that the errors of genius are pardonable, at the same time that none, even of the more exalted painters, are free from them; but then they have taught us, by the rectitude of their general practice, to correct their own affected or accidental deviation.

Sir Joshua then closed his elaborate and memorable discourse, a discourse so well adapted to the world at large as well as to artists, by shewing, that works of genius and of science, if founded upon the general truths of nature, will live for ever; whilst those which depend upon the localities of time and place, or partial views of nature, and on the fluctuation of fashion, must inevitable fade away with those circumstances which have raised them from obscurity. "Present time and future, must be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other."

The fame and excellence of Sir Joshua Reynolds could not fail to draw on him the animadversions of those who aimed at the character of critics, and who, to preserve that character, judged it necessary to mix blame with their warmest praise, lest they should incur the name of flattery, and in this they were doubtless stimulated by the *good old rule,* that the first part of a knowing critic's duty is to discover blemishes. As a specimen of this, I shall extract a passage from a work published in this year, (1772,) under the title of "Letters concerning the present State of England," in which the writer has blended a strange mixture of praise and censure, and what is most remarkable in it is, that the part of criticism which is the most difficult to execute with ability, that is the praise, is here given with much knowledge, discrimination, and truth, and the censure, on the contrary, is either unintelligible or untrue.

This passage is as follows: " Reynolds is original in his manner, and as bold and free in his style as any painter that Italy ever produced. Freedom is, indeed his principal characteristic; to this he seems to sacrifice every other consideration: he has, however, two manners; in one he checks the extreme freedom of his dashing pencil, *works* his figures more into an expression, that may, in comparison with his other pieces, be called minute; in these the colouring is natural and good;—*(so far is a very just critique;)* but in his bolder, better works, the colours are graceful rather than chaste; *(this is absolute nonsense;)* they have the ease of drawings, and mark how little attention was given by the artist to make them durable. In his attitudes he is generally full of grace, ease, and variety; he can throw his figures at will into the boldest variations, and ventures at some postures, by which inferior painters would invariably damn their works—*(an excellent remark and true.)* His learning in his art is great—*(very just)*—and this has made him slight colours too much on comparison with drawing; the latter alone is certainly superior to the former alone;—*(exactly the reverse is the truth)*—but the true beauty of fine colouring is an essential, and should never be neglected. *(Sir Joshua's constant aim was colour.)* In a word this painter is more a man of genius than an agreeable artist;— *(he was both in an eminent degree;)*—there is more fire than nature in his works; more energy than softness;—*(no painter that ever lived had more softness;)*—more ease than beauty; such as will rather awaken knowledge than kindle pleasure"—*(this is false.)*

In the course of this year Sir Joshua painted a particular fine picture in point of expression, especially of Resignation, and dedicated the print taken from it to Dr. Goldsmith, with some lines under it quoted from his poem of the Deserted Village. This seems to have been done by Sir Joshua as a return of the compliment to Goldsmith, who had dedicated the poem to him: and it drew the following poetical tribute from the talents of Dr. Willis, which, as it relates to those circumstances attending the picture, together with some tolerable criticism as well as praise, I shall insert.

" Optimum ducem naturam sequimur,
————Quod sit meritus ferat.

" Hail Painting! sweet companion of the Nine,
For thee shall Taste, the Rose, and Myrtle twine.
Amazing art! whose magic touch can throw
O'er canvas Nature's animated glow!
Bid heroes' eyes glare with heroic fire,
And love's soft victims languish with desire.
Great nature's shade! thy mimic power can raise
The varying passions, like the poet's lays.
No more in search of science let us stray
Where Maro sung, and Cæsar bore the sway:
Britain can cherish arts; her meadows yield
As pure an air as does the Appian field;
Our monarch reigns, the noblest of his kind,
Art's great restorer, ne'er to merit blind:
For him shall Painting lasting trophies raise,
Historic pencil tell his warlike praise;
For him shall Poesy, fir'd with Pindar's flame,
To after ages consecrate his fame:
For him, with ardour, ev'ry art shall join;
With Alfred's name, rever'd, his blooming laurels twine
'Tis thine, Oh Reynolds! to possess the art,
By speaking canvas, to affect the heart;
See! *Resignation* settled on that eye;
Nature can only with thy pencil vie!
Hail Resignation! source of true repose,
Thou best composer of all human woes:
Oh come, sweet friend! thy balmy joys prepare:
My genius droops, relax'd by constant care.
Thy moral picture checks my mournful strain,
Some power unseen forbids me to complain;

Tells me, kind Hope dawns sweet from yonder gloom,
On years to come awaits a happier doom.
Cheer'd with the thought, I bend to Heav'n's high will;
Thy moral picture shall support me still.
Where genius shines, its pleasing power I feel,
Nor strive my admiration to conceal.
Truth guides my pen, I scorn the treach'rous wiles
Of servile flattery, affected smiles:
Truth needs no dress to make her beauty shine,
So poets paint her naked and divine.
And genuine Taste may pleasure still acquire,
Whilst THOU *canst paint*, and *Goldsmith tune the Lyre!*"

The subject of the foregoing lines calls to my remembrance a fragment of a little poem composed by Miss F. Reynolds, youngest surviving sister of Sir Joshua, which surely are possessed of a simplicity and piety highly creditable to her heart.

" Youth's flow'ry paths I now no more shall tread,
But those of age, with horrors overspread:
Where the lorn wanderers, melancholy, slow,
Sad spectres, monuments of woe!
Ruins of Life! no semblance left by time,
No trace remaining of their manhood's prime,
Oppress'd with gloom, to cares and fears a prey,
Lonely, forlorn, they linger through the day,
Pursuing nought, save only to obtain
A little space the dregs of life to drain;
Tenacious still of what they ne'er enjoy,
Wishing to rest, and yet afraid to die!
No cheerful ray illumes the dusky vale,
No balmy fragrance floating in the gale,
But dark malignant clouds, and noxious dew,
Hang on the cypress sad, and mournful yew;
In sable weeds, which flow with solemn sweep,
The weeping willow seems indeed to weep.

From this sad prospect of my future days,
Bereft of all that nature form'd to please,
Involuntary oft I turn mine eye,
Where youth, and hope, and sweet affections lie;
Where liberal Nature in profusion pours.
Rich herbage, balmy springs and fragrant flow'rs:
The landscape smiles around in beauty gay,
And cheers the sense with every charm of May.

Alas! not me to cheer—invidious Time
Allows me not to taste of Nature's prime;
Holds up his glass, and bids me mark how low,
How black the sand, that yet remains to flow.

Methought a veil, of lucid rays composed,
Disparting wide, an heav'nly form disclos'd,
And as the ground her beauteous foot imprest,
Hope's cheerful ray seem'd kindling in my breast.
With winning sweetness, yet majestic air,
"I come," she cried, "thy gloomy soul to cheer;
To guide thy erring will, thy passions sooth,
And make the rugged paths of nature smooth,
That vale below that fills thy soul with dread,
And seems with gloom and horrors overspread,
Owes its appearance to thy troubled mind,
Deaf to the voice of truth, to reason blind:
'Tis I alone that can the film remove
That dims thy sight, and make yon gloomy grove
Smile with immortal fruits, and bloom with flow'rs
Fairer than poet's feign of Paphian bow'rs.
I am RELIGION, whose all-powerful ray
Beams on the darken'd mind celestial day;
Points out the path that leads to pure delight;
And proves this truth—*Whatever is is right!*"

The eminence of Sir Joshua was now so high, that the quantity of complimentary verses which were addressed to him would fill a volume, and would be tedious to repeat; but the following lines I cannot omit, as I think them an excellent instance of the mock heroic, though intended as very serious, and very exquisite. Surely the Genius of Affectation is never so busy, nor triumphs half so much, as when he attends at the elbow of his favourite poets, and makes them speak thus:

"Feel ye
What Reynolds felt when first the Vatican
Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
Gave all the god-like energy that flow'd
From Michael's pencil"——

The affectation in these lines appears still more gross when we recur to the grand simplicity of the character of him to whom they allude, or compare them with those which were last recited.

In the discourse delivered this year, (1772,) on the 10th of December, Sir Joshua concluded his series of remarks begun in one of the former years.

His grand object in this display was to incite the young students to consider the attainment of the higher excellencies of the art as an acquisition of the first importance, though not to the total exclusion of a search after the subordinate qualifications; which, however, he considered as but of minor consequence: at the same time warning his hearers, that caution and circumspection was not to be lost sight of in the eagerness of pursuit.

On this part of his subject he particularly noted, that judgment was necessary not only in the acquisition of these excellencies, but also in their application: for though many would bear to be united, and some be even improved from the union; yet still there were others which, though perfect in themselves, were of a nature so discordant with their companions, that nothing but incongruity could be produced by their mutual introduction.

And here his meaning was fully exemplified by his illustrations; for laying it down as a truth, that the expression of *passion* was not in unison with *perfect beauty*, all the passions producing some degree of distortion and deformity, even in the most beautiful countenances; so those that attempted to preserve beauty, where strong passions ought to be considered as operating powerfully upon the personages represented, must inevitably sacrifice a superior excellence, as *Guido* has done in many instances, particularly in his Judith, Herodias, Andromeda, nay, even the mothers' countenances in the Slaughter of the innocents, which have, thus, little more expression than he has given to his "Venus attired by the Graces."

One principle which he had here in view was to guard the artist against the effects of that false criticism which so often marks the writings of men who are not of the profession, who being unable to find out the real beauties of a performance, merely find out that which they are before-hand resolved to discover; and therefore not only praise excellencies which cannot with propriety exist together, but even dilate upon the expression of mixed passions, a thing which his accurate knowledge of the human countenance and human heart well knew to be a thing impossible.

He even proved his position from the theory and practice of the ancients, who always described their Jupiter as possessed in the aggregate of all those great qualities which were separately enjoyed by subordinate deities; but yet, when they called in the aid of art to represent him, they confined his character to that of majesty alone, without attempting to delineate the others.

At this part of his discourse he took the opportunity of shewing how much the great Pliny himself resembled some of our modern connoisseurs, when, with something like the cant of modern criticism, he stated that the spectator might discover no less than three different and distinct characters in a statue of Paris, executed by the famous sculptor Euphranor, and in which were to be seen the dignity of a judge of the goddesses, the lover of Helen, and the conqueror of Achilles; adding, " A statue in which you endeavour to unite stately dignity, youthful elegance, and stern valour, must surely possess none of those to any great degree." After this he adds, what will be best expressed in his own words: " I do not discourage the younger students from the noble attempt of uniting all the excellencies of art, but to make them aware, that, besides the difficulties which attend every arduous attempt, there is a peculiar difficulty in the choice of the excellencies which ought to be united. I wish you to attend to this, that you may try yourselves, whenever you are capable of that trial, what you can, and what you cannot do; and that instead of dissipating your natural faculties over the immense field of possible excellence, you may choose some particular walk in which you may exercise all your powers; in order each of you to be the first in his way."

In exemplification of the judicious choice of excellence, he observed, that Lodovico Caracci, in particular, was well acquainted with the works both of Corregio and of the Venetian painters, and also knew the principles by which they produced those pleasing effects which, at first glance, prepossess us so much in their favour; but then he stated, that he took only as much from each as would embellish, but not overpower, that manly strength and energy of style which form his peculiar character.

In speaking of *Styles* he also shewed, that although the *ornamental* cannot, with propriety, be considered as a principal, it is still expedient to be called in to soften the harshness and mitigate the severity of the great style, which latter being that of the greatest masters, Michael Angelo, and Raffaelle, is principally to be found in fresco paintings, a mode of execution which excludes attention to minute elegancies.

The concluding part of this discourse may be considered as the *Jewel of Connoisseurs ;* for in it they will find a plain, simple, yet delicate investigation of the merits of those two great masters, as well as of Salvator Rosa, Carlo Maratti, Poussin, Rubens, &c., an investigation founded on the dictates of taste, genius, and sound sense, and the more particularly valuable from being cleared of all the tinsel of terms, which only serve to give a glare to ignorance.

The intimate friendship between Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua still existed in its full force; yet so flattering were the compliments which Johnson properly chose to pay to Mrs. Thrale, who sincerely esteemed him, that we find him writing to her, in the month of February, 1773, after a slight illness, for her approbation of his visiting at his friend's house: he says, "I have an invitation to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's on Tuesday; may I except it? I have undertaken to beg from you the favor of lending Miss Reynolds, Newton on the Prophecies, &c." This, however, was, probably, mere matter of compliment, or to consult her on its safety in respect to his returning health; for Sir Joshua's house and table were always open to his friends, with invitation or without, and as freely made use of.

To Goldsmith, in particular, he was always attentive; a man of whom it has been, not unaptly, said, that his carelessness of conduct, and frivolity of manners, obscured the goodness of his heart. Mr. Cumberland, in his own Memoirs, has a passage peculiarly illustrative of this, where he says, that "Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable; for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near akin the Muse of Poetry was to that Art of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed, and happily applied."

Mr. Cumberland, however, is, perhaps, rather inaccurate in his assertion respecting the painting of "Ugolino," which was finished in this year, (1773,) and begun, not long before, as an historical subject.

The fact is, that this painting may be said to have been produced as an historical picture by an accident: for the head of the Count had been painted previous to the year 1771, and finished on what we painters call "a half length canvas," and was, in point of expression, exactly as it now stands, but without any intention, on the part of Sir Joshua, of making it the subject of an historical composition, or having the story of Count Ugolino in his thoughts. Being exposed in the picture gallery, along with his other works, it was seen, either by Mr. Edmund Burke, or Dr. Goldsmith, I am not certain which, who immediately exclaimed, that it struck him as being the precise person, countenance, and expression of the Count Ugolino, as described by Dante in his "Inferno."

This affecting description is given in the thirty-third Canto of the first part of his Comedia, where, in his supposed passage through hell, he introduces Ugolino gnawing the head of his treacherous and cruel enemy, the Archbishop Ruggiero, and then telling his own sad story on the appearance of the poet.

The historical facts are simply these, that in the latter end of the thirteenth century there were great intestine divisions, in the city and state of Pisa in Italy, for the sovereignty; divisions which gave rise to the well known contests of Guelphs and Ghibellines. The former of these consisted of two parties, at the head of which were Visconti and Ugolino: whilst the Archbishop Ruggiero led the third.

Between this latter and Ugolino a compromise took place, by which means Visconti and his partizans were driven out; when Ruggiero, finding the Guelph faction considerably weakened, immediately plotted against his quondam friend, already elected sovereign. The mob being excited by the crafty priest against their new prince, the unfortunate Ugolino was overpowered, and he and his two sons, together with two grandsons, were then conveyed to the city prison, where they remained some months, until the Pisans being excommunicated by the Pope, they became so enraged, that they determined to revenge themselves on the unhappy prisoners; and having accordingly strongly secured and barricadoed the doors of the dungeon, they threw the keys of the prison into the river Arno, so that Ugolino and his unhappy offspring perished.

Thus far the historian—when the imagination of the poet undertook to fill up the awful hiatus between the sealing of their doom and the last moment of expiring nature: and of the poet's powers I am happy to be able to give an illustration, to the following beautiful translation by my friend Mr. Nathaniel Howard, of Plymouth, Devon, who is an ornament to his country:

"La Bocca sallevo dal fiero pasto
Quel peccator," &c.

"The sinner pausing from his grim repast,
Wip'd in the miscreant's hair his gory jaws,
'My desperate woe, obedient to thy will,
I now relate,' he answered, 'tho' with pain
Remembrance wring my heart. For if my tale
Should to this traitor, whom I gnaw, produce
The fruit of infamy, tho' tears gush forth,
Yet will I speak.—I know not whence thou art,
Or what commission brings thee to this gulf,
But speech, in truth, bespeaks thee Tuscan born.
Know, Ugolino and that prelate base,
Ruggiero, meet thy presence; mark our forms.
I need not mention that his evil mind
First wrong'd my confidence, then caused my death;
But what lies undivulg'd shall now be heard,
The cruel manner of my lingering doom:
Then shall thou learn the colour of his guilt.
Within the iron dungeon, which still bears
The name of "Famine" since my dreadful death,
And still where others pine, there thro' the grate
Shone many a moon; and oft my feverish dreams
Unveil'd the future to my mental view.
This priest, I dreamt, was leader of the chase;
Swift to the Julian mountain with his whelps
Hurried the wolf: with blood-hounds gaunt and keen
Lanfranchi and Sismondi, and the chief
Gualundi follow'd. Soon the course was spent;
The victim and his infant race grew faint,
When on them sprang, I thought, the savage pack,
And with their tusks transpierc'd their panting sides.
This wak'd me ere the dawn, when in their sleep
I heard my children groan and call for bread—
Oh cruel; should no pity touch thy soul
To think how much a father's heart presag'd;
If now thou shed'st no tears, what have thy eyes
Been us'd to weep at?—Now my boys awoke;
The hour arriv'd, when each expected food,

As wonted, would be brought him;—but his heart
Mistrusted, when each thought upon his dream.
And I, O horrible! that instant heard
The dungeon-doors below more firmly lock'd—
In desperate silence on my sons I gaz'd,—
I could not weep—My heart was turn'd to stone.
The little victims wept, and one began,
My dear Anselmo: *Father! Why that look!*
' *What ails my father?*'—Ah! I could not weep,
Nor answer all that day, nor yet the night,
Till on the world another morn arose.

As faintly thro' our doleful prison gleam'd
The tremulous ray, so I could view again
Each face, on which my features were imprest,
Both hands I gnaw'd in agony and rage.
Sweet innocents they thought me hunger stung,
And, rising on a sudden, all exclaimed,
' Father! our anguish would be less severe,
' If thou would'st feed on us. This fleshly vest
' Thou did'st bestow, now take it back again,'—
I check'd my inward nature, lest my groans
Should aggravate their anguish. *All were mute*
That bitter day, and all the morrow. Earth!
Why did'st thou not, obdurate earth! dispart?
The fourth sad morning came, when at my feet
My Gaddo fell extended: ' Help!' he cried,
' *Can'st thou not help me, father?*'—and expired.
So wither'd as thou see'st me, one by one,
I saw my children ere the sixth noon die:
And, seiz'd with sudden blindness, on my knees
I grop'd among them, calling each by name
For three days after they were dead.—At last,
Famine and death closed up the scene of woe.

So having said, with dark distorted eyes,
He on the wretched skull infix'd his teeth,
And like a mastiff gnaw'd the solid bone."

After this exquisite detail by the poet, the subject was taken up by the sculptor, and Richardson in his "Science of a Connoisseur," relates that Michael Angelo Buonarotti composed a bas-relief of the Count sitting with his four children, one of which lay dead at his feet: over their heads were a figure to represent

Famine, and beneath them another personifying the river Arno, on whose banks the tragedy was acted.

The whole subject is well handled by Richardson, and may be read with pleasure, as relative to the picture, although written long before the idea started by Burke was adopted by Sir Joshua, who immediately had his canvas enlarged in order that he might be enabled to add the other figures, and to complete his painting of the impressive description of the Italian poet.

The picture when finished was bought by the late Duke of Dorset for four hundred guineas; and it has since been noticed by Dr. Joseph Warton, who in his Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, introduces the story in exemplification of some pathetic passages in that writer; and then adds—"Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose mind is stored with great and exalted ideas, has lately shown, by a picture on this subject, how qualified he is to preside at a Royal Academy, and that he has talents that ought not to be confined to portrait painting."

Some time after this, his pencil gave to the world another historical subject of great celebrity, the Infant Jupiter, now the property of the Duke of Rutland.

When Goldsmith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," was to be brought out on the stage, on the 15th of March in this year, he was at a loss what name to give it, till the very last moment, and then, in great haste, called it "She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night." Sir Joshua, who disliked this name for a play, offered a much better to him, saying, "You ought to call it the Belle's Stratagem, and if you do not I will damn it." However, Goldsmith chose to name it himself, as above; and Mrs. Cowley has since given that name to one of her comedies.

Goldsmith was in great anxiety about its success, he was much distressed in his finances at the time, and all his hopes hung on the event; and at the dinner preceding the representation of his play, his mouth became so parched and dry, from the agitation of his mind, that he was unable to swallow a single mouthful. The actors themselves had great doubts of its success; but, contrary to their expectations, the play was received with great applause; Sir Joshua and a large party of friends going for the purpose of supporting it if necessary. The dinner party, which took place at the Shakspeare, is humourously described by Cumberland. Dr. Johnson took the head of the table, and there were present the Burkes, Caleb Whiteford, Major Mills, &c. &c.

I remember Dr. Goldsmith gave me an order soon after this, with which I went to see this comedy; and the next time I saw him he inquired of me what my opinion was of it. I told him that I would not presume to be a judge of its merits; he then said, "Did it make you laugh?" I answered, "Exceedingly." "Then," said the Doctor, "that is all I require."

One day Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith meeting at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, the conversation turned on the merits of that well known tragedy, Otway's Venice Preserved, which Goldsmith highly extolled, asserting, that of all tragedies it was the one nearest in excellence to Shakspeare; when Johnson, in his peremptory manner, contradicted him, and pronounced that there were not forty good lines to be found in the whole play; adding, "Pooh! what stuff are these lines:—'What feminine tales hast thou been listening to, of unaired shirts, catarrhs, and tooth-ach got by thin soled shoes?'"

"True," replied Goldsmith, "to be sure that is very like Shakspeare."

Sir Joshua used to say, that he thought any man of tolerable capacity might write a tragedy, such as an audience would receive from the stage without objection; but that it required a real genius for humour, together with considerable taste, to write a comedy. The remark has been made by Sorbiere, an eminent French physician, who gives ample reasons for this opinion.*

A few persons dining at Sir Joshua Reynolds's about this time, of whom I was one, in the course of conversation after dinner Sir Joshua spoke of Mr. Malone's edition of Shakspeare, which was then just about to be published. He said it was such a work as would render it totally unnecessary to attempt to improve it any further, as Mr. Malone had, with indefatigable industry and the deepest research, now explored every source of knowledge from which Shakspeare might have had any means of getting assistance, for in truth it had been the prime object of his pursuits, and the business of his whole life with intense application.

I must confess honestly, that I felt a little degree of irritation at hearing this vast eulogium on a work which, in its very nature, cannot be a matter requiring the least genius; neither can it add one atom to the matchless excellencies of that captivating poet, and does little more than to form an excuse for the name of the commentator being handed down to posterity attached to that of the immortal Shakspeare.

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* "More tragedies than comedies are produced. Young men first make an attempt at tragedy; not being able, for want of knowledge and experience, to attempt any other kind of writing. Their hero of the tragedy is, for the most part, a fictitious character, and Phœbus and the Muses are invoked to fit him out for appearing. On the contrary, the characters of a comedy are such as we meet with daily in the streets at every turn; and we have only to transcribe their words and actions. It is true, that those we esteem the most excellent painters are not frequently the best copyists; and that good historians are not always skilful in drawing characters. But, perhaps, this is a defect in them; and, to speak fairly, the painter who copies nature exactly, and with art, is surely as deserving of our praise as he who cannot paint after nature, but looks for an original in his caprice. It appears that comedy is the most difficult of dramatic works: as the poet imitates characters which are under the observation of all, and whose opinions must confirm the likeness of the portraiture. The style of comedy is less arduous than that of tragedy: as there is less art in running very fast, and skipping up and down, than in a regular march or a graceful dance. Yet it is not so difficult to soar in heroic verse as to represent common life; which requires a steady and vigorous pencil."

Samuel Sorbiere, an eminent physician in Paris, in the time of Louis XIV, and patronized by Cardinal Mazarin, was born in the year 1610, and died in 1670.

I rather hastily replied, as a counteraction to the foregoing speech of Sir Joshua's, "What a very despicable creature must that man be who thus devotes himself and makes another man his God;" when Boswell, who sat at my elbow, and was not in my thoughts at the time, cried out immediately, "Oh! Sir Joshua, then that is me!" I was exceedingly sorry when he took it to himself, and excused the speech I had made in the best manner I was able. However, if Boswell's office was not a high one, the work he has produced by it is much more original and more valuable beyond all comparison, as very few books in the English language bid fairer for immortality than his life of Dr. Johnson.

In the early part of this year Sir Joshua took a trip with a party of friends to Portsmouth, on the occasion of the King's reviewing the navy there: and in the latter part of the summer he also made a visit to Plymouth, the reason of which was this, that having already been made a freeman of his native town of Plympton, this mark of respect was followed by his being chosen alderman and mayor of that borough, generally called Plympton Maurice, or Earl's Plympton, to distinguish it from Plympton St. Mary's, formerly a convent of Benedictines, about half a mile distant, the abbot of which was lord of the manor, and sat in the house of peers after the dissolution of religious houses. The town was incorporated by a charter granted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, under a mayor, recorder, eight aldermen, or principal burgesses, who are called common councilmen, a bailiff, and town clerk, &c.

So strongly was Sir Joshua attached to the place of his birth, that he declared that this circumstance gave him more pleasure than any other honour which he had received during his life.

On this occasion he presented his portrait, painted by himself, to the corporation, who placed it in the town hall. It is a good picture with a light sky back ground, and in his academical dress as doctor of laws.

There is another portrait of him painted when young, and now in the possession of T. Lane, Esq. of Cofflett, about three miles from Plympton. In this picture he holds one hand over to shadow his eyes, an attitude often chosen by painters when they paint their own portraits.

The Rev. Mr. Alcock, vicar of Cornwood, a parish in the neighbourhood, presented to Sir Joshua the following distich on the receipt of this valuable present to the corporation.

"Laudat Romanus Raphaelem, Græcus Apellem,
Plympton Reynolden jactat, utrique parem."

But the new mayor, though perhaps pleased with the compliment, modestly declared that he thought it would be assuming too much honour to himself, to have it affixed to, or even put on the back of, the picture.

The following elegant letter to Sir Joshua, as it relates to one of his most distinguished performances, together with his answer, in which that work is described, certainly cannot be unacceptable to the reader.

"TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"DEAR SIR JOSHUA,

"This letter will be delivered to you by Miss ———, who intends to sit to you with her two sisters, to compose a picture, of which I am to have the honour of being the possessor. I wish to have their portraits together at full length, representing some emblamatical or historical subject; the idea of which, and the attitudes which will best suit their forms, cannot be so well imagined as by one who has so eminently distinguished himself by his genius and poetic invention. Give me leave to mention to you (notwithstanding I am well assured you want no incitement to make your works complete,) that besides the advantage you will have in the superiority of the beauty and elegance of those subjects which no doubt will of themselves convey a degree of instruction, you will, I hope, find that these young ladies, from their high opinion of your powers, will not spare their time, in order to render this picture in every particular a most superior production. I shall add the honour you will acquire in conveying to posterity the resemblance of three sisters so distinguished for different species of beauty; and what I flatter myself will not be the smallest reason for particular attention to this work, the great obligation you will confer on me in making it perfect.

"I am with great esteem,

"Dear Sir Joshua,

"Your very sincere and humble servant.

Dublin, May 27th, 1773."

Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote in reply, a few months afterwards,

Sir,

"I intended long ago to have returned you thanks for the agreeable employment in which you have engaged me, and likewise for the very obliging manner in which this favor was conferred; but immediately after the heads were finished, I was enticed away to Portsmouth, and from thence to Oxford, from whence I am but just returned; so that this is the first quiet minute I have had for this month past; though it is a little delayed by these holidays, it will not, upon the whole, fare the worse for it, as I am returned with a very keen appetite to the work. This picture is the great object of my mind at present. You have been already informed, I have no doubt, of the subject which we have chosen; the adorning a Term of Hymen with festoons of flowers. This affords sufficient employment to the figures, and gives an opportunity of introducing a variety of graceful historical attitudes. I have every inducement to exert myself on this occasion, both from the confidence you have placed in me, and from the subjects you have presented to me, which are such as I am never likely to meet with again as long as I live, and I flatter myself that, however inferior the picture may be to what I wish it, or what it ought, it will be the best picture I ever painted. I beg leave to congratulate you and Mrs. G——————, and express my sincere wishes for that perfect happiness to which you are both so well intitled.

"I am with great respect, &c.

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"I shall send away your picture (the best of the two) immediately; the other I know is to remain here. I have forgot to what place it is to be sent."

The visit to Oxford, mentioned in the foregoing letter, gained an additional honour to be conferred upon Sir Joshua, the variety of whose talents, added to the eminence he had acquired, qualified him to share the honours of the first scientific institutions, and in consequence of which he had for some time before the present period been admitted to the Royal, Antiquarian, and Dilletante Societies; and when the late Earl of Guildford, then Lord North, was installed Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in the first week of July in this year, Sir Joshua was, at the same time, admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

On that day fifteen persons only were admitted, and it is a remarkable fact, that Sir Joshua and Dr. Beattie were the only two who were distinguished by an encomium from Dr. Vansittart, the Professor of Civil Law, whose duty it is to present the graduates to the Chancellor. It is also well known to be customary, when the graduate bows and takes his seat, that there should, on particular occasions, be a clapping of hands in the theatre, sometimes loud, and sometimes but faint; on this occasion, however, it is related, that those two were the only personages who received any marks of extraordinary applause.

There is a remarkably fine allegorical picture painted by Sir Joshua, representing the portrait of Dr. James Beattie. The Doctor is in his university dress as Doctor of Laws, with his volume on the Immutability of Truth under his arm. The Angel of Truth is going before him and beating down the Vices, Envy, Falsehood, &c. which are represented by a group of figures falling at his approach, and the principal head in this group is made an exact likeness of Voltaire. When Dr. Goldsmith called on Sir Joshua and saw this picture, he was very indignant at it, and remonstrated with him, saying, " It very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character, Sir Joshua, to condescend to be a mean flatterer, or to wish to degrade so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Dr. Beattie; for Dr. Beattie and his book together, will, in the space of ten years, not be known ever to have been in existence, but your allegorical picture, and the fame of Voltaire, will live for ever to your disgrace as a flatterer."

This picture was painted in the year 1773, and presented to Dr. Beattie by Sir Joshua, who entertained a great friendship for the Doctor, whom he esteemed as an honest humble man of considerable abilities: indeed, it forms a very prominent feature in the " Life" of the latter; where it is dwelt on with an allowable degree of complacency, that Sir Joshua paid him much attention during his visits to London, (respecting him more for his virtues than his talents,) frequently entertaining him, both at his house in town, and at his villa on Richmond Hill, testifying, by every means in his power, the esteem he felt for him as a friend, and the opinion he held respecting his writings; while, as Sir William Forbes adds, Dr. Beattie " on the other hand, loved Sir Joshua, for the amiable simplicity of his manners and character; and justly admired the masterly productions of his pencil, as well as duly appreciated his merit in the composition of those truly classical discourses which he delivered to the students in the Royal Academy."

The gentleman above alluded to will, I have no doubt, excuse me in this instance of availing myself of some particulars in his work, highly honourable to both of his amiable and deceased friends, and which refer pointedly to the present part of the subject. Sir William observes, that how properly Dr. Beattie estimated the various talents of Sir Joshua, may be drawn from an extract of his Diary, and which he transcribed in the Doctor's own words, because, being a private record merely of his own thoughts, it may be relied on as speaking the genuine language of his heart. This extract is dated Sunday the 15th of August, and says, " We proposed (Dr. and Mrs. B.) to have gone to Arno's Grove, but Sir Joshua Reynolds insisted on it, that we should stay till to-morrow, and partake of a haunch of venison with him today, at his house on Richmond Hill. Accordingly at eleven, Mrs. Beattie, Miss Reynolds, Mr. Barretti, and Mr. Palmer, set out in Sir Joshua's coach for Richmond. At twelve he and I went in a post chaise, and by the way paid a visit to the Bishop of Chester, who was very earnest for us to fix a day for dining with him; but I could not fix one just now, on account of the present state of my affairs. After dining at Richmond, we all returned to town, about eight o'clock. This day I had a great deal of conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds on critical and philosophical subjects. I find him to be a man, not only of excellent taste in painting and poetry, but of an enlarged understanding and truly philosophical mind. His notions of painting are not at all the same with those that are entertained by the generality of painters and others. Artificial and contrasted attitudes, and groupes, he makes no account of; it is the truth and simplicity of nature which he is ambitious to imitate; and these, it must be allowed, he possesses the art of blending with the most exquisite grace, the most animated expression. He speaks with contempt of those who suppose grace to consist in erect position, turned out toes, or the frippery of modern dress. Indeed, whatever account we make of the colouring of this great artist, (which some people object to,) it is impossible to deny him the praise of being the greatest designer of any age. In his pictures there is a grace, a variety, an expression, a simplicity, which I have never seen in the works of any other painter. His portraits are distinguished from all others, by this, that they exhibit an exact imitation, not only of the features, but also of the character of the person represented. His picture of Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy, he tells me he finished in a week," &c. &c. This, although but an aukward description of Sir Joshua's character, yet I insert to shew what an impression his talents had made on the simplicity of Beattie.

Dr. Beattie has also strongly marked his high admiration of his friend in his Essay on Poetry and Music, where he joins his name with that of Raffaelle. In this, having first given praise to both for their assuming nature as their model, to the utter exclusion of fashion, at least as far as is possible, he adds, that

" on this account their works must give pleasure, and appear elegant as long as men are capable of forming general ideas, and of judging from them. The last mentioned incomparable artist (meaning Sir Joshua,) is particularly observant of children, whose looks and attitudes being less under the control of art, and local manners, are more characteristical of the species than those of men and women. This field of observation supplied him with many fine figures, particularly that most exquisite one of Comedy, struggling for and winning (for who can resist her?) the affections of Garrick—a figure which could never have occurred to the imagination of a painter who had confined his views to grown persons, looking and moving in all the formality of polite life—a figure which, in all ages and countries, would be pronounced natural and engaging."

To all these testimonies in favor of Sir Joshua, Sir William Forbes adds, from his own pen, this elegant compliment: " To that great artist, and excellent man, whose house one of our mutual friends has well denominated the common centre of union for the great, the accomplished, the learned, and the ingenious, I must equally pay my grateful acknowledgments for the uninterrupted friendship with which he honoured me, as well as for an introduction to the notice of some distinguished characters, to whom I should not otherwise have had the means of being known."

The progress of the above mentioned celebrated picture is further described in Dr. Beattie's Diary, where he says, " August 16th, (Monday,) breakfasted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who this day began the allegorical picture. I sat to him five hours, in which time he finished my head, and sketched out the rest of my figure. The likeness is most striking, and the execution most masterly. The figure is as large as life. The plan is not yet fixed for the rest of the picture. Though I sat five hours, I was not in the least fatigued; for by placing a large mirror opposite to my face, Sir Joshua Reynolds put it in my power to see every stroke of his pencil; and I was greatly entertained to observe the progress of the work, and the easy and masterly manner of the artist, which differs as much from that of all the other painters I have seen at work, as the execution of Giardini on the violin differs from that of a common fiddler."

So much was said respecting the allegorical meaning of Dr. Beattie's picture at the time, that I may be permitted to take some further notice of it; particularly as it gave rise to attacks upon Sir Joshua, not only as to his judgment in its conception, but as to his prudence and propriety in making personal allusions.

Whilst it was yet in its progress, Mrs. Montague wrote to Beattie on the subject, saying, "I am delighted with Sir Joshua Reynolds's plan, and do not doubt but he will make a very noble picture of it. I class Sir Joshua with the greatest geniuses that have ever appeared in the art of painting; and I wish he was employed by the public in some great work that would do honour to our country in future ages. He has the spirit of a Grecian artist. The Athenians did not employ such men in painting portraits to place over a chimney, or the door of a private cabinet. I long to see the picture he is now designing; virtue and truth are subjects worthy of the artist and the man. He has an excellent moral character, and is most pleasing and amiable in society; and with great talents has uncommon humility and gentleness."

Sir William Forbes enters, indeed, more particularly into the subject; and, in addition to my own testimony, that Sir Joshua meant not personally to offend any one by the composition, (though he was not offended himself at *some* likeness being discovered, as I shall shew by a letter in a subsequent part of this Memoir,) I shall give part of his observations on this point. He says, "In this inestimable piece, which exhibits an exact resemblance of Dr. Beattie's countenance, at that period, he is represented in the gown of Doctor of Laws, with which he was so recently invested at Oxford. Close to the portrait, the artist has introduced an angel, holding in one hand a pair of scales, as if weighing Truth in the balance, and with the other hand pushing down three hideous figures, supposed to represent Sophistry, Scepticism, and Infidelity; in allusion to Dr. Beattie's Essay on Truth, which had been the foundation of all his fame, and of all the distinction which had been paid him.

"The likeness of Dr. Beattie was most striking, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the angel. The whole composition, as well as execution, is in the very best manner of that inimitable painter, and it has had the good fortune, not always the case with Sir Joshua's pictures, masterly as they are in every other respect, of perfectly preserving the colouring, which is as beautiful at the distance of upwards of thirty years as it was at first, with as much of mellowness only as one could desire.

"Of this admirable performance, Sir Joshua was pleased to make Dr. B. a present, of which he was very justly proud. He preserved it with the utmost care, keeping it always covered with a green silk curtain, and left it to his niece, Mrs. Glennie."

A mezzotinto print has been done from it, and there is also a very handsome engraving from it, in Forbes's Life of Beattie; and that writer adds, "Because one of these figures was a lean figure, (alluding to the subordinate ones introduced,) and the other a fat one, people of lively imaginations pleased themselves with finding in them the portraits of Voltaire and Hume. But Sir Joshua, I have reason to believe, had no such thought when he painted those figures."

It is a curious circumstance, too, that Dr. Beattie either mistook the allegorical design himself, or else gave it intentionally another meaning, perhaps out of modesty, for he says in one of his letters, that the figures represent Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly, who are shrinking away from the light of the sun that beams on the breast of the angel!

Of the small villa, already mentioned in Dr. Beattie's Diary, which Sir Joshua built, for his recreation, on Richmond Hill, Sir William Chambers was the architect; but not that it was intended to make any display of taste in the building, for convenience alone was consulted in it. In the summer season it was the frequent custom of Sir Joshua to dine at this place with select parties of his friends. It happened some little time before he was to be elected Mayor of Plympton, as already mentioned, that one day, after dining at the house, himself and his party took an evening walk in Richmond Gardens, when, very unexpectedly, at a turning of one of the avenues, they suddenly met the King, accompanied by a part of the Royal Family; and as his Majesty saw him, it was impossible for him to withdraw without being noticed. The King called to him, and immediately entered into conversation, and told him that he had been informed of the office that he was soon to be invested with, that of being made the Mayor of his native town of Plympton. Sir Joshua was astonished that so minute and inconsiderable a circumstance, which was of importance only to himself, should have come so quickly to the knowledge of the King; he assured his Majesty of its truth, saying that it was an honour which gave him more pleasure than any other he had ever received in his life, and then, luckily recollecting himself, added, " excepting that which your Majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon me;" alluding to his knighthood.

About this period, and towards the latter end of 1773, a circumstance arose which promised to be highly beneficial to the art, but which unfortunately did not fulfil its early promises.

The chapel of Old Somerset-House, which had been given by his Majesty to the Royal Academy, was mentioned one evening at the meeting, as a place which offered a good opportunity, of convincing the public at large of the advantages that would arise from ornamenting cathedrals and churches with the productions of the pencil; productions which might be useful in their effect, and at the same time not likely to give offence in a Protestant country. The idea was therefore started, that if the members should ornament this chapel, the example might thus afford an opening for the introduction of the art into other places of a similar nature, and which, as it was then stated, would not only present a new and noble scene of action, that might become highly ornamental to the kingdom, but would be, in some measure, absolutely necessary for the future labour of the numerous students educated under the auspices of the Royal Academy.

All the members were struck with the propriety, and even with the probability of success which attended the scheme; but Sir Joshua Reynolds, in particular, immediately took it up on a bolder plan, and offered an amendment, saying, that instead of the chapel, they should fly at once at higher game, and undertake St. Paul's Cathedral. The grandeur and magnificent liberality of this idea immediately gained the suffrages and plaudits of all present, and the President was empowered to make the proper application to the Dean and Chapter; an application which was immediately acceded to on their part. At that time Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, was the Dean of St. Paul's, who was a strong advocate in favor of this scheme.

A meeting of the Academy then took place, when six artists were chosen for the attempt; these were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. West the present President, Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffman.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures also took up the business, and added four artists to the original number.

The subject which Sir Joshua proposed to execute, was that of the Virgin and Christ in the Manger, or Nativity; but the whole plan was set aside in consequence of Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, having refused his consent.

This has been noticed by Barry, in one of his letters, when he says, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had undertaken the management of this business, informed us last Monday, the day after his return from Plympton, where he was chosen mayor, that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London had never given any consent to it, and that all thoughts about it must consequently drop."

At that time all sculptures were also prohibited from that cathedral, for Dr. Newton the Dean, who died soon after, left an injunction in his will that a monument to his memory should be erected in that church if possible, which was to cost five hundred pounds, with the hope of introducing the arts into that cathedral; this was denied to the family, and his monument, executed by Banks the Sculptor, and a very fine one, was then placed in St. Bride's church, of which Newton was the Rector, according to his order, in case of a refusal of his first request.

I believe it was in this year that he painted that portrait of himself, a half length, now in the Royal Academy, and which has a cap, and the gown of his honorary degree at Oxford. In this picture is introduced the bust of Michael Angelo, whose works he always contemplated, and spoke of, with enthusiasm: this is nearly the same dress in which he has represented himself in several others, one of them sent to Florence, and the other, a three-quarter, in the possession of the Duke of Rutland.

In this year also it was, that the Literary Club, which owed its origin in a great measure to him, was enlarged by the addition of two valuable members; the late Earl of Charlemont, and David Garrick: after which some others were admitted to this select circle of friends.

So much was Sir Joshua now admired and esteemed, that his acquaintance was considered as an honour, and his name as a passport; and the latter was eagerly sought after even by those who wished to introduce the efforts of literature to the world.

A very handsome compliment was paid to him at this period, by the Editor of Richardson's "Theory of Painting," who dedicated this work to the President.

"Sir,

"A new and improved edition of the works of Jonathan Richardson cannot be inscribed with so much propriety to any body, as to you. The author has in his "Theory of Painting," discoursed with great judgment on the excellencies of this divine art, and recommended the study of it with a warmth approaching to enthusiasm. His ideas are noble, and his observations learned. I am emboldened to say this, from a conversation which I had the honour to have with you on this subject.

"Had Richardson lived to see the inimitable productions of your pencil, he would have congratulated his country on the prospect of a School of Painting likely to contend successfully with those of Italy.

"At the same time, he would have confessed, that your admirable discourses would have rendered his own writings less necessary.

"I am, with the greatest respect," &c. &c.

In the early part of 1774, a resolution was entered into by the Society of Arts, that a series of Historical or Allegorical pictures should be painted by the first artists in the kingdom, to decorate their new room in the Adelphi. The plan proposed was, that there should be eight historical and two allegorical; the subjects of the former to be taken from the British Annals.

It was also proposed, that the profits arising from the exhibition of those works, for a limited time, should be appropriated to the remuneration of the artists employed. The historical painters chosen, were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Angelica Kauffman, Mess. West, Cipriani, Barry, Wright, Mortimer, and Dance; whilst the allegorical designs were to have been executed by Penny and Romney. Sir Joshua, however, after some deliberation, thought proper to decline the proposal; and the rooms have been since decorated, as is well known, by Barry alone.

This latter artist had now been returned some time from Italy, and notwithstanding the friendship always expressed and shewn towards him by Sir Joshua, he seems to have been actuated in his conduct towards *him*, in several instances, by a capricious envy, for which Sir Joshua never gave him any cause, but which may, perhaps, have arisen from a petty jealousy at Sir Joshua's having painted a portrait of Burke for his friend Mr. Thrale.

This dispute, for such it was, at least on the part of Barry, has been noticed by Barry's biographer; and though I cannot agree with him in part of his observations, yet I shall here give the whole passage as explanatory of the occurrence. In the life prefixed to his works, it is said, that " it may be necessary to premise, that about this time a kind of ill humour had possessed Barry, in consequence of the extreme intimacy of the Burkes with Sir Joshua Reynolds, which led him to suppose that those friends overlooked his merits to aggrandize Sir Joshua's. There might be (for those things are common to frail human nature) some envy entertained by Barry towards Sir Joshua, for his respectable connections and his splendid mode of entertaining them, and, perhaps, some little jealousy in the mild Sir Joshua towards him, for a reputation that was rising to eclipse or outrun his own.

" Whatever might be the cause, we see Barry standing upon a point of silly etiquette with the man of all others in the world the most honoured and loved, and in a way to endanger the imputation of ingratitude, had it not been for the dignified moderation displayed by Mr. Burke on the occasion."

This is an allusion to a very curious correspondence which took place at this period between Burke and

Barry, respecting the neglect of the latter in executing a portrait of his patron. The correspondence is preserved in Barry's works; and I am of opinion, that whoever reads it, will agree with me, that there was no necessity for accusing Sir Joshua of feeling jealousy at Barry's rising fame, when Barry's own conduct, arising from the waywardness of his own feelings, will easily account for his feeling sore respecting Sir Joshua.

Indeed his biographer's own confession of his envious sensations, is enough to preclude the necessity of seeking for any other cause; and, I trust, that the numerous instances which I shall yet have occasion to produce of Sir Joshua's professional suavity and feelings, both in theory and in practice, will do away any impression which the foregoing passage might have excited to his prejudice.

On the 22d of February in this year, Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote the following letter to Dr. Beattie, which I adduce as a fair specimen of his epistolary powers:

"I sit down to relieve my mind from great anxiety and uneasiness, and I am sorry when I say, that this proceeds from not answering your letter sooner. This seems very strange, you will say, since the cause may be so easily removed; but the truth of the matter is, I waited to be able to inform you, that your picture was finished, which, however, I cannot now do.

"I must confess to you, that when I sat down, I did intend to tell a sort of a white lie, *that it was finished;* but on recollecting that I was writing to the author of truth, about a picture of truth, I felt that I ought to say nothing but the truth. The truth then is, that the picture probably will be finished before you receive this letter; for there is not above a day's work remaining to be done.

"Mr. Hume has heard from somebody that *he* is introduced in the picture not much to his credit; there is only a figure covering his face with his hands, which they may call 'Hume,' or any body else; it is true it has a tolerable broad back. As for Voltaire, I intended he should be one of the groupe.

"I intended to write more, but I hear the postman's bell. Dr. Johnson, who is with me now, desires his compliments."

This *unfortunate* picture, which seems doomed to have excited mistaken displeasure, was exhibited in the year 1774; and Mrs. Montague says of it, in a letter to Beattie, "Your portrait is in the Exhibition; it is very like, and the piece worthy of the pencil of Sir Joshua." Some others, however, were not so pleased with it as the lady seemed to be; for Beattie himself, in a letter written to her on the 27th of May, in that year, observes, "Mr. Mason seems now to be tolerably reconciled to the subscription, but he has found a new subject of concern, in this allegorical picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which he thinks can hardly fail to hurt my character in good earnest. I know not certainly in what light Mr. Mason considers this picture; but so far as I have yet heard, he is singular in his opinion.

"If Mr. Gray had done me the honour to address an ode to me, and speak in high terms of my attack on the sceptics, my enemies might have blamed him for his partiality, and the world might have thought that he had employed his muse in too mean an office; but would any body have blamed me? If Sir Joshua Reynolds thinks more favourably of me than I deserve, (which he certainly does,) and if he entertains the same favourable sentiments of my cause, which I wish him and all the world to entertain, I should be glad to know from Mr. Mason, what there is in all this to fix any blame on my character? Indeed if *I* had planned this picture, and urged Sir Joshua to paint it, and paid him for his trouble, and then have solicited admittance for it into the Exhibition, then the world would have had good reason to exclaim against me as a vain coxcomb; but I am persuaded, that nobody will ever suspect me of this, for nobody can do so, without first supposing that I am a fool."

Of this subject, however, I presume my readers will think I have given them enough; I shall, therefore, revert to another friend of Sir Joshua's, poor Goldsmith, who left this world on the 4th of April, 1774; the first too of those on whom the epitaphs had been so playfully written, as I have before alluded to in another place.

Just before his death, he had nearly completed a design for the execution of an "Universal Dictionary, of the Arts and Sciences." Of this he had published the Prospectus, or, at least, had distributed copies of it amongst his friends and acquaintances. It did not meet with any warm encouragement, however, from the booksellers, although Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Garrick, and several others of his literary connections had promised him their assistance on various subjects: and the design was, I believe, entirely given up even previous to his demise.

In the Dedication of his "Deserted Village" to Sir Joshua Reynolds, already noticed, Goldsmith alludes to the death of his eldest brother, Henry, the clergyman; and his various biographers record another, Maurice, who was a younger brother, and of whom it is stated, by Bishop Percy, that having been bred to no business, he, upon some occasion, complained to Oliver that he found it difficult to live like a gentleman. To this Oliver wrote him an answer, begging that he would, without delay, quit so unprofitable a trade, and betake himself to some handicraft employment. Maurice wisely as the Bishop adds, took the hint, and bound himself apprentice to a cabinet-maker, and when out of his indentures set up in business for himself, in which he was engaged during the viceroyalty of the late Duke of Rutland; and his shop being in Dublin, he was noticed by Mr. Orde, since Lord Bolton, the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, who recommended him to the patronage of the Duke, out of regard to the memory of his brother.

In consequence of this, he received the appointment of inspector of licences in that metropolis, and was also employed as mace bearer, by the Royal Irish Academy, then just established. Both of these places were compatible with his business: and in the former he gave proof of great integrity by detecting a fraud committed on the revenue in his department; and one by which he himself might have profited, if he had not been a man of principle. He has now been dead not more than fifteen years; I enter more particularly into his history, from having seen the following passage in one of Oliver's letters to him: "You talked of being my only brother—I don't understand you. Where is Charles?"

This, indeed, was a question which Maurice could not answer then, nor for many years afterwards; but as the anecdote is curious, and I have it from a friend on whose authority I can rely, I shall give it a place here nearly in his own words.

My friend informed me, that whilst travelling in the stage coach towards Ireland, in the autumn of 1791, he was joined at Oswestry by a venerable looking gentleman, who, in the course of the morning, mentioned that his name was *Goldsmith;* when one of the party observed, that if he was going to Ireland, that name would be a passport for him. The stranger smiled, and asked the reason why? to which the other replied, that the memory of *Oliver* was embalmed amongst his countrymen. A tear glistened in the stranger's eye, who immediately answered, "I am his brother." The gentleman who had first made the observation on the name, looked doubtingly, and said, "He has but one brother living; I know him well." "True," replied the stranger, "for it may be said that I am risen from the dead, having been for many years supposed to be no longer in the land of the living. I am Charles the youngest of the family. Oliver I know is dead; but of Henry and Maurice I know nothing."

On being informed of various particulars of his family, the stranger then told his simple tale; which was, that having heard of his brother Noll mixing in the first society in London, he took it for granted that his fortune was made, and that he could soon make a brother's also: he therefore left home without notice; but soon found, on his arrival in London, that the picture he had formed of his brother's situation was too highly coloured; that Noll would not introduce him to his great friends, and, in fact, that, although out of a jail, he was also often out of a lodging.

Disgusted with this entrance into *high life*, and ashamed to return home, the young man left London without acquainting his brother with his intentions, or even writing to his friends in Ireland; and proceeded, a poor adventurer, to Jamaica, where he lived, for many years, without ever renewing an intercourse with his friends, and by whom he was, of course, supposed to be dead; though Oliver may, at first, have imagined that he had returned to Ireland. Years now passed on, and young Charles, by industry and perseverance, began to save some property; soon after which he married a widow lady of some fortune, when his young family requiring the advantages of further education, he determined to return to England, to examine into the state of society, and into the propriety of bringing over his wife and family; on this project he was then engaged, and was proceeding to Ireland to visit his native home, and with the intention of making himself known to such of his relatives as might still be living. His plan, however, was, to conceal his good fortune until he should ascertain their affection and esteem for him.

On arriving at Dublin, the party separated; and my friend, a few weeks afterwards, returning from the north, called at the Hotel where he knew Mr. Goldsmith intended to reside. There he met him; when the amiable old man, for such he really was. told him that he had put his plan in execution; had given himself as much of the appearance of poverty as he could with propriety, and thus proceeded to the shop of his brother Maurice, where he inquired for several articles, and then noticed the name over the door, asking if it had any connection with the famous Dr. Goldsmith.

"I am his brother, his sole surviving brother," said Maurice.

"What then," replied the stranger, "is become of the others?"

"Henry has long been dead; and poor Charles has not been heard of for many years."

"But suppose Charles were alive," said the stranger, "would his friends acknowledge him?"

"Oh yes!" replied Maurice, "gladly indeed!"

"He lives, then; but as poor as when he left you."

Maurice instantly leaped over his counter, hugged him in his arms, and weeping with pleasure, cried "Welcome—welcome—here you shall find a home and a brother."

It is needless to add, that this denouement was perfectly agreeable to the stranger, who was then preparing to return to Jamaica to make his proposed family arrangements; but my friend having been engaged for the next twenty years in traversing the four quarters of the globe, being himself a wanderer, has never, since that period, had an opportunity of making inquiries into the welfare of the stranger, for whom he had, indeed, formed a great esteem, even on a few days acquaintance.

Sir Joshua was much affected by the death of Goldsmith, to whom he had been a very sincere friend. He did not touch the pencil for that day, a circumstance most extraordinary for him, who passed *no day without a line*. He acted as executor, and managed in the best manner, the confused state of the Doctor's affairs. At first he intended, as I have already stated, to have made a grand funeral for him, assisted by several subscriptions to that intent, and to have buried him in the Abbey, his pall-bearers to have been Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua himself, Burke, Garrick, &c.; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to have him buried in the plainest and most private manner possible, observing, that the most pompous funerals are soon past and forgotten; and that it would be much more prudent to apply what money could be procured, to the purpose of a more substantial and more lasting memorial of his departed friend, by a monument; and he was, accordingly, privately interred in the Temple burying ground.

Sir Joshua went himself to Westminster Abbey, and fixed upon the place where Goldsmith's monument now stands, over a door in the Poets' Corner. He thought himself lucky in being able to find so conspicuous a situation for it, as there scarcely remained another so good.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was employed to make the monument, and Dr. Johnson composed the epitaph.

There is a very fine portrait, which is the only original one, of Dr. Goldsmith, now at Knowle, the seat of the Duke of Dorset, painted by Sir Joshua.

A lady, who was a great friend of Dr. Goldsmith, earnestly desired to have a lock of his hair to keep as a memorial of him; and his coffin was opened again, after it had been closed up, to procure this lock of hair from his head; this relick is still in the possession of the family, and is the only one of the kind which has been preserved of the Doctor.

An observation of Dr. Beattie, respecting the deceased poet, in a letter to Mrs. Montague, must not be passed over. "I am sorry for poor Goldsmith. There were some things in his temper which I did not like; but I liked many things in his genius; and I was sorry to find, last summer, that he looked upon me as a person who seemed to stand between him and his interest. However, when *next* we meet, all this will be forgotten, and the jealousy of authors, which, Dr. Gregory used to say, was next to that of physicians, will be no more."

Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which, in their opinion, neither discovered talent nor originality. To this, Dr. Johnson listened, in his usual growling manner, for some time; when, at length, his patience being exhausted, he rose, with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, " If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldy, but those who could write as well, he would have few censors."

Yet, on another occasion, soon after the death of Goldsmith, a lady of his acquaintance was condoling with Dr. Johnson on their loss, saying, " Poor Goldsmith! I am exceedingly sorry for him; he was every man's friend!"

" No, Madam," answered Johnson, " he was no man's friend!"

In this seemingly harsh sentence, however, he merely alluded to the careless and imprudent conduct of Goldsmith, as being no friend even to himself, and when that is the case, a man is rendered incapable of being of any essential service to any one else.

It has been generally circulated, and believed by many, that Goldsmith was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated by such as were really fools. In allusion to this notion Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was " an inspired idiot," and Garrick described him as one,

" ———for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned to Boswell that he frequently had heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should preclude a man form that satisfaction, which he perceived it often did, from the envy which attended it; and therefore Sir Joshua was convinced, that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works. If it was his intention to appear absurd in company, he was often very successful.

This, in my own opinion, was really the case; and I also think Sir Joshua was so sensible of the advantage of it, that he, yet in a much less degree, followed the same idea, as he never had a wish to impress his company with any awe of the great abilities with which he was endowed, especially when in the society of those high in rank.

I have heard Sir Joshua say, that he has frequently seen the whole company struck with an awful silence at the entrance of Goldsmith, but that Goldsmith has quickly dispelled the charm, by his boyish and social manners, and he then has soon become the plaything and favourite of the company.

His epitaph in Westminster Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson, is a true character of the eccentric poet.

Among the various tributes to his memory, was one by *Courtney Melmoth*, (Mr. Pratt, I believe,) dedicated to Sir Joshua, " who will naturally receive with kindness whatever is designed as a testimony of justice to a friend that is no more." In this, the dedicator has well attempted to pourtray the feelings of Sir Joshua's heart.

Before I dismiss poor Goldsmith from the stage, it may be proper to notice another dedication to Sir Joshua, prefixed to that edition of his works published by Evans, in which he says—

" SIR,

" I am happy in having your permission to inscribe to you this complete edition of the truly poetical works of your late ingenious friend, Oliver Goldsmith. They will prove a lasting monument of his genius. Every lover of science must deeply lament that this excellent writer, after long struggling with adversity, finished his mortal career just as his reputation was firmly established, and he had acquired the friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, the Dean of Derry, Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Cumberland, names which adorn our age and nation. It is, Sir, being merely an *echo* of the *public* voice, to celebrate your admirable productions,

'In which, to latest time, the artist lives.'

"Had Dr. Goldsmith understood the art of painting, of which he modestly declares himself ignorant, his pen would have done justice to the merits of your pencil. He chose a nobler theme, by declaring his ardent affection for the *virtues of your heart*. That you may long continue, Sir, the ornament of your country and the delight of your friends, is the sincere wish of your most obliged humble servant,

"T. EVANS."

In closing the year 1774, it is necessary to take a short view of his sixth discourse, which was delivered on the 10th of December.

It is to be observed in this place, that one year had elapsed without his having given a discourse, which was the first omission since its commencement; but as these orations were only given on the evenings when the gold medals were presented to successful candidates as the prize, it had been previously determined in the last year, that as genius was not of quick growth it would be fully sufficient to bestow the prizes in future only once in two years, and this rule has since been regularly followed.

In this discourse he took a view of the best principles in that part of a painter's art, called "Imitation;" and, after shewing where Genius commences, and where it finds a limit, he proved that invention was acquired by being conversant with the inventions of others. To this he subjoined some rules for allowable imitation, marked the legal extent of borrowing, and pointed out what might fairly be collected from each specific school of the art.

As this discourse, however, was more of professional than of general import, I shall not discuss it at any length, but shall merely insert two or there passages which strongly mark the originality of his own genius, and may be said almost to disprove the truth of his position, that Invention and Genius are the children, or at least the pupils, of Imitation.

"Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire."—

"But the truth is, that the degree of excellence which proclaims Genius is different, in different times and places; and what shows it to be so is, that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter."—

"What we now call Genius begins, not where rules, abstractedly taken, end; but where known vulgar and trite rules have no longer any place."—

"Invention is one of the greatest marks of Genius; but if we consult experience, we shall find that it is by being conversant with the invention of others, that we learn to invent; as by reading the thoughts of others, we learn to think."—

"The mind is but a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter."—

Such were a few of the most striking general truths in this discourse; but the truth is, that none of his discourses possess more beauties than this one, though, for the most part, strictly of a professional nature. One anecdote related in it shall close the subject.

"I remember," said Sir Joshua, "several years ago, to have conversed at Rome with an artist of great fame throughout Europe; he was not without a considerable degree of abilities, but these abilities were by no means equal to his own opinion of them.

"From the reputation he had acquired, he too fondly concluded that he stood in the same rank when compared with his predecessors, as he held with regard to his miserable contempory rivals. In conversation about some particulars of the works of Raffaelle, he seemed to have, or to affect to have, a very obscure memory of them. He told me that he had not set his foot in the Vatican for fifteen years together; that he had been in treaty to copy a capital picture of Raffaelle, but that the business had gone off; however, if the agreement had held, his copy would have greatly exceeded the original!

"The merit of this artist, however great we may suppose it, I am sure would have been far greater, and his presumption would have been far less, if he had visited the Vatican, as in reason he ought to have done, at least once every month in his life."

In the year 1775, or about that time, a new arrangement took place in Sir Joshua's favourite society, the Literary Club, which now changed its original plan of supping once a week, into dinner parties once a fortnight, during the parliamentary sessions.

In this year also he paid a compliment to another club, of which he had long been a member; this was a present of a portrait of himself for the dining-room of the Dilletanti Society, held in Pall Mall. It is a three quarter length, and he appears in his own hair, and in a loose robe: it has since been engraved in mezzotinto by James Watson.

This Society of Dilletanti has the merit of being, in some measure, the harbinger of all the others for the Encouragement of the Arts; for although it was at first supposed to have been established upon political principles, yet a few years at least before Sir Joshua's introduction to it, the members had at last the good sense to alter its original objects (if they ever were such,) and to turn their thoughts to the formation of a public academy. For this purposé they held some communications with the Society of Artists, then recently established, but some jealousies about the government and regulation of the proposed institution prevented any union from taking place.

This, however, did not discourage the Dilletanti members, who, without any apparent ostentation, silently directed their exertions in favour of the arts, and it must be acknowledged were certainly of considerable service.

It was in this year, (1775,) that they were first enabled, by the accumulation of a fund set apart for the purpose, to support a student at the Italian Capital, whilst engaged in his professional acquirements; since which they have sent out several classical travellers, and patronized some valuable classical productions of the press on Grecian Antiquities.

In this year was painted that portrait of his friend Dr. Johnson, which represents him as reading and near-sighted. This was very displeasing to Johnson, who when he saw it, reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude, saying, " It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But, on the contrary, Sir Joshua himself esteemed it as a circumstance in nature to be remarked as characterizing the person represented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait.

Of this circumstance Mrs. Thrale says, " I observed that he would not be known by posterity, for his defects only, let Sir Joshua do his worst:" and when she adverted to his own picture painted with the ear trumpet, and done in this year for Mr. Thrale, she records Johnson to have answered, " He may paint himself as deaf as he chooses; but I will not be *blinking Sam.*"

It is evident, however, that Sir Joshua meant not to hurt his feelings: indeed, his general politeness and attention at all times, both to the comfort and to the foibles of his friends, are particularly exemplified in this year, even by a trifling occurrence, described by Mr. Boswell; when being engaged along with that gentleman and Dr. Johnson to dine with Mr. Cambridge at his Twickenham villa, Sir Joshua being anxious to fulfil an engagement at Richmond, early in the day, set off by himself on horseback, *leaving his coach* for his friends, who were not ready, to accompany him, in consequence of Johnson's *tardiness.*

On the arrival of the latter, and on his entering Mr. Cambridge's library, he immediately ran to the shelves, when Sir Joshua whispered to Boswell, "He runs to the books, as I do to the pictures; but I have the advantage, as I can see more of the one than he does of the other."

In the latter part of the year 1775, he sent his portrait painted by himself, in the dress of his University honours, to be placed in the Gallery of illustrious Painters at Florence, in consequence of his having been chosen a member of the Imperial Academy of that city, and in compliance with its regulations, by which, in return for the honour conferred, the newly elected member is required to present his portrait, painted by his own hand; a circumstance which has produced the most curious and valuable collection of portraits of eminent painters in the world.

The following inscription in Sir Joshua's own hand is on the back of the portrait, painted on a pannel of mahogany:—

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS, EQUES AURATUS,
ACADEMIÆ REGIÆ LONDINI PRÆSES,
JURIS CIVILIS APUD OXONIENSES DOCTOR;
REGIÆ SOCIETATIS, ANTIQUARIÆ,
LONDINI SOCIUS.
HONORARIUS FLORENTINAS APUD ACADEMIÆ
IMPERIALIS SOCIUS, NEC NON OPPIDI NATALIS, DICTI
PLIMPTON COMITAT. DEVON.
PRÆFECTUS JUSTITIARIUS MORUMQUE CENSOR."

This has since been engraved by C. Townly.

In the year 1775, Mr. Nath. Hone made an exhibition of several of his works, at a great room nearly opposite to Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane. The collection contained between sixty and seventy paintings: among them were two which claimed particular notice. It seemed that the first idea of this exhibition owed its origin to pique, and something of envy in the artist towards Sir Joshua Reynolds, and this opinion is suggested by the following anecdotes.

In the exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1770, there was a picture painted by Mr. Hone, entitled "Two Gentlemen in Masquerade;" they were represented as Capuchin Friars, regaling themselves with punch. When this picture was sent for admission, one of the personages was represented as squeezing a lemon, while the other was stirring the liquor with the crucifix, at the end of his rosary: but the Council considered the latter circumstance as too indecorous to allow the picture's being exhibited in that state; and the artist was requested to alter the crucifix. This request was complied with, but Mr. Hone was much offended, when in truth, he ought rather to have been pleased, with their having pointed out an impropriety, which might not have struck him upon the first idea of his picture. However, the desired alteration was made, and a ladle introduced, which he painted with a substance easily washed away; and the picture was again displayed at his own exhibition in its primitive state.

The other picture, which was the leading feature of his exhibition, represented an old man, half-length, the size of life, painted after the model from which Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted his Count Ugolino. This picture, which Mr. Hone called the Conjurer, was intended as a satire upon Sir Joshua's method of composing his pictures. Yet Mr. Hone's ridicule was not very apparent, for his figure represented little more than an old man, with a wand in his hand, performing incantations, by which a number of prints and sketches were made to float in the air, all of which were representations of those originals from which Sir Joshua had taken the actions of the figures and groupes which he had introduced into some of his principal portraits.

As this picture, which did not display much vigour of mind, was evidently meant as an attack upon the President, the Council of the Royal Academy thought it prudent to exclude it from their exhibition, which again greatly displeased Mr. Hone; and he, like many others, disappointed in his private schemes, appealed to the public by an exhibition of his own.

Instead of trusting to my own temper in animadverting any further on such an attack on this great painter, I shall give a passage, and perhaps with more force, from the pen of a writer who, whatever his merits or demerits may be, cannot be accused of partiality for the subject of our biography. He says, speaking of Hone, "This gentleman should be almost exclusively arranged as a portrait painter, as he painted but two historical compositions. The first was a satire on monkish licentiousness; and the other was the exhibition of a *pictorial conjurer*, displaying his cleverness in the arts of deceiving the sight. This last performance was intended as an exposition of the manœuvring, in respect to attitudes, which was so attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds. This vindictive effort was sent by its parent to the annual exhibition; but was rejected by the Academicians with becoming scorn, as the issue of a little mind, and powers of fancy most scandalously directed:"—a keenness of rebuke which has well employed the pen of the author.

In the course of this year, Sir Joshua had finished his well known picture of "Venus chiding Cupid." It was done for Sir Brooke Boothby, who in 1794 sold it to Sir Thomas Bernard.

Boswell, about this time, records an observation of Dr. Johnson's, which was highly descriptive of Sir Joshua's placidity and evenness of disposition; not an overstrained stoicism, but that happy equability which proceeds both from mind and disposition. Whilst conversing on melancholy, Johnson said, that "some men, and very thinking men too, have not these vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round."

A character of the Honourable Mrs. P., written by Sir Joshua, was published in the newspapers of the day, and the printer had taken the liberty of altering a word in it, to make it, as he thought, much better, but which Sir Joshua thought made it much otherwise. In speaking of this afterwards to the late Caleb Whiteford, Sir Joshua complained of the absurd alteration, and said it had quite destroyed the simplicity of the whole, when Whiteford made the comparison of a pot of broth over the fire, into which a lump of soot falls from the chimney, and the whole mess is spoiled.

What the word was which the printer expunged I do not know; but the character here inserted is in its original form.

Character of the Honourable Mrs. P. by Sir Joshua Reynolds, December 21st. 1775.

"The death of this Honourable Lady was occasioned by a stroke of the palsy, which happened soon after her lying-in of a daughter; of this she appeared to be recovering; but receiving a second stroke, and soon after that a third, it put an end to the life of one of the most valuable of women.

"Her amiable disposition, her softness and gentleness of manners, endeared her to every one that had the happiness of knowing her: her whole pleasure and ambition were centered in a consciousness of properly discharging all the duties of a wife, a mother, and a sister; and she neither sought for, nor expected, fame out of her own house. As she made no ostentation of her virtues, she excited no envy; but if there had existed so depraved a being as to wish to wound so fair a character, the most artful malignity must have searched in vain for a weak part. Her virtues were uniform, quiet, and habitual; they were not occasionally put on; she wore them continually; they seemed to grow to her and be a part of herself; and it seemed to be impossible for her to lay them aside or be other than what she was. Her person was eminently beautiful; but the expression of her countenance was far above all beauty that proceeds from regularity of features only. The gentleness and benevolence of her disposition were so naturally impressed on every look and motion, that without any affected effort or assumed courtesy, she was sure to make every one her friend that had ever spoke to her, or ever seen her.

"In so exalted a character it is scarce worth mentioning her skill and exact judgment in the polite arts; she seemed to possess, by a kind of intuition, that propriety of taste and right thinking, which others but imperfectly acquire by long labour and application."

At the time when I was a student at the Royal Academy, I was accidentally repeating to Sir Joshua the instructions on colouring I had heard there given by an eminent painter who then attended as visitor. Sir Joshua replied, that this painter was undoubtedly a very sensible man, but by no means a good colourist; adding, that there was not a man then on earth who had the least notion of colouring; "we, all of us," said he, "have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art."

Strong objections were often certainly made to Sir Joshua's process or mode of colouring; but perhaps the best answer to all these is in the following anecdote.

One of these critics, who passed for a great patron of the art, was complaining strongly to a judicious friend of Sir Joshua's "flying colours" and expressing great regret at the circumstances as it prevented him from having his picture painted by the president. To all this his friend calmly replied, that he should reflect that any painter who merely wished to make his colours stand, had only to purchase them at the first colour shop he might come to; but that it must be remembered that "every picture of Sir Joshua's was an experiment of art made by an ingenious man,—

and that the *art advanced by such experiments, even where they failed.*

In fine, what Gainsborough said of the President is strictly true: that in his opinion Sir Joshua's pictures in their most decayed state were better than those of any other artist when in their best.

I once humbly endeavoured to persuade Sir Joshua to abandon those fleeting colours lake and carmine, which it was his practice to use in painting his flesh, and to adopt vermilion in their stead as infinitely more durable although not so exactly true to nature as the former. I remember he looked on his hand and said "I can see no vermilion in flesh." I replied, "but did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion in his flesh colour," when Sir Joshua answered rather sharply, "What signifies what a man used who could not colour. But you may use it if you will!"

It is to be observed, however, that Sir Joshua made use of vermilion himself in all his latter works, finding by experience the ill effects of lake and carmine in his early productions.

If any other apology were necessary for Sir Joshua's mode of practice, it may be found in his own words, in one of the fragments, as preserved by Mr. Malone; there he says, "I was always willing to believe that my uncertainty of proceeding in my works, that is, my never being sure of my hand, and my frequent alterations, arose from a refined taste, which could not acquiesce in any thing short of a high degree of excellence. I had not an opportunity of being early initiated in the principles of *Colouring:* no man indeed could teach me. If I have never been settled with respect to colouring, let it at the same time be remembered, that my unsteadiness in this respect proceeded from an inordinate desire to possess every kind of excellence that I saw in the works of others, without considering that there are in colouring, as in style, excellencies which are incompatible with each other: however, this pursuit, or indeed any other similar pursuit, prevents the artist from being tired of his art. We all know how often those masters, who sought after colouring, changed their manner; whilst others, merely from not seeing various modes, acquiesced all their lives in that with which they set out. On the contrary, I tried every effect of colour, and by leaving out every colour in its turn, showed every colour that I could do without it. As I alternately left out every colour, I tried every new colour; and, often, as is well known, failed. The former practice, I am aware, may be compared by those whose first object is ridicule, to that of the poet mentioned in the Spectator, who in a poem of twenty-four books, contrived in each book to leave out a letter. But I was influenced by no such idle or foolish affectation. My fickleness in the mode of colouring arose from an eager desire to attain the highest excellence. This is the only merit I can assume to myself from my conduct in that respect."

But it was not to experiments on his own colouring alone that Sir Joshua trusted for gaining experience; for he actually tried experiments with several capital ancient paintings of the Venetian School, in order, if possible, to ascertain their grounds, to trace their process in laying on, and to analyze the chemical mixture of their various tints. This circumstance has been noticed by Mr. Malone, and is very just—an experiment too, conducted at an immense expense, for each painting thus investigated was, of course, totally destroyed.

Sir Joshua's early and continued success is, however, very well delineated by himself in one of those fragments already mentioned, where he says, " I considered myself as playing a great game, and, instead of beginning to save money, I laid it out faster than I got it, in purchasing the best examples of art that could be procured; for I even borrowed money for this purpose. The possessing portraits by Titian, Vandyke, Rembrandt, &c., I considered as the best kind of wealth. By studying carefully the works of great masters, this advantage is obtained; we find that certain niceties of expression are capable of being executed, which otherwise we might suppose beyond the reach of art. This gives us a confidence in ourselves, and we are thus incited to endeavour at not only the same happiness of execution, but also at other congenial excellencies. Study, indeed, consists in learning to see nature, and may be called the art of using other men's minds. By this kind of contemplation and exercise we are taught to think in their way, and sometimes to attain their excellence. Thus, for instance, if I had never seen any of the works of Corregio, I should never perhaps have remarked in nature the expression which I find in one of his pieces; or if I had remarked it, I might have thought it too difficult, or perhaps impossible, to be executed."

It must have been reasons such as these which could ever induce him to make a copy from any master, and only when he desired to possess himself of some peculiar excellence which another possessed before him, and when he did condescend to copy, its degree of correctness may be judged of by an instance which I heard himself relate. The Chevalier Vanloo, the eminent portrait painter, being in England, one day when he paid a visit to Sir Joshua, boasted of his great knowledge in the works of the different famous painters, saying he could not be deceived or imposed upon by a copy for an original. Sir Joshua then shewed him a head of an old woman which he had copied from one by Rembrandt, and without letting him into the secret asked his opinion upon it. The French painter, after a very careful inspection into it, said he could pronounce that it was undoubtedly an original picture by Rembrandt!

Of Sir Joshua's paintings, any accident that befel them seems of sufficient importance to record. In a small room next to his own painting room, there were a great number of those portraits which had been rejected and were left upon his hands; round the sides of this room were shelves, on which were placed large heads, casts from the antique, and at a great height, for the room was lofty; and over these hung some old portraits by Lely and others. In this room as I was one day busily employed in painting a drapery to one of his portraits, I suddenly heard a noise as if something had fallen, when looking up to the place, I saw that one of those pictures by Lely had dropt from its nail, and falling on the shelf, and thence forward, threw down two or three very large plaister heads. I had but a moment to get up in the corner of this little room, when the whole fell down on the floor, just where I had been at work, with a violence that would have certainly proved fatal to me, had I not got in time out of the way, as a moment would have been too late. The easel was knocked down, together with the picture on which I was at work, and driven with violence through five or six of those unfortunate rejected portraits, as they happened to be placed one before the other, whilst the floor was covered with the fragments of the broken plaister heads which were dashed to pieces by the fall. The great noise which this made alarmed even Sir Joshua, although deaf, and brought him into the room in a hurry to know what was the matter, when he stared with surprize to behold the wreck, but soon calmly smiled at a misfortune, which, indeed, did not require reparation.

As I have hinted at the subject of his drapery's having been frequently executed by the hands of his scholars, it is but just to remark in this place, that the whole together of the picture, was at last his own, as the imitation of particular stuffs is not the work of genius but is to be acquired easily by practice, and this was what his pupils could do by care and time more than he himself chose to bestow, but his own slight and masterly work was still the best.

No painter like Sir Joshua knew how to make his drapery answer the purpose of enriching his figures, as may be seen in his excellent portrait of General Tarlton; for though the figure is merely in a close jacket, yet, by making it unite, in a certain degree, with the flags in the back ground, it assumes a richness unexampled: others may have done the same by accident, in him it was principle.

Further, in respect to this part of the subject, I remember once when I was disposing the folds of drapery with great care on the lay figure, in order to paint from it into one of his pictures, he remarked that it would not make good drapery if set so artificially, and that whenever it did not fall into such folds as were agreeable, I should try to get it better, by taking the chance of another toss of the drapery stuff, and by that means I should get nature, which is always superior to art.

Besides the assistance which Sir Joshua had from his pupils, he also employed Peter Toms to paint drapery for him, who was considered as the most perfect auxiliary in that department of painting that existed in his time. He was a Royal Academician, and son of Mr. Toms the engraver, and had practised some time in Ireland as a portrait painter.

Sir Joshua was fond of introducing animals or birds occasionally into his composition, and these he painted with great spirit and life. At one time he kept a very fine eagle which was chained to its perch, in the back area of the house: when this bird died I took the body and suspended it by strings so as to give it an action as if it was alive, with its wings spread, intending to paint a picture from it for myself. But when Sir Joshua saw me about it he seemed pleased, and told me to do it as well as I was able; and when I had finished the work to the best of my power, he took the picture and the bird into his own painting room, and in about a quarter of an hour gave it such touches of animation as made it truly fine, though executed with a bad light, for I remember it was too late in the day when he did it, having been the night before at a masquerade, which had occasioned his remaining very long in bed that day.

In this year it was that Mr. Doughty was placed under the tuition of Sir Joshua. William Doughty was a native of Yorkshire, and recommended to the notice of Sir Joshua by the Rev. Mr. Mason. He remained about three years in the house of Sir Joshua as his pupil, and at that time, by the desire of Mr. Mason, and for him, painted the portrait of Gray the poet by description, (as Gray was dead,) and the help of an outline of his profile, which had been taken by lamp light when he was living, and therefore must have been very exact; and this now remains as the only portrait of Gray. It has been engraved for the frontispiece of his works, and sculptured on his monument. Mr. Mason was the particular friend of Gray, and the editor of his works after his death, and also the patron of Doughty.

On Doughty leaving Sir Joshua he went to Ireland but did not succeed, although highly recommended by his master as well as his patron, and also possessing greater ability than his more fortunate rivals. He then returned to London exceedingly dispirted, from whence he took shipping for Bengal in 1780; but before he left England had married one Margaret Joy, a servant girl in Sir Joshua's house; she also accompanied him when he left England. Having been captured by the combined squadrons of France and Spain, and carried to Lisbon, he there closed his mortal career. In 1778 he had exhibited a three quarter length of his patron which possessed considerable merit; and he scraped some excellent mezzotinto portraits, among which, those of the Rev. Mr. Mason and Dr. Johnson were the most perfect. His widow continued her voyage to India, but died just on her arrival at Bengal.

The following little circumstance, as it serves to shew the kind disposition of Sir Joshua, I may be allowed to mention, although it relates so much to my own concerns.

The latter end of the year 1775 was now arrived, when it only wanted a few months of five years that I had been with him, and when I also approached the twenty-ninth year of my age; and I thought it high time for me to do something for myself at so late a period in the life of a pupil, having been prevented by many causes from beginning my studies as a painter in earlier youth. I therefore thought it proper to give Sir Joshua notice of my intentions some months before my departure; this, however, was a task very disagreeable to me, and I deferred it from day to day, but at last determined, and going to him one morning in the month of December, when he was alone in his painting room, I began by saying that at the end of May next it would be five years since I first came to his house. Sir Joshua, with a gentleness in his manner, said, that he thought that was full sufficient, and that I was now well able to do for myself. I then replied, that I was very sensible of the obligation I owed him, and that I would stay any time longer he should think proper if I could be of any service to him. Sir Joshua said by no means, as I had already done him much service; I answered that I feared I had not been of so much assistance to him as I wished, but that it was solely from want of power, and not inclination. Sir Joshua was so obliging as to say, that I had been very useful to him, more so than any scholar that had ever been with him; and he added, "I hope we shall assist each other as long as we live," and "that if I would remain with him until the month of May he should be very much obliged to me, as I could be very useful to him;" I answered, that I intended it, and during that time wished to work as much as it was in my power for his service, and thus the conversation ended.

On the 12th of May, 1776, I took my leave of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to take my chance in the world, and we parted with great cordiality; he said I was perfectly in the right in my intentions, and that he had been fully satisfied with my conduct whilst I had been with him; also, that he had no idea I should have staid with him so long, "but now," added Sir Joshua, "to succeed in the art, you are to remember that something more is to be done than that which did formerly; Kneller, Lely, and Hudson, will not do now." I was rather surprized to hear him join the former two names with that of Hudson, who was so evidently their inferior as to be out of all comparison.

It was impossible to quit such a residence as Sir Joshua's without reluctance, a house in which I had spent so many happy hours, and although perfectly satisfied in my own mind that what I did in this respect was right, and that it was high time for me to be acting for myself on the stage of life, yet to leave that place, which was the constant resort of all the eminent in every valuable quality, without an inward regret, was not in my power. It is a melancholy reflection even at this moment, when one considers the ravages a few short years have made in that unparalleled society which shone at his table, now all gone!

As this event was a considerable era in my life when I was no longer to be an inmate as one of the family of Sir Joshua Reynolds, I may be suffered to make a pause, and indulge my thoughts in the pleasing recollection of many little circumstances and matters of observation which occurred during the space of five years; therefore, as a kind of summing up, and closing of this period, I shall record in this place several matters, perhaps pleasing only to myself, from the lively remembrance they raise in my mind of those happy years of my life.

Of the political sentiments of Sir Joshua at that time I may merely state, that during the contest between England and America, so strongly was it the opinion of many persons that we should conquer them in the end, that Sir Joshua, who thought the contrary, actually received five guineas each from several gentlemen under a promise to pay them in return one thousand pounds if ever he painted the portrait of General Washington in England, and which he was not to refuse to do in case the General should be brought to him to that intent.

One day at dinner with Sir Joshua and his sister, Miss Reynolds, I remarked to her that I had never seen any picture by Jervas, which was rather extraordinary, as he was a fashionable painter in his day; she said, " Nor I neither, I wonder how that should be. I do not know that I ever saw one;" then addressing Sir Joshua, she said, " Brother, how happens it that we never meet with any pictures by Jervas the painter?" when he answered very briskly, " because they are all up in the garret."

In so saying, he alluded to the destiny of bad portraits, which, in the succeeding generation, are thus treated with neglect and contempt.

I have heard Sir Joshua say that at the time when he began his career in life as a painter, the admiration of the works of Sir Godfrey Kneller was so prevalent in England, that had any person ventured to name those of Vandyke in competition with them, the painters then living would have laughed him to scorn as having advanced the greatest absurdity. This instance serves to prove the power of prejudice and fashion, which we often see so abundantly contribute to prop up and exalt the lauded idol of the day.

Another anecdote (perhaps curious to painters,) Sir Joshua used to relate, which he heard from Mr. Jonathan Richardson the portrait painter.

When Richardson was a very young man, in the course of his practice he painted the portrait of a very old lady, who, in conversation at the time of her sitting to him, happened to mention, that when she was a girl about sixteen years of age, she sat to Vandyke for her portrait. This immediately raised the curiosity of Richardson, who asked a hundred questions, many of them unimportant: however the circumstance which seemed to him as a painter, to be of the most consequence in the information he gained was this: she said, she well remembered, that, at the time when she sat to Vandyke, for her portrait, and saw his pictures in his gallery, they appeared to have a white and raw look, in comparison with the mellow and rich hue which we now see in them, and which time alone must have given to them, adding much to their excellence.

At the time that Gibbon's Roman History was published, it was the fashion to admire it exceedingly. Edmund Burke conversing with Sir Joshua upon that work, said, "he had just then been reading it, that he disliked the style of writing, that it was very affected, mere frippery and tinsel."

Upon another occasion, Mr. Edmund Burke when in conversation with Sir Joshua, remarked to him the peculiar advantages which certain situations gave to those who chose to make use of them; "for instance, you, Sir Joshua, from your character and the opportunities you have by your profession of being so much in private with persons of the highest rank and power, at moments, also, when they are at leisure and in good humour, might obtain favours from them which would give you a patronage almost equal to that of a prime minister."

"There is some truth in what you say," answered Sir Joshua, "but how could I presume to ask favours from those to whom I became known only by my obligations to them?"

The earnest desire which Sir Joshua had to render his pictures perfect to the utmost of his ability, and in each succeeding instance to surpass the former, occasioned his frequently making them inferior to what they had been in the course of the process, and when it was observed to him, "That probably he never had sent out to the world any one of his paintings in as perfect a state as it had been;" he answered, that he believed the remark was very just; but that, notwithstanding, he certainly gained ground by it on the whole, and improved himself by the experiment: adding, "If you are not bold enough to run the risk of losing, you can never hope to gain."

With the same ardent wish of advancing himself in his art, I have heard him say, that whenever a new sitter came to him for a portrait, he always began it with a full determination to make it the best picture he had ever painted; neither would he allow it to be an excuse for his failure, to say, "The subject was a bad one for a picture;" there was always nature, he would observe, which, if well treated, was fully sufficent for the purpose.

In the short fragment inserted in his Memoir by Mr. Malone, he expresses himself thus, much to the same purport: "My success and continual improvement in my art, (if I may be allowed that expression) may be ascribed, in a good measure, to a principle which I will boldly recommend to imitation; I mean a principle of honesty; which, in this, as in all other instances, is, according to the vulgar proverb, certainly the best policy. I always endeavoured to do my best. Great or vulgar, good subjects or bad, all had nature; by the exact representation of which, or even by the endeavour to give such a representation, the painter cannot but improve in his art."

It was one of Sir Joshua's favourite maxims, that all the gestures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitude, commences with the introduction of the dancing master. He delighted much in marking the dawning traits of the youthful mind, and the actions and bodily movements even of infants; and it was by these means that he acquired the ability which enabled him to pourtray children with such exquisite happiness, truth, and variety. A circumstance, as related by himself, occurs to my remembrance, which may serve to prove the truth of the above observation, as well as to shew how watchful his mind was to catch instruction wherever it was to be gained.

Sir Joshua being in company with a party of ladies and gentlemen, who were viewing a nobleman's house, they passed through a gallery of portraits, when a little girl, who belonged to one of the party, attracted the particular attention of Sir Joshua by her vivacity and the sensible drollery of her observations; for whenever the company made a stand, to look at each portrait in particular, the child, unconscious of being observed by any one, imitated, by her actions, the air of the head, and sometimes awkward effect of the ill disposed position of the limbs in each picture; and this she did with so much innocence and true feeling, that it was the most just and incontrovertible criticism that could be made on the picture.

We may perceive, by this instance, that those parts of the art which are its essentials, and the most difficult to accomplish with tolerable success, namely, grace, ease of attitude, and expression, are qualities which lie open to the knowledge and judgment of the most simple and untaught persons, in a much greater degree than to the half learned connoisseur.

The many trifles which I have here related, I fear make me liable to the censure of my judicious reader, and most of those trifles probably had much better have been omitted; but as it is all truth, and several of the circumstances are worth preserving, I was unwilling to make myself the judge, by a selection, and therefore, having risked the danger of giving too many, least I should have fallen into the worse fault of giving too few: and I have also an apology for what I have done, and which I here give in the very words of that great prelate, Secker, in his tenth sermon, where he has the following passage, " Rabbi David Kimchi, a noted Jewish commentator, who lived about five hundred years ago, explains that passage in his first psalm, ' *His leaf shall not wither,*' from Rabbins yet older than himself, thus: that *even the idle talk* (so he expresses it,) *of a good man ought to be regarded;* the most superfluous things, he saith, are always of some value."

I shall, therefore, boldly proceed on such authority, even if my good reader be fatigued by my relating those minute and petty matters, but which have dwelt in my memory from the time I left the house of Sir Joshua, and which, probably, appear more important to my mind, as I have before observed, than they can to another, from their connection with that period of my youth.

It was an opinion of his, that as it is impossible for us to do hurt to the dead, therefore we may hold up their imperfections to view, as an example for others to avoid the like, and by this means do good to the living. If we owe regard (says Johnson) to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.

On speaking to him concerning a friend of his, who was dying of a lingering disease, for which he was sensible there was no possible cure, it was remarked of this person, that his situation seemed to excite in him the utmost degree of impatience and terror, and that he appeared like a criminal under sentence of death. Sir Joshua observed, "That we are all under sentence of death; but that his warrant was signed."

It was an observation of his, that it had a bad tendency to look at works worse than our own, as it might make us too easily content with our own productions, or else deaden our ardor for the art itself. The exact reverse to this is the consequence from viewing fine pictures.

It was his opinion, that it never did a painter much credit to have no other pictures than his own in a collection, as it became tiresome to the spectator from the want of variety, and also, that the painter's peculiar defects became more conspicuous by seeing them so often repeated.

Sir Joshua used to say, that he could instruct any boy that chance should throw in his way, to be able in half a year to paint a likeness in a portrait; but to give a just expression and true character to the picture was rare to be seen, and proved the great master: and of Velasquez the celebrated Spanish painter, of whose great powers he thought so favourably, he said, "What we are all attempting to do with great labour, he does at once."

A friend of his was relating to him the ill success of an indifferent painter in the country, who, by his caricature likenesses, enraged his sitters, and more especially the ladies, as much as if he had really made them in their own persons, as they were in their portraits, and this he observed seemed to be carrying their anger too far.

"Why you know," said Sir Joshua, "he has given it under his hand that they are so."

A very bad picture, which by the professor was thought to be of great value, was offered to him for his purchase, and the price demanded for it most absurdly was two hundred guineas, when he answered, with some degree of impatience, "Why not two thousand!"

In conversation once with Sir Joshua, he said in the way of advice, that "He who would arrive at eminence in his profession should confine his whole attention to that alone, and not do as many very sensible men have done, who spend their time in acquiring a smattering and general kind of knowledge of every science, by which their powers become so much divided, that they are not masters of any one." I said hastily, "That is exactly my own father." He replied, "And it was mine also."

A young painter who was showing his performance to him in order to have his opinion and instruction upon it, when the faults were pointed out to him, excused himself by saying he had committed the error by following the dictates of his employer whom he wished to please. Sir Joshua would not allow such a reason to be a palliation of his faults, adding, "It is you who are to understand your own business, and not your employer." Yet he would never willingly offer advice, unless he perceived the mind of the person, who asked it, was earnestly engaged on their subject; otherwise, he said it was lost labour, and that instruction went in at one ear and out at the other.

The following observations by Sir Joshua Reynolds, were the result of many conversations, or from fragments written by himself.

"The great principle of being happy in this world is not to regard or be affected with small things."

"No man relishes an evening walk like him whose mind has been employed the whole preceding day."

"Polite behaviour and a refined address, like good pictures, make the least show to ordinary eyes."

"Humility is not to despise any thing, especially mankind."

"Magnanimity is not to be disturbed at any thing."

"The man is a pedant who, having been brought up among books, is able to talk of nothing else. The same of a soldier, lawyer, painter, &c."

"Natural, is that which is according to the common course of things, consequently an ugly face is an unnatural face."

"The character of a nation is perhaps more strongly marked by their taste in painting, than in any other pursuit, although more considerable; as you may easier find which way the wind sits by throwing up a straw in the air than any heavier substance."

"Rules are very necessary to, but will never make, a painter. They should be used as servants, and subject to us, not we to them."

"In painting prefer truth before freedom of hand."

"Grandeur is composed of straight lines."

"Genteelness and elegance of serpentine lines."

"A firm and determined manner is grand, but not elegant."

"Genteelness is not being crowded, especially if there is a fullness at the same time."

"Air is a single moment of any action."

"Simplicity is an exact medium between too little and too much."

"Grace is the medium of motion, beauty is the medium of form, and genteelness the medium of the fashion."

"Ornament is the medium between wanting what is necessary, and being over-furnished."

"Ornament ought to arise only from the right ordering of things. *Orno* is Latin for 'to furnish.'"

"Manner in painting is like peculiarity of behaviour; though it may please a few, the bulk of mankind will condemn it."

"The only wages a real genius thinks of in his labour, is the praise of impartial judges."

"A good portrait painter may not be capable of painting history."

"But an historical painter for certain has the ability to paint portrait."

I shall now resume my narrative.

In Sir Joshua's seventh discourse, delivered on the tenth of December, as usual, in this year, his object was to prove the existence of a real standard of taste; this he considered as absolute as one for corporeal beauty, and as an immutable truth in itself, although, at the same time, it did not preclude the existence of certain variable and secondary truths, differing according to circumstances, in their influence as well as in their stability, and therefore particularly requiring the artist's close attention.

At the commencement of this oration, he again recommended *industry* most strenuously to the students; but with this happy distinction, that it was not "the industry of the *hands*, but of the *mind*." He then marked the precise definition of the art itself, which, though "not a divine *gift*, so neither is it a mechanical trade," considering its foundation as resting on solid science, but still insisting that practice, although essential to perfection, would never arrive at its aim unless directed by a judicious principle.

As great learning is not absolutely necessary for a painter, he recommended his youthful hearers not to be terrified at the want of it, but still to keep in mind that a certain degree of cultivation, such as was in their power, was nevertheless essential; and he therefore pointed out the propriety of being tolerably conversant with the poets, even in English, so as to imbibe a poetical spirit, of adopting a habit of acquiring and digesting ideas, and of obtaining some knowledge of that part of philosophy which gives an insight into human nature, as connected with the manners, characters, passions, and affections; in short, that a painter "ought to know *something* concerning the mind, as well as a *great deal* concerning the body of man"—a truth which he more fully exemplified in another part of the discourse, saying, that, "in fact, as he who does not know himself, does not know others, so it may be said, with equal truth, that he who does not know others, knows himself but very imperfectly."

For this great end, he recommended reading as the recreation of leisure hours; and that the student (agreeable to his own custom) should supply what partial and desultory reading cannot afford by the conversation of learned and ingenious men, which he considered as the best of all substitutes for those who have not the means or opportunities of deep study.

Of these studies, and of this conversation, added Sir Joshua, the desire and legitimate offspring is a power of distinguishing right from wrong; which power, when applied to works of art, he considered to be that which the world calls "taste." He then proceeded to examine, whether *taste* is so far beyond human reach as to be unattainable with care, or so very vague and capricious that no care ought to be employed about it.

To follow him through this investigation would be far beyond my proposed limits; though it may be noticed, that he laid it down as an axiom, that although *Genius* and *Taste*, in their common acceptation, appear to be very nearly related, as "the difference lies only in this, that genius has superadded to it a habit or power of execution: or we may say, that taste, when this power is added, changes its name and is called genius,—still is the popular opinion most absurd, that they may both claim an entire exemption from the restraint of rules; that their powers are intuitive; and that, under the name of genius great works are produced, and under the name of taste an exact judgment is given, without our knowing why, and without our being under the least obligation to reason, precept, or experience."

After speaking of taste in general, he applied it to the art in its various particulars, observing, that it is reason and good sense which rank and estimate every art, and every part of that art, according to its importance, from the painter of animated, down to inanimate, nature; but he protested against any man who shall prefer the inferior style, saying, that it is his taste; for here taste has nothing, or, at least, ought to have nothing, to do with the question—" he wants not taste, but sense and soundness of judgment."

In avoiding one extreme of opinion, however, Sir Joshua did not commit the frequent error of adopting its opposite; but still acknowledged that a part of taste does not absolutely belong to the external form of things, but is addressed to the mind, and actually depends on its original frame, or, as he expressed himself, " the organization of the soul; I mean the imagination and the passions"—but then he contended, that the principles of these are as invariable as the former, and are to be known and reasoned upon in the same manner, by an appeal to common sense deciding upon the common feelings of mankind.

In his enthusiasm for the art itself, Sir Joshua never lost sight of its highest advantages in its bearing upon the minds of mankind wherever it was cultivated; and in this very discourse he noticed, that it has been often observed, that the good and virtuous man alone can acquire this true or just relish even of works of art; an opinion which he considered as well founded, when we reflect that the same habit of mind which is acquired by our search after truth in the more serious duties of life, is only transferred to the pursuit of lighter amusements; that the same disposition, the same desire to find something steady, substantial, and durable, on which the mind can lean, as it were, and rest with safety, actuates us in both cases; and, as he adds, that the subject only is changed, but that we pursue the same method in our search after the idea of beauty and perfection in each; "of virtue, by looking forwards beyond ourselves to society, and to the whole; of arts, by extending our views in the same manner to all ages and all times."

The truths with which he closed this brilliant discourse are too important to mankind in general not to be repeated here; for Sir Joshua always had the power, as well as the desire, of rendering art useful to morals. "The true spirit of philosophy," said he, "by giving knowledge, gives a manly confidence, and substitutes rational firmness in the place of vain presumption. A man of real taste is always a man of judgment in other respects; and those inventions which either disdain, or shrink from, reason, are generally, I fear, more like the dreams of a distempered brain, than the exalted enthusiasm of a sound and true genius. In the midst of the highest flights of fancy or imagination, reason ought to preside from first to last, though I admit her more powerful operation is upon reflection!"

Of the year 1777 I have little to record concerning Sir Joshua from my own knowledge, as, at that time, I was not in London. A poetical epistle, about this period, had been printed, addressed to him, in which, whilst praising a portrait of Lord Amherst, the poet says something about the fleetiness of his colours, when he good-humouredly observed, in answer, that it must be acknowledged, then, that he came off with flying colours.

This poem, in addition to its mixture of praise, and of a certain portion of implied censure, also offered Sir Joshua some advice, recommending to him the further painting of Burke and Garrick; a hint which was totally unnecessary both to the wishes and the genius of the artist and the friend.

In 1778 Sir Joshua published his Seven Discourses, with a Dedication to his Majesty, of which it was aptly said at the time, that it was a model to dedicators, and a hint both to writers and painters, that a portrait may be well drawn, without being varnished, and highly coloured without being daubed.

The most prominent feature in it runs thus:—"The regular progress of cultivated life is from necessaries to accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments.

"By your illustrious predecessors were established Marts for Manufactures, and Colleges for Science; but for the Arts of Elegance, those Arts by which Manufactures are improved and Science refined, to found an Academy was reserved for your Majesty.

"Had such patronage been without effect, there had been reason to believe that nature had, by some insurmountable impediment, obstructed our proficiency; but the annual exhibitions, which your Majesty has been pleased to encourage, show that only encouragement had been wanting.

"To give advice to those who are contending for royal liberality, has been, for some years, the duty of my station in the Academy; and these discourses hope for your Majesty's acceptance, as well intended endeavours to excite the emulation which your notice has kindled, and to direct those studies which your bounty has rewarded.

"*Sint Mœcenates non deerunt Marones.*"—

I think it has already been observed, that at all the times when Sir Joshua delivered his discourses to the Royal Academy, the audience was very numerous, being composed of the learned and the great, as well as those engaged in the study of the arts.

A gold medal was presented once in every two years by the Royal Academy, as a prize for the best historical picture, to be painted by a student of the Academy.

A young painter who had made several different designs for the composition of the story he was about to execute in order to his becoming a candidate, brought his sketches to Sir Joshua, to consult with him and have his opinion as to which was the best in point of sentiment, or most clear in explaining the history.

Sir Joshua's answer was to this effect: "You may choose whichever you please; it will turn out precisely the same; you are to recollect that your picture is to be judged of by painters only. It will be the manual execution of the work, and that alone which will engross the attention of Artists, and the degree of merit displayed in that part of the art is what will determine them in their election of the candidate for the prize.

"It is no matter how long or how short the time may have been in which you have done the work; or with how much difficulty, or with how much ease you have accomplished it. The result alone is to be considered."

This is quite consistent with some observations in the fragments preserved by Mr. Malone, where he says, "My principal labour was employed on the whole together; and I was never weary of changing, and trying different modes and different effects. I had always some scheme in my mind, and a perpetual desire to advance. By constantly endeavouring to do my best, I acquired a power of doing that with spontaneous facility, which at first was the effort of my whole mind; and my reward was threefold; the satisfaction resulting from acting on this first principle, improvement in my art, and the pleasure derived from a constant pursuit after excellence."

In this year he painted one of his best portraits of Dr. Johnson, who observes of it in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, "I have twice sat to Sir Joshua, and he seems to like his own performance. He has projected another in which I am to be busy; but we can think on it at leisure"—and in a subsequent epistle he adds, "Sir Joshua has finished my picture, and it seems to please every body, but I shall wait till I see how it pleases you."

In this strict intimacy so long kept up with Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua seems to have considered himself as enjoying both pleasure and advantage; and upon one occasion, whilst conversing with a friend upon the strictness with which Johnson inculcated to all his acquaintance the importance of perpetual vigilence against the slightest degree of falsehood, he observed that the effect had been, that all who were of his *school* were distinguished for a love of truth and accuracy, which they might not have possessed in the same degree, if they had not been acquainted with Johnson.

Sir Joshua's regard for the memory of his departed friend Goldsmith is properly recorded by Boswell in a conversation which took place at this period, at a dinner party at his house. When talking of the "Traveller" he said, "I was glad to hear Charles Fox say, it was one of the finest poems in the English language." Mr. Langton then asked. "Why were you glad? you surely had no doubt of this before;" to which Johnson added, "No! the merit of the *Traveller* is so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it;" when, with great modesty, Sir Joshua replied, "but his friends may suspect they had too great a partiality for him."

Speaking of this conversation afterwards, Johnson seemed to display some little jealousy at Sir Joshua's friendship with the heads of a party to which his own politics were inimical, for he said, "Yes, Sir, I knocked Fox on the head, without ceremony. Reynolds is too much under Fox and Burke at present. He is under the *Fox Star*, and the *Irish Constellation*. He is always under some planet;"—but the truth is, that Sir Joshua never attempted to borrow light from any political or scientific luminary, however brilliant; for, to carry on the metaphor, 'twas his own powerful attraction that brought him and them into the same sphere.

However, he had soon after an opportunity of returning the retort, when Johnson, talking of a phrase of Garrick's, who called Lord Camden a "little lawyer," at the time he was boasting of his acquaintance, said, "Well, Sir, Garrick talked very properly. Lord Camden was a *little lawyer* to be associating so familiarly with a player;" on which, as Mr. Boswell says, Sir Joshua observed, and with great truth, "that Johnson considered Garrick to be, as it were, his *property*, and that he would allow no man either to blame or to praise Garrick in his presence, without contradicting him."

Another conversation about this time, recorded by Mr. Boswell, is so descriptive of Sir Joshua's mild, yet persevering manner, in argumentative, yet friendly discourse, that I should not feel myself at liberty to omit it.

Whilst dining at General Paoli's, the subject of wine drinking was introduced, which Sir Joshua defended, and Boswell at that time drinking water in imitation of Johnson, the latter exclaimed, "Boswell is a bolder combatant than Sir Joshua: he argues for wine without the help of wine; but Sir Joshua with it." Sir Joshua replied, "But to please one's company is a strong motive;" when Johnson, then supposing the whole company to be a little elevated, exclaimed, "I won't argue any more with you, Sir: you are too far gone;" to which he mildly answered, "I should have thought so indeed, Sir, had I made such a speech as you have now done." On this Johnson drew himself up, blushing, as Boswell describes it, and said, "Nay, don't be angry, I did not mean to offend you."

Sir Joshua then observed, "At first the taste of wine was disagreeable to me; but I brought myself to drink it, *that I might be like other people*. The pleasure of drinking wine is so connected with pleasing your company, that altogether there is something of social goodness in it." As this touched upon Johnson's own peculiarity he felt it, and, though inaccurately, complained that it was not only saying the same thing over again.

On another occasion Sir Joshua shewed his habit and facility of judging of character, for whilst conversing about Johnson in his absence, Boswell said, that his power of reasoning was very strong, and that he had a peculiar art of drawing characters, which was as rare as good portrait painting. "Yes," replied Sir Joshua, "he is undoubtedly admirable in this; but in order to mark the characters which he draws, he overcharges them, and gives people more than they really have, whether of good or bad."

Another proof of Sir Joshua's nice discrimination of characters is seen in the distinction he makes between true politeness and the affectation of it, and clearly given by him in the instance of two noblemen, to whom he paid a morning visit on a Sunday. The first that he paid his respects to received him with extraordinary affected condescension, and seemed very desirous to please, talked to him the whole time on nothing but his art, in order to give him a fair opportunity of appearing to the most advantage, and observed to him, that he had requested the pleasure of this visit on a Sunday that he might not occasion his losing that time which, on other days, could be so much better employed.

After quitting this nobleman, he paid his next visit to another, (I think it was Lord Chesterfield,) who, unlike the first, received him with the same freedom as if he had been his equal, never once spoke upon the subject of art, nor observed that Sunday was the day of rest for the laborious; but discoursed on the news and the occurrences of the day, and on such other topics as a gentleman of education is supposed to be acquainted with, and no word escaped him that denoted his recollection of any difference in their stations.

This anecdote was related to me by Sir Joshua himself many years after the occurrence, as an instance that had struck him very forcibly as a fine contrast.

The perspicuity and clearness of Sir Joshua's judgment was evident in all his conversation, and another little instance is thus given in his own words from a fragment written in his own hand.

"Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, at a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, said, that he thought a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raffaelle.

"This is an observation of a very narrow mind; a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce, that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end, of happiness or pleasure: the end is a rational enjoyment of life, by means of arts and sciences; it is, therefore, the highest degree of folly to set the means in a higher rank of esteem than the accomplished end. It is as much as to say that the brick-maker is a more useful member of society than the architect who employs him. The usefulness of the brick-maker is acknowledged, but the rank of him and the architect are very different. No man deserves better of mankind than he who has the art of opening sources of intellectual pleasure and instruction by means of the senses."

It is not to be understood from this anecdote that Sir Joshua was apt to over-rate the degree of his profession in respect to its rank in society. The following circumstance will show how just a view he had of its comparative importance.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had as great a portion of enthusiasm for his art, as any man can have for the study which he may have adopted; and, indeed, without this stimulus nothing great or difficult can be accomplished: yet he was totally free from that weakness so commonly found among professional men, of over-rating either the rank, value, or importance of his profession. He felt it as a duty to excel in the department which he had undertaken: he relied upon it entirely, as his great source of support and honour, his bulwark and preserver; but he did not expect or require, as a thing of course, that others should see it in the same view: it was of high consequence to him; but not equally so to *them*. The plank which saves a man from drowning becomes to him of more value than a first rate man of war, yet he does not expect that others should look on it as of the same degree of importance. Hence Sir Joshua always considered this professional kind of mania as a species of pedantry, and thought a certain eminent professor of the science of music very absurd who, when he related a circumstance of three great musicians having been introduced at the court of a prince, said " these three great *personages* were presented," a term only applicable to persons of high rank in society.

It has often been remarked that the king never commissioned Sir Joshua for a single picture; indeed he never sat to him but once, when his portrait was painted by him for the Royal Academy.

Soon after that picture was finished, Sir Joshua went down on a visit to Dr. Warton at Winchester College, where he was particularly noticed by their Majesties, who were then making a tour through the summer encampments, having taken Winchester in their route.

In Dr. Warton's biography, some of the particulars of this visit are entered into; his house being stated at that period to have been filled with men, some of whom were of high and acknowledged talents; amongst others, in addition to Sir Joshua, were the late Lord Palmerston, Messrs. Stanley and Warton, and Mr. Garrick; a whimsical accident is stated to have occurred to the latter at one of the reviews, and which Sir Joshua afterwards recounted with great humour.

At one of those field days in the vicinity, Garrick found it necessary to dismount, when his horse escaped from his hold and ran off; throwing himself immediately into his professional attitude he cried out, as if on Bosworth field, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

This exclamation, and the accompanying attitude, excited great amazement amongst the surrounding spectators, who knew him not; but it could not escape his Majesty's quick apprehension, for it being within his hearing, he immediately said, "Those must be the tones of Garrick! see if he is not on the ground." The theatrical and dismounted monarch was immediately brought to his Majesty, who not only condoled with him most good humouredly on his misfortune, but flatteringly added, "that his delivery of Shakspeare could never pass undiscovered."

Of any further incidents relative to art, connected with the biography of Sir Joshua during this year, I need only mention, that Mr. Score, a native of Devonshire, was his pupil about this time, and that on the 10th of December, as usual, the president delivered his eighth discourse.

In this he laid it down as a truth, that all the principles both of painting and poetry have their foundation in the human mind; that novelty and contrast, however necessary, must still become defects, if carried to excess; and that even simplicity itself might be overstrained.

These points he generally illustrated, as emanating from the mind itself, by stating, that as variety reanimates the attention, which is apt to languish under a continual sameness, so novelty makes a more forcible impression on the mind, than can be produced by the representation of what we have often seen before, whilst contrast stimulates the power of comparison by opposition. All this he considered so obvious as not to require proof; but at the same time he very judiciously added, that the mind, though an active principle, has likewise a disposition to indolence; and though it loves exercise, loves it only to a certain degree, beyond which it is very unwilling to be led, or driven. From this, then, he inferred, that the pursuit of novelty and variety may be carried to excess; for whenever variety entirely destroys the pleasure arising from uniformity and repetition, and whenever novelty counteracts and shuts out the pleasure arising from old habits and customs, they must then oppose, in too great a degree, the indolence of our disposition, so that the mind can only bear with pleasure, a small portion of novelty at a time.

This position he exemplified further, by observing, that when the objects are scattered and divided into many equal parts in any composition, the eye is thereby perplexed and fatigued, from not knowing where to rest, where to find the principal action, or where is the principal figure; for when all are making equal pretensions to notice, all are in equal danger of neglect. " The expression which is used very often on these occasions is, *the piece wants repose;* a word which perfectly expresses a relief of the mind from that state of hurry and anxiety which it suffers, when looking at a work of this character."

Sir Joshua then proceeded to exemplify his subject by a critical review of both painters and poets, and took occasion to introduce that excellent note on Macbeth, already noticed.

In the year 1779 Sir Joshua devoted his abilities to partly ornamenting of the new apartments in Somerset-house, by executing a picture for the handsome ceiling of the library. In the centre is *Theory* sitting on a cloud. In her hand she holds a scroll with an inscription, " Theory is the knowledge of what is truly nature," a definition quite in unison with the general principle so ably maintained by the painter throughout his various discourses.

It is an obvious remark, that the point of view in which paintings on ceilings can be seen, is by no means favourable to their general effect; this difficulty has, however, been surmounted, in some degree, by the discriminating skill of Sir Joshua, and his judicious choice of his subject, to which he has imparted the most graceful lightness, representing her rather as hovering over the head of the spectator, than as fixed on any permanent seat.

In addition to this elegant specimen of his art, are the two Royal portraits, in the council room, of their present Majesties; the King being represented on his coronation chair, as at the performance of that ceremony, and his consort also, adorned with all the paraphernalia of regal costume and state.

This year terminated the mortal career of Garrick, whose fame will, however, last long. He had continued to act on the stage until a late period of his life; and it being remarked to Sir Joshua as rather extraordinary, that this Roscius of the British drama should still undergo so much fatigue after his fortune was made, and his fame established, he observed, with great knowledge of human nature, "That it was necessary for Garrick to do so, in order to preserve his popularity, and to keep up his importance with the great, who soon neglect and forget those who cease to be the town talk, however eminent they may have been," so much does fashion govern the world.

On Mr. Garrick's demise, a monody was written by Mr. Sheridan to his memory; in which he very elegantly shews, that the fame of the orator and the actor must be nearly as evanescent as those exertions on which it was founded, if not aided by the poet or the painter, whose works also have a better chance of immortality. In this production he paid Sir Joshua the compliment of placing his efforts in opposition with those of Raffaelle himself.

> " Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
> Raffaelle still boasts contemporary praise;
> Each dazzling light, and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
> With undiminished awe his works are view'd:
> E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
> Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time."

In this year Sir Joshua raised his price to fifty guineas for a head size, which he continued during the remainder of his life: his rapidly accumulating fortune was not, however, for his own sole enjoyment; he still felt the luxury of doing good, and had many objects of bounty pointed out to him by his friend Johnson, who, in one of his letters in this year to Mrs. Piozzi, inquires, "Will master give me any thing for my poor neighbours? I have had from *Sir Joshua* and Mr. Strahan."

The year 1780 is particularly noticeable, as that in which the Academy first began to exhibit at Somerset-house; their apartments in that building having recently been finished for their reception.

On this occasion the critics of the day seemed to consider themselves as arrived at a new era in the arts, or, at least, in the annals of the Academy itself, thus by the Sovereign's munificence established in a superb edifice, supposed to be well calculated for all the purposes of the Society: and I find the two following criticisms which were written upon that occasion.

One of them is in an address to his Majesty, prefixed to a "Candid Review of the Exhibition," where it is said, that "The excellence to which the arts have arisen calls particularly on the attention of the world. The progress of the Academy has been so rapid, that, though this is only the 12th year of its existence, it has already made Britain the seat of Arts, and in painting, sculpture, and engraving, it rivals, if it does not excel, all the other schools in Europe. In all ages the progress of the arts to excellence has been slow and gradual; but it is the singular merit of the Royal Academy of Britain, that it has broke through the fetters with which similar institutions have heretofore been confined, and by one rapid stride has attained the pre-eminence of all competitors."

In opposition to this, a writer in the London Courant observes, that "an establishment bearing the sanction of royal patronage, and committed to the direction of a genius like that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose works, the acknowledged patterns of grace and expression, conduce not more to excite emulation, than his lectures serve to instruct the students in the solid principles of design and composition, might have been presumed to have exerted such effects of British genius in the sublimer branches of the arts, as might almost have rivalled the exquisite sculpture of Ancient Greece and Rome, or the finished paintings of the Roman, Florentine, and Flemish schools; but in Sculpture, as well as in History, Painting, and Landscape, we cannot but perceive a mortifying disparity in the best of these pieces, in the late exhibition, when placed in competition with the works before mentioned."

This wise critic, it seems, expected that painters would start up as mushrooms do, and thrive under as small a portion of attention, but he ought to have known that Art is not to be raised by the numbers, however great, who only gaze on its productions, and do no more.

Sir Joshua's offerings to the Exhibition this year consisted of his historical portrait of Miss Beauclerc in the character of Spencer's Una, and of his emblematical figure of Justice, then drawn as a model for the window which Mr. Jervis was painting at Oxford; to these were subjoined his portraits of the Historical Gibbon, of Lady Beaumont, of Lord Cholmondeley, and of the present Duke of Gloucester. The receipts of this year's exhibition exceeded the sum of 3000*l.*

Sir Joshua in addition to these pictures thus exhibited, also painted for the Royal Academy that portrait of Sir William Chambers which they now possess.

In this year, too, he delivered two discourses, the first of which took place on the 16th of October, on the opening of the Academy at their present apartments.

In this his object was a general one, to impress upon the minds of his audience, a full conviction of the advantages resulting to society from the cultivation of intellectual pleasures; and here he most forcibly inculcated that "the estimation in which we stand with respect to our neighbours, will be in proportion to the degree in which we excel or are inferior to them in the acquisition of intellectual excellence, of which trade, and its consequential riches, must be acknowledged to give the means; but a people whose whole attention is absorbed in those pursuits, and who forget the end, can aspire but little above the rank of a barbarous nation. Every establishment that tends to the cultivation of the pleasures of the mind, as distinct from those of sense, may be considered as an inferior school of morality, where the mind is polished and prepared for higher attainments." He concluded with an elegant eulogium on *Refinement of Taste,* most truly saying, that if it does not lead directly to purity of manners, it obviates at least their greatest depravation, by disentangling the mind from appetite, "and conducting the thoughts through successive stages of excellence, till that contemplation of universal rectitude and harmony which began by Taste, may, as it is exalted and refined, conclude in virtue!"

Though the hospitable urbanity of Sir Joshua Reynolds was always directed to the promotion of social and friendly intercourse among his intimates, yet it sometimes happened, as in all mixed societies, that jars would arise. One incident which took place at his house in this year, deserves notice, as it also relates to two men of great importance in the literary world.

All the friends both of Johnson and Warton lamented the unhappy disagreement between them, which almost at once put a period to a warm and long continued friendship of many years. The whole particulars were only known to the parties themselves; but one of the company who over heard part of the wordy conflict, begins his account by stating Johnson as saying, "Sir, I am not used to be contradicted;" to which Dr. Warton replied, "Sir, if you were, our admiration could not be increased, but our love might." On the interference of the gentleman who overheard this, the dispute ceased, but a coolness always existed afterwards, which, I find it stated, was increased by many trifling circumstances that, without the intervention of this contest, might have passed unnoticed by either party.

The very various classes of different companies that were to be met with at Sir Joshua's table calls to my remembrance the saying of one illustrious person upon that subject.

A large company being invited to dine at Sir Joshua's, Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was one, and chanced to be the first person of the company who came. On entering the room, he said, "Well, Sir Joshua, and who have you got to dine with you today? for the last time I dined with you in your house, the assembly was of such a sort, that by G—— I believe all the rest of the world were at peace, for that afternoon at least."

This observation was by no means ill applied; for as Sir Joshua's companions were chiefly composed of men of genius, they were often disputatious, and apt to be vehement in argument.

In this year, and for several successive ones, Sir Joshua was busily employed on his designs for the celebrated painted widow, in New College Chapel, at Oxford, consisting of seven compartments in the lower range, each twelve feet high, and three wide, and containing the allegorical figures of the four cardinal, and three christian, virtues; viz. Temperance, Fortitude, Justice, Prudence, Faith, Hope, and Charity. In all of these, the figures are accompanied by their several attributes; and they are all single, except the centre one, where Charity is represented by a groupe, which, as described by a local critic, deserves especial notice, for the expression of the various persons introduced, whilst the "fondling of the infant, the importunity of the boy, and the placid affection of the girl, together with the divided attention of the mother, are all distinguishably and judiciously marked with a knowledge of character for which the great artist who gave this design is so justly celebrated."

Above this, on a grand scale of ten feet by eighteen, is the *Nativity*, a composition including thirteen figures, and in this, it has been well observed, that Sir Joshua had great advantages over Corregio, who, in his famous *Notte*, introduces no light in the painting but that which proceeds from the infant Saviour. The idea is not the invention even of Corregio, but certainly grand, and has been most judiciously *adopted*, for a transparency, by Sir Joshua, who cannot be said to have *copied* it, as his execution, both in *manner* and *circumstance*, gives it the effect of novelty; for from the transparent medium on which it is painted, it is light that actually does proceed through that part from whence the fancy of the painter supposes it to emanate.

This latter design was sold to the late Duke of Rutland for 1200 guineas, those of the Cardinal Virtues are now in the possession of the Marchioness of Thomond.

The final execution was entrusted to Mr. Jervis, whose portrait, as well as that of Sir Joshua himself, is introduced in the larger compartment; they are represented as shepherds.

Mr. Jervis originally practised in Dublin, as a painter on glass; but his friends pointing out to him the superior advantages which might arise from a residence in London, he proceeded to that capital, and was employed both by Sir Joshua and Mr. West in the transmission of their works from canvas to be preserved on glass, at Oxford, Windsor, and Greenwich.

With respect to the great work, which is noticed with great and due praise both by Dr. Warton, and by Mr. Thomas Warton, I may also be permitted to add some of Sir Joshua's own observations, as contained in a letter preserved by Mr. Malone in his work.

It seems that it had been at first intended to distribute the various figures in different parts of the chapel; but this Sir Joshua very judiciously opposed, and prevailed on the parties concerned to have the west window prepared for the reception of the whole by an alteration of the stone work. In a letter, written about two years previous to this, he had observed, "Supposing this scheme to take place, my idea is to paint, in the great space in the centre, Christ in the Manger, on the principle that Corregio has done it, in the famous picture called the *Notte;* making all the light proceed from Christ. These tricks of the art, as they may be called, seem to be more properly adapted to glass painting, than any other kind. This middle space will be filled with the Virgin, Christ, Joseph, and angels; the two smaller spaces on each side I shall fill with the shepherds coming to worship; and the seven divisions below with the figures of Faith, Hope, Charity, and the Four Cardinal Virtues; which will make a proper rustic base, or *foundation* for the support of the Christian Religion. Upon the whole, it appears to me, that chance has presented to us materials so well adapted to our purpose, that if we had the whole window of our own invention and contrivance, we should not probably have succeeded better."

The execution of this window soon after drew forth the following address, which is too poetic to be passed over:

> "Ah! stay thy treach'rous hand, forbear to trace
> Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
> Ah! cease to spread thy bright transparent mass
> With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
> Nor steal, by strokes of art, with truth combin'd,
> The fond illusions of my wayward mind!
> For long enamour'd of a barb'rous age,
> A faithless truant to the classic page,
> Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
> Of minstrel harps, and spell the fabling rhyme;
> To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
> That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
> To mark the mould'ring halls of barons bold,
> And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;

With Gothic manners, Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

"But chief, enraptur'd, have I lov'd to roam,
A ling'ring votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroid'ry drew;
Where Superstition, with capricious hand,
In many a maze the wretched window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far retiring aisle,
And fretted shrines with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part;
Ah! spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chance not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!

"Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But oh! of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portaitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start;
Those tints that steal no glories from the day,
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray;
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle yet distinctly rise;
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky:
Sudden, the sombrous imag'ry is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:

Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again:
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To Truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.

"Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped niche;
Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd,
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard;
Ye saints, who clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display;
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye angels, that from golden clouds recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine;
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlightened days,
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise;
Shapes that with one broad glare the gazer strike!
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space,
Lo! from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
Lo! Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the chrystal plain,
With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
The mighty master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
But calls the lineaments of life complete
From genial alchemy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel nature lives.
Artist, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile."

In this, the concluding passage is justly applicable to Mr. Jervis, who so dexterously executed the mechanical part of Sir Joshua's exquisite designs;

and thus gave to the great master's work a *degree* of immortality, which may *perhaps* outlive the *canvas*.

The second discourse delivered this year, on the 11th of December, was the tenth in succession; and in this Sir Joshua, stepping out of what may strictly be termed his own line of art, investigated the objects, form, and character of Sculpture, which he considered as possessing but one style; he also noticed the ineffectual attempts of sculptors, of the present day, to improve the art, arising partly from the costume of modern times not being so well suited to execution as that of the classic ages.

He commenced by explaining his reasons for not having sooner noticed this particular branch of art, on the principle that Painting is much more extensive and complicated than Sculpture, and affords, therefore, a more ample field for criticism; and consequently as the greater includes the less, the leading principles of sculpture are comprized in those of painting. The former he considered as an art of much more simplicity and uniformity than the latter, as it cannot with propriety, or the best effect, be applied to many subjects; the objects of its pursuit being comprized in two words, *Form* and *Character*, which qualities can be presented in one manner, or in one style, only.

He then noticed that the sculptors of the last age, not having attended sufficiently to the discrimination of the several styles of painting, have been led into many errors; so that when they endeavoured to copy the picturesque effects, contrasts or petty excellencies of whatever kind, which not improperly find a place in the inferior branches of painting, they doubtless imagined themselves improving and extending the boundaries of their art by this imitation; but, on the contrary, Sir Joshua was of opinion, that they were in reality violating its essential character, by giving a different direction to its operations, and proposing to themselves either what is unattainable, or at best a meaner object of pursuit. "The grave and austere character of Sculpture," says he, "requires the utmost degree of formality in composition; picturesque contrasts have here no place; every thing is carefully weighed and measured, one side making almost an exact equipoise to the other: a child is not a proper balance to a full grown figure, nor is a figure sitting or stooping a companion to an upright figure."

He further laid it down as a principle, that the excellence of every art must consist in the complete accomplishment of its purpose, but that all false imitations of nature, arising from a mean ambition of producing a picturesque effect or illusion of any kind, thereby degrading that grandeur of ideas which the art ought to excite, must be strictly guarded against. This he exemplified in a familiar manner, by observing, that if the business of Sculpture were only to administer pleasure to ignorance, or a mere entertainment to the senses, then the Venus de Medicis might certainly receive much improvement by colour; "but the character of sculpture makes it her duty to afford delight of a different, and, perhaps, of a higher kind—the delight resulting from the contemplation of perfect beauty; and this, which is in truth an intellectual pleasure, is in many respects incompatible with what is merely addressed to the senses, such as that with which ignorance and levity contemplate elegance of form."

In the progress of this discourse, Sir Joshua stated some other truths which are of that general tenor and import to deserve a place here. "What *Grace* is," said he, "how it is to be acquired or conceived, are in speculation difficult questions; but *causa latet, res est notissima:* without any perplexing inquiry, the effect is hourly perceived. I shall only observe, that its natural foundation is correctness of design; and though grace may be sometimes *united* with incorrectness, it cannot *proceed* from it."

Another observation may be no less interesting and important to the general reader. "It may be remarked that Grace, Character, and Expression, though words of different sense and meaning, and so understood when applied to the works of painters, are indiscriminately used when we speak of Sculpture. This indecision we may expect to proceed from the undetermined effects of the art itself; those qualities are exhibited in Sculpture, rather by form and attitude, than by the features, and can therefore be expressed but in a very general manner."

The happy manner which Sir Joshua possessed of drawing moral reflections from the excellencies of art, and of thereby extending the usefulness of his instruction, was exemplified in his conclusion, when he observed, that there is no circumstance which more distinguishes a well regulated and sound taste, than a settled uniformity of design, where all the parts are compact, and fitted to each other, every thing being of a piece. "This principle extends itself to all habits of life, as well as to all works of art." Upon these general grounds, then, he drew his inference, that the uniformity and simplicity of the materials on which the sculptor labours, prescribe bounds to his art, and teach him to confine himself to a proportionate simplicity of design.

Sir Joshua's exertions for the Exhibition in 1781, were principally confined to three paintings, of which Dr. Beattie thus observes in a letter written from London in the May of that year, "The exhibition of pictures at the Royal Academy is the best of the kind I have seen. The best pieces, in my opinion, are Thais (with a torch in her hand;) the Death of Dido; and a Boy supposed to be listening to a wonderful story; these are by Sir Joshua Reynolds." I do not, indeed, insert this criticism as a support to Sir Joshua's fame, but rather for the purpose of noticing a fact, not generally known, that Sir Joshua's *literary* aid was not neglected by his *literary friends;* a fact completely at variance with those critics who have thought proper to deny him the merit of writing his own discourses.

Beattie was at this very period preparing his "Essay on Beauty" for the press, and in this he seems evidently to have consulted Sir Joshua; for in a letter to the Dutchess of Gordon he says, " However one must keep one's word; and as your Grace desired to see this Essay, and I promised to send it (as soon as I could get it transcribed,) I send it accordingly. I should not give you the trouble to return it, if I had not promised a reading of it to Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Sir Joshua, indeed, seems to have been applied to by his friends on all occasions; and by none oftener than by Dr. Johnson, particularly for charitable purposes.

Of this there is an instance, in a note of Johnson's preserved in his life, too honourable to him to be here omitted.

" TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

" Dear Sir,

" It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring.

" I am, Dear Sir,
" Your obliged and most humble servant,
" Sam. Johnson."

Jane 23, 1781.

A few days afterwards, Johnson received from Miss Frances Reynolds (a lady to whom he was always known to have had a very high regard, and who died at the advanced age of eighty, on the 1st of November, 1807,) a copy of a work written by her, privately printed, but never published, called an " Essay on Taste." In return for this he sent her the following letter.

"TO MRS. FRANCES REYNOLDS.

"DEAREST MADAM,

"There is in these few pages, or remarks, such depth of penetration, such nicety of observation, as Locke or Pascal might be proud of. This I desire you to believe is my real opinion.

"However, it cannot be published in its present state. Many of your notions seem not to be very clear in your own mind; many are not sufficiently developed and expanded for the common reader: it wants every where to be made smoother and plainer.

"You may, by revisal and correction, make it a very elegant and a very curious work.

"I am, my dearest dear,

"Your affectionate and obedient servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Bolt Court, June 28, 1781.

To return to the subject of the Exhibition of this year, I may remark, that this picture of *Thais* gave rise, but very unjustly, to some attempts at scandalous anecdote. In a periodical work of the time, it was noticed that this picture was highly admired; that the painter had caught the very spirit of the heroine, and that she seemed rushing from the canvas to destroy Persepolis.

The Critic then observed, that there was an anecdote hanging on this picture, which was circulated by the enemies of Sir Joshua when he exhibited it; but this the writer very properly refused to give credit to, as a thing derogatory to Sir Joshua's general conduct and feelings. "The whisper insisted that the face of this picture was painted for the famous Emily Bertie, that she paid him seventy-five guineas down, and was to pay him the like sum when the picture was finished, which she was unable to do; the picture remained with Sir Joshua some time, when he, finding it not called for, took it into his head to metamorphose Emily Bertie into Thais, and exhibit her to the world in her proper character, rushing with a torch to set the Temple of Chastity on fire." He then adds, that "the truth of the matter is, Sir Joshua has now got the picture of the lovely Emily in his collection, and Thais has no kind of connexion with it, except that of two faces in a small degree resembling each other." To which I can add, from my own knowledge, that the whole story is an entire fabrication of folly; for Sir Joshua never painted any person of the name of Emily Bertie. The portrait in the character of Thais was painted in the year 1776, the head only, on a whole length canvas, from a beautiful young girl who was known by the name of Emily Coventry; she afterwards accompanied a gentleman to the East Indies, and there died young. The picture was not finished till the year 1781, and then sold to Mr. G—— for one hundred guineas; it is now in the possession of the Earl of Dysart, and is particularly excellent.

The other picture of *Dido* was much admired, and drew immense crowds to the Exhibition, exciting the applause not only of Englishmen, but of the most judicious foreigners, by the beauty of the countenance and the extreme richness of the colouring.

In the month of July, 1781, Sir Joshua set off, in company with his friend Mr. Metcalf, for the Continent, with the intention of examining the various celebrated productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

The two friends left London on the 24th, and proceeded in a post chaise for Margate, where they took shipping for Ostend, and from the latter place they took the route of Ghent, Brussels, and thence to Mechlin, at which latter place, Sir Joshua paid particular attention to the altar-piece in the cathedral, the work of Rubens, and of which he related an anecdote illustrative of that artist's manner of proceeding in his large works. This anecdote has been given more at length in the notes written by himself on the various productions of the pencil seen in this tour, published in his works, and which, indeed, were taken with the intention of drawing up a sketch of the tour for the press, but this he never proceeded further in than the writing a few introductory paragraphs addressed to his companion to whom he meant to dedicate it.

It seems that a citizen of Mechlin having bespoke this picture for the cathedral, was anxious to avoid the danger of its removal, and therefore requested Rubens to paint it in the church, to which he assented, as his own country seat at Stein was in the vicinity of that city. He therefore completed his sketch in colours, and intrusted one of his scholars, of the name of Van Egmont, with the task of dead colouring the canvas for the great picture at Mechlin, from this sketch.

The person who bespoke it, on receiving notice of this circumstance, immediately stopped Van Egmont's labours, exclaiming that he had engaged for a picture from the hand of the master and not of the scholar. However, as Sir Joshua adds, Rubens satisfied him that this was always his method of proceeding; and that this piece would be as completely his work as if he had done the whole from the beginning. "The citizen was satisfied, and Rubens proceeded with the picture, which appears to me to have no indications of neglect in any part; on the contrary, I think it *has been* one of his best pictures, though, those who know this circumstance pretend to see Van Egmont's inferior genius transpire through Ruben's touches."

From Mechlin, the travellers proceeded to Antwerp, and having seen almost every thing curious in Flanders, set off for Holland, where they visited Dort, the Hague, thence to Leyden, and Amsterdam, from whence they made a short excursion into Germany, crossing the Rhine near Dusseldorf, at which latter place Sir Joshua records a curious pictorial anecdote.

Being much pleased with the easy access to the famous Dusseldorf Gallery, and with the liberty of staying in it as long as he chose, and also with the extreme facilities afforded to students, many of whom he found copying in the gallery, and others in a large room, above stairs, expressly allotted for that purpose, Sir Joshua mentioned his great satisfaction at this liberal arrangement to the keeper, Mr. Kraye; but this gentleman informed him that although it was the Elector's wish to afford the most perfect accommodation to *visitors*, yet in regard to the students, he took some credit to himself; for when he first asked the Elector's permission for their copying the pictures, that prince refused the boon, asserting, that the copies would be offered for sale as originals, which multiplication would deteriorate the value of his collection. To this unfounded objection, Mr. Kraye answered, that painters capable of taking such copies as might pass for originals, were not likely to do so, as their time was fully occupied on originals of their own, and that the copies of the young students could not hurt his originals as they could only impose upon the ignorant whose opinions were below his Highness's attention. To this he added the very forcible argument, that if the Elector wished to produce artists in his own country, the refusal of such advantages to the student would be most unwise, and exactly on a parity with a person who should pretend to be a patron of literature, and yet in his attempts to produce scholars should refuse them the use of a library. To reasoning so plain and simple, the Elector must have been stupid indeed if he had refused assent, and Mr. Kraye had *carte blanche* accorded to him in favour of the youthful pupils.

From Dusseldorf, the two friends proceeded for Aix-la-Chapelle, and Liege; thence by the way of Brussels to Ostend, where they re-embarked, and landing at Margate, arrived, on Sunday the 16th of September, at the metropolis.

Whilst at Antwerp, Sir Joshua had taken particular notice of a young man of the name of De Gree, who had exhibited some considerable talents as a painter. His father was a taylor, and he himself had been intended for some clerical office, but as it is said by a late writer, having formed a different opinion of his religion than was intended, from the books put into his hand by an Abbe who was his patron, it was discovered that he would not do for a priest, and the Abbe therefore articled him to Gerrards of Antwerp. Sir Joshua received him, on his arrival in England, with much kindness, and even recommended to him most strongly to pursue his profession in the metropolis; but De Gree was unwilling to consent to this, as he had been previously engaged by Mr. Latouche to proceed to Ireland. Even here Sir Joshua's friendly attentions did not cease, for he actually made the poor artist a present of fifty guineas to fit him for his Hibernian excursion, the whole of which, however, the careful son sent over to Antwerp for the use of his aged parents.

About this time Mr. Opie came first to settle in London, accompanied by his friend Dr. Wolcot, when the novelty and originality of his manner in his pictures, added to his great abilities, drew an universal attention from the connoisseurs, and he was immediately surrounded and employed by all the principal nobility of England. I remember that Sir Joshua himself compared him to Carravagio.

However, it is curious to observe the changes which frequently happen in the course of a very short period, and if we oftener made this the subject of our reflection, it would have a great tendency to check our vanity in prosperity, and give us consolation even in situations apparently the most forlorn: for in a very little space of time that capricious public who had so violently admired and employed Opie, when first he appeared, and was a novelty among them, and was, in reality only the embryo of a painter, yet, when he had proved himself to be a real artist, they left him with disgust because he was a novelty no longer. They now looked out for his defects alone, and he became in his turn totally neglected and forgotten, and instead of being the sole object of public attention, and having the street, where he lived, so crowded with coaches of the nobility as to become a real nuisance to the neighbourhood, and when, as he jestingly observed to me, that he thought he must place cannon at his door to keep the multitude off from it, he now found himself as entirely deserted as if his house had been infected with the plague.—Such is the world!

He afterwards by painting some fine historical pictures for the Shakspeare gallery, &c., became again the object of moderate attention and employment, gained by his own shew of merit; but not like the first onset, for the world are never infatuated twice by the same object.

It was an observation made to me by old Mr. Wilton, the statuary, that he thought Sir Joshua Reynolds was the only eminent painter that had been able to call back the public to himself after they had grown tired of him, and which he had done more than once. This Vandyke could not accomplish; but when he was deserted in England, as one who had been too long the object of attention, went over to Paris in hope to gain employment there; but even there he was no novelty: and it not answering his expectations, he returned to England, where he soon after died, which leaves it uncertain what would have been the consequence had he survived.

Yet certain it is, that Sir Joshua was not much employed in portraits after Romney grew into fashion, although the difference between those painters was so immense.

We have to regret that Mr. Opie died at an early period of his life, and before he had time fully to make the trial of winning a second time the capricious world to appreciate justly those abilities which will ever rank him among the first of English painters.

I knew him very well; and I shall take the liberty to insert in this place the following character, which I wrote immediately on his death, and which is my true opinion of him.

"JOHN OPIE, Esq., R. A.

"Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy.

"Died April 9th, 1807.

"A man whose intellectual powers, and indefatigable industry in their cultivation, rendered him at once an honour to the country from which he originated, and an example of imitation to mankind.

"Born in a rank of life in which the road to eminence is rendered infinitely difficult, unassisted by partial patronage, scorning, with virtuous pride, all slavery of dependence, he trusted alone for his reward to the force of his natural powers, and to well directed and unremitting study; and he demonstrated, by his works, how highly he was endowed by nature with strength of judgment and originality of conception. His thoughts were always new and striking, as they were the genuine offspring of his own mind; and it is difficult to say if his conversation gave more amusement or instruction.

"The toil or difficulties of his profession were by him considered as matter of honourable and delightful contest; and it might be said of him that he did not so much paint to live, as live to paint.

"As a son he was an example of duty to an aged parent. He was studious yet not severe; he was eminent yet not vain: his disposition so tranquil and forgiving, that it was the reverse of every tincture of sour or vindictive; and what to some might have appeared as roughness of manner, was only the effect of an honest indignation towards that which he conceived to be error.

"How greatly have we cause to lament that so much talent, united to so much industry, perseverance, and knowledge, should have been prematurely snatched from the world, which it would have delighted with its powers, and benefited by its example!"

J. N.

Of the opinion of connoisseurs concerning Sir Joshua we may form some idea from the numerous compliments which were paid him at this crisis.

Mr. Nichols in his Life of Hogarth, whilst speaking of that artist's attempt to paint a *Sigismunda*, which should surpass that of Corregio now at the Duke of Newcastle's, at Clumber Park, says that, "to express a sorrow like that of *Tancred's* (Siffredi's) daughter, few modern artists are fully qualified, if we except indeed Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whose pencil Beauty in all her forms, and the Passions in all their varieties, are equally familiar."

The *London Courant* in the same year also speaks of "Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose works the acknowledged patterns of grace and expression, conduce not more to excite emulation, than his lectures serve to instruct the students in the solid principles of design and composition." To which I may justly add some observations from a Preface to Imitations of Drawings, by Mr. Rogers, in which it is expressed "how happy it is for the Academy to have for its first President a genius who feels, and is sensible of the necessity of enlarging the ideas of youth, by placing before them the works of the great masters; who teaches them to disregard the tinsel of the last age, but eagerly to search after the rich ore of that of Leo X., and who directs them in the proper method of bringing the golden fleece out of Italy into his Majesty's dominions."

With such a fame, particularly among the eminent for talents, it is not surprizing that all his friends were much alarmed at a slight paralytic affection, which after an almost uninterrupted course of good health for many years, attacked him at this period.

This was but slight, however, as its effects were completely removed in the space of a few weeks, to the great happiness of all who knew him, but perhaps of none more than Dr. Johnson, who wrote him the following letter on the occasion.

"DEAR SIR,

"I heard yesterday of your late disorder, and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise of your recovery, which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends: but I hope you will still live long, for the honour of the nation; and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence, is still reserved for,

"Dear Sir,
"Your most affectionate, &c.
"SAM. JOHNSON."

Brighthelmstone, Nov. 14th, 1782.

It was not, however, to his partial friends alone that Sir Joshua was dear; for in this very year we find him praised by an universal satirist; one who, with original humour, had magnified the most unimportant actions of royalty into foibles, and foibles into follies; it is unnecessary to add the name of Peter Pindar, who was indeed an excellent critic on art, and amused himself occasionally in landscape painting, and therefore the better qualified to judge of the excellencies of Sir Joshua.

In his Lyric Odes of this year, he has several allusions to the President of the Academy.

"Close by them hung Sir Joshua's matchless pieces—
Works! that a Titian's hand could form alone—
Works! that a Rubens had been proud to own."

And again in his farewell Odes, nearly of the same date, he advises a painter to

"Be pleased like Reynolds to direct the blind,
Who aids the feeble faltering feet of youth;
Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,
With genius stor'd and Nature's simple truth."

Exclaiming also in anothar part—

"Lo! Reynolds shines with undiminish'd ray!
Keeps, like the bird of Jove, his distant way:
Yet, simple Portrait strikes too oft our eyes,
Whilst History, anxious for his pencil, sighs."

Such praises, from such an author, may well be considered as sincere and genuine.

Sir Joshua was sufficiently recovered from his late illness to give his usual discourse on the tenth of December, the objects of which, at this period, were the investigation of genius, and the proof that it refers to the taking of general ideas only, and consists principally in the comprehension of a grand whole.

The generally received opinion of the worth of Genius, he exemplified by the position that it was the height of every artist's ambition, who, so long as he could procure the addition of the supposed possession of this quality to his name, will always patiently bear any imputation of incorrectness, of carelessness, and in short, of any other defect.

The extravagant length to which this desire may be sometimes carried, he instanced by saying that some go such lengths as to trace its indication in absolute faults, not only exercising such faults on account of genius, but actually presuming genius from their existence.

As this discourse was more specifically addressed to artists than to the world in general, I shall not examine it further than to introduce his definition of genius as applied to a painter; and he says, "this Genius consists, I conceive, in the power of expressing that which employs your pencil, whatever it may be, as a *whole;* so that the general effect and power of the whole may take possession of the mind, and for a while suspend the consideration of the subordinate and particular beauties or defects."—In addition to which, he concluded his discourse, by stating, that "the great business of study is, to form a *mind,* adapted and adequate to all times and all occasions; to which all nature is then laid open, and which may be said to possess the key of her inexhaustible riches."

In the beginning of this year the Academy suffered a very considerable loss in the death of its able and active keeper; and one to whom the Institution, in a great degree, owed its establishment. The demise of Mr. Moser, the first person who held the office in the Royal Academy, was honoured by Sir Joshua, in a public testimonial to his memory, which was inserted in the newspapers of the day: the character is justly given by his sincere friend; and as it relates to the arts, as well as to the subject of our Memoir, cannot, with propriety, be omitted.

It is now given, (says Mr. Malone,) from a copy in Sir Joshua's hand-writing.

"*January* 24, 1783.

"Yesterday died, at his apartments in Somerset-place, George Michael Moser, Keeper of the Royal Academy; aged seventy-eight years. He was a native of Switzerland, but came to England very young, to follow the profession of a chaser in gold, in which art he has been always considered as holding the first rank. But his skill was not confined to this alone; he possessed an universal knowledge in all branches of painting and sculpture, which perfectly qualified him for the place that he held in the Academy, the business of which principally consists in superintending and instructing the students, who draw or model from the antique figures.

" His private character deserves a more ample testimony than this transient memorial. Few have passed a more inoffensive, or, perhaps, a more happy life; if happiness, or enjoyment of life, consists in having the mind always occupied, always intent upon some useful art, by which fame and distinction may be acquired. Mr. Moser's whole attention was absorbed, either in practice, or something that related to the advancement of art. He may truly be said, in every sense, to have been the father of the present race of artists; for long before the Royal Academy was established, he presided over the little societies which met first in Salisbury-court, and afterwards in St. Martin's-lane, where they drew from living models. Perhaps nothing that can be said will more strongly imply his amiable disposition, than that all the different societies with which he has been connected, have always turned their eyes upon him for their treasurer and chief manager; when, perhaps, they would not have contentedly submitted to any other authority. His early society was composed of men whose names are well known in the world; such as Hogarth, Rysbrach, Roubiliac, Wills, Ellis, Vanderbank, &c.

" Though he had outlived all the companions of his youth, he might, to the last, have boasted of a succession equally numerous; for all that knew him were his friends.

" When he was appointed Keeper of the Royal Academy, his conduct was exemplary, and worthy to be imitated by whoever shall succeed him in that office. As he loved the employment of teaching, he could not fail of discharging that duty with diligence. By the propriety of his conduct he united the love and respect of the students; he kept order in the Academy, and made himself respected, without the austerity or importance of office; all noise and tumult immediately ceased on his appearance; at the same time there was nothing forbidding in his manner, which might restrain the pupils from freely applying to him for advice or assistance.

"All this excellence had a firm foundation: he was a man of sincere and ardent piety, and has left an illustrious example of the exactness with which the subordinate duties may be expected to be discharged by him whose first care is to please God.

"He has left one daughter behind him, who has distinguished herself by the admirable manner in which she paints and composes pieces of flowers, of which many samples have been seen in the exhibitions. She has had the honour of being much employed in this way by their Majesties, and for her extraordinary merit has been received into the Royal Academy."

Mr. Lowe,* the painter, as stated by Mr. Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, was very much distressed that a large picture which he had painted was refused to be received into the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; and as he was intimate with, and much befriended by, Dr. Johnson, he immediately applied to him to use his interest with Sir Joshua in order to procure its admittance, on which Johnson sent the following letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, which letter I have seen, and another to Mr. Barry, who at that time was one of the council.

"TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"Sir,

"Mr. Lowe considers himself as cut off from all credit and all hope, by the rejection of his picture from the Exhibition. Upon this work he has exhausted all his powers, and suspended all his expectations: and certainly, to be refused an opportunity of taking the opinion of the public, is, in itself, a very great hardship. It is to be condemned without a trial.

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* Mr. Lowe was a natural son of the late Lord Sutherland, from whom he had an annuity. He was much esteemed by Dr. Johnson, who bequeathed him a legacy, and stood to one of his children as godfather. He was sent to Rome by the patronage of the Royal Academy, in consequence of his having gained the gold medal in 1771; and died, at an obscure lodging in Westminster, September, 1793.

" If you could procure the revocation of this incapacitating edict, you would deliver an unhappy man from great affliction. The council has sometimes reversed its own determinations; and I hope that, by your interposition, this luckless picture may be got admitted.

" I am, &c.,
" Sam. Johnson."

April 12, 1783.

" TO JAMES BARRY, ESQ.

" Sir,

" Mr. Lowe's exclusion from the Exhibition gives him more trouble than you and the other gentlemen of the council could imagine or intend. He considers disgrace and ruin as the inevitable consequence of your determination. He says, that some pictures have been received after rejection; and if there be any such precedent, I earnestly intreat that you will use your interest in his favour. Of his work I can say nothing: I pretend not to judge of painting; and this picture I never saw: but I conceive it extremely hard to shut out any man from the possibility of success; and therefore I repeat my request, that you will propose the re-consideration of Mr. Lowe's case; and if there be any among the council with whom my name can have any weight, be pleased to communicate to them the desire of, Sir,

" Your most humble Servant,

April 12, 1783. " Sam. Johnson."

Such intercession was too powerful to be resisted; and Mr. Lowe's performance was admitted at Somerset House, and exhibited there in an empty room. The subject was the Deluge, at that point of time when the water was rising to the top of the last uncovered mountain. Near to the spot was seen the last of the antediluvian race, exclusive of those who were saved in the ark of Noah. This was one of those giants, then the inhabitants of the earth, who had still strength to swim, and with one of his hands held aloft his infant child. Upon the small remaining dry spot appeared a famished lion ready to spring at the child and devour it. Mr. Lowe told Boswell that Dr. Johnson said to him, "Sir, your picture is noble and probable." "A compliment indeed," said Mr. Lowe, "from a man who cannot lie, and cannot be mistaken."

In this speech of Mr. Lowe's we may perceive how easily and readily vanity or conceit can give flattery to itself. That Johnson would not lie we will admit; but, in his own letter to Barry he allows an ample field for mistake, as he confesses he knows nothing of the art, and that he had never seen the picture. I saw the picture myself when it was exhibited in an anti room in the Academy, and then thought it had been much better for Mr. Lowe if he had complied with the first decree of the council; for if the conception of the picture had been good, as Dr. Johnson insinuates, yet the execution of it was execrable beyond belief. Johnson was also mistaken in saying it was like condemning without a trial. On the contrary, Mr. Lowe had been tried, and by the fairest jury, that of his peers, those of the same profession; and the world confirmed their decision to be just, as the picture, when shewn in public, was universally condemned.

This Mr. Mauritius Lowe was the pupil of Mr. Cipriani, but improved little under his tuition. He was also admitted a student of the Royal Academy among the first of those who entered that institution. In this situation he made very slender advances in the art, being too indolent and inattentive to his studies to attain any excellence. But it is remarkable, that he was the person who obtained the gold medal first offered by the Royal Academy to the student who should produce the best historical picture. The subject given was Time discovering Truth.

If it be asked, how Mr. Lowe, though deficient as an artist, could obtain the medal? it may with truth be said, that he owed his success to the partiality of the Italian gentlemen, members of the Academy, who voted for him at the solicitation of Mr. Barretti, for whom Mr. Lowe had been a very favourable evidence on his trial in the year 1769: for it is very certain that Lowe's was not the best of the pictures offered for the premium.

Of this year's Exhibition Dr. Johnson gives some particulars in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, thus:

"On Saturday I dined, as is usual, at the opening of the Exhibition. Our company was splendid, whether more numerous than at any former time I know not. Our tables seem always full. On Monday, if I am told truth, were received at the door, one hundred and ninety pounds, for the admission of three thousand eight hundred spectators. Supposing the show open ten hours, and the spectators staying one with another, each an hour, the rooms never had fewer than three hundred and eighty jostling against each other. Poor Lowe met with some discouragement; but I interposed for him, and prevailed."

Johnson's manners were indeed so very uncouth, that he was not fit to dine in public; I remember the first time I ever had the pleasure to dine in company with him, which was at Sir Joshua's table, I was previously advised not to seem to observe him in eating, as his manner was very slovenly at his meals, and he was very angry if he thought it was remarked.

Mr. Boswell in this year records an opinion of Sir Joshua's on the subject of conversation, which may be noticed in this place. When it had been proposed to add some members to the Literary Club, (during

Goldsmith's life) that writer had said in favour of it, that it would give the Club an agreeable variety, that there could then be nothing new among the members, and that they had travelled over each other's minds; to which Johnson answered, "Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind I promise you!" When Sir Joshua, was afterwards told of this, he agreed with Goldsmith, saying that "when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on the subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable; because, though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring; and colouring is of much effect in every thing else as well as in painting."

The mention of Goldsmith calls to my recollection a circumstance related to me by Miss Reynolds.

About the year 1770, Dr. Goldsmith lost his mother, who died in Ireland. On this occasion he immediately dressed himself in a suit of clothes of grey cloth trimmed with black, such as commonly is worn for second mourning. When he appeared the first time after this at Sir Joshua Reynolds's house, Miss F. Reynolds the sister of Sir Joshua, asked him whom he had lost, as she saw he wore mourning? when he answered, a distant relation only; being shy, as I conjecture, to own that he wore such slight mourning for so near a relative. This appears in him an unaccountable blunder in wearing such a dress: as all those who did not know his mother, or of her death, would not expect or require him to wear mourning at all, and to all those who knew of his mother's death it would appear not to be the proper dress of mourning for so near a relative; so that he satisfied nobody and displeased some; for Miss Reynolds, who afterwards heard of her death, thought it unfeeling in him to call his mother a distant relation.

Mr. Barry seems at this period to have given vent to some of his spleen against Sir Joshua Reynolds, by a publication which is thus noticed by Dr. Johnson in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, on the 1st of May.—" Mr. Barry's exhibition was opened the same day, and a book is published to recommend it, which, if you read it, you will find it decorated with some satirical pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. I have not escaped. You must, however, think with some estimation of Barry for the comprehension of his design."

This attack of Barry's certainly arose from that morbid disposition in his own mind which made him often quarrel with his best friends, and which was perhaps heightened, at the present moment, by an idea that Sir Joshua's influence in the Academy had not been in his favour.

That influence was certainly great, but at the same time always justly exerted; and on the following day after Johnson's note to Mrs. Thrale, we find him soliciting the President's interest in favour of his friend Mr. Cruikshanks as candidate for the anatomical professorship.

" TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

" Dear Sir,

" The gentleman who waits on you with this is Mr. Cruikshanks, who wishes to succeed his friend Dr. Hunter, as Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy. His qualifications are very generally known, and it adds dignity to the institution that such men are candidates.

" I am Sir,

" Your most humble servant,

May 2d, 1783. " Sam. Johnson."

Johnson, though confessedly ignorant of painting, seems however to have still been much interested in the success of the Academy, whose exhibitions were now arriving at a great pitch of perfection. In a note, written on the 8th of May, he says, "The exhibition prospers so much, that Sir Joshua says it will maintain the Academy: he estimates the probable amount at 3000*l*."

While Mr. Barry was engaged in his great work at the Adelphi Rooms, Mr. Penny resigned his situation of professor of painting in the Royal Academy, of which he had been possessed from the foundation of the institution, when Mr. Barry offered to fill the vacant chair and was elected to it in 1782. But he was not over diligent in preparing for the duties of his office; on which account Sir Joshua Reynolds made some remarks upon his conduct, to which Barry retorted with great insolence and brutality. He gave his first lecture March 2, 1784.

In this situation his turbulent disposition began to express itself. His lectures very soon became mere vehicles of invective and satire against the principal Academicians, and most pointedly against Sir Joshua, who was reduced by it to so awkward a situation in his chair as an auditor, that he was obliged at last either to appear to be asleep or to absent himself from the place. After the death of Sir Joshua he bestowed high praise on him and great abuse on those who were still alive, till at length a regular charge was preferred against him, and it was found to be absolutely necessary to dismiss him from the office of lecturer, and also from the Royal Academy in 1799.

In the month of June this year, Johnson sat for his picture to Miss Reynolds; much as he admired that lady, however, he did not compliment her upon that production, but when finished, told her it was "Johnson's grimly ghost;" and as the picture was afterwards to be engraved, he recommended, as a motto, the appropriate stanza from the old ballad of "William and Margaret."

Dr. Johnson was indeed so accustomed to say always the exact truth, that he never condescended to give an equivocal answer to any question, of which the following is an instance.

A lady of his acquaintance once asked him how it happened that he was never invited to dine at the tables of the great?

He replied, "Because, Madam, great lords and ladies do not like to have their mouths stopped!"

In the autumn of this year, great and important political changes were taking place in the Netherlands by the Emperor's order, particularly the suppression of the greatest part of the religious and monastic institutions, which was expected to cause the sale of a great number of Rubens's best paintings. Many persons went over to examine them, and amongst the rest Sir Joshua; and he took both Brussels and Antwerp in his route: but I do not possess any specific knowledge of this trip, except that he made some further excellent observations, which are among the best of his criticisms, and highly illustrative of the merits of Rubens, that prince of Flemish painters.

Mr. Malone has preserved some of his observations at this period, and he says, that Sir Joshua on his return from his first tour in 1781, thought that his own works seemed to want force, but that on viewing the paintings of Rubens a second time, they even appeared much less brilliant than on a former inspection. This circumstance he was at first unable to account for, until he recollected, that when he first saw them he had his note book in his hand, for the purpose of writing down some remarks, which he considered as the reason of their now making a less vivid impression in this respect than they had before done; for by the eye passing immediately from the white paper to the picture, the colours derived uncommon richness and warmth; though for want of this foil they afterwards appeared comparatively cold.

But, as he has also remarked, on his return the first time, that his own pictures wanted force, and it was observed that he painted with more depth and brilliancy of colour afterwards, is it not more probable that the difference of the impression he felt from the sight of Rubens's pictures was owing to his having accustomed his eye in the mean time to a greater force and richness in his own works? or, at any rate, this must have assisted to increase the impression he felt.

Sir Joshua this year executed several admired portraits; but in the midst of his professional engagements he still found leisure to attend to literary pursuits, and to subjoin some very elaborate notes, consisting principally of practical observations and explanations of the rules laid down, to that translation of Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting by Mr. Mason, which was published at this period. These notes are in the third volume of his works, as published by Mr. Malone.

It appears, indeed, if the world owe any thing to Mr. Mason for this production, that they are also partly indebted for it to Sir Joshua, as it had long lain in manuscript unfinished, in Mr. Mason's library, and was only at length brought forward in consequence of his having requested a sight of it, and then freely made an offer of illustrating it in the manner he has done, which renders the work invaluable.

One professional anecdote which Sir Joshua mentions in these notes, of his own practice, deserves notice here.

Speaking of Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and the other painters of the Venetian School, he says, "When I was at Venice, the method I took to avail myself of their principles was this: When I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf out of my pocket book, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched, to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject, or to the drawing of the figures. A few trials of this kind will be sufficient to give the method of their conduct in the management of their lights. After a few experiments I found the paper blotted nearly alike; their general practice appeared to be, to allow not above a quarter of the picture for the light, including in this portion both the principal and secondary lights; another quarter to be kept as dark as possible; and the remaining half kept in mezzotint, or half shadow. Rubens appears to have admitted rather more light than a quarter, and Rembrandt much less, scarce an eighth; by this conduct Rembrandt's light is extremely brilliant, but it costs too much; the rest of the picture is sacrificed to this one object. That light will certainly appear the brightest which is surrounded with the greatest quantity of shade, supposing equal skill in the artist.

" By this means you may likewise remark the various forms and shapes of those lights, as well as the objects on which they are flung; whether a figure, or the sky, a white napkin, animals, or utensils, often introduced for this purpose only. It may be observed, likewise, what portion is strongly relieved, and how much is united with its ground; for it is necessary that some part (though a small one is sufficient,) should be sharp and cutting against its ground, whether it be light on a dark, or dark on a light ground, in order to give firmness and distinctness to the work; if, on the other hand, it is relieved on every side, it will appear as if inlaid on its ground.

" Such a blotted paper, held at a distance from the eye, will strike the spectator as something excellent for the disposition of light and shadow, though he does not distinguish whether it is a history, a portrait, a landscape, dead game, or any thing else; for the same principles extend to every branch of the art."

This recurrence to the Venetian painters brings to my mind a little circumstance which happened at the very time he here speaks of when in his youth studying at Venice. Being one night at the opera, the manager of the house ordered the band to play an English ballad tune as a compliment to the English gentlemen then residing in that city. This happened to be the popular air which was played or sung in almost every street in London just at their time of leaving it; by suggesting to them that metropolis, with all its connexions and endearing circumstances, it immediately brought tears into our young painter's eyes, as well as into those of his countrymen who were present.

Thus nature will prevail, and Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and even Titian, were all given up at the moment, from the delightful prospect of again returning to his native land after an absence of near three years.

To return to the period of our narrative, it was said in a contemporary character of him at this period, that he had so little of the jealousy of his profession, that when a celebrated English artist, on his arrival from Italy, asked him where he should set up a house, Sir Joshua told him that the next house to his own was vacant, and that he had found his own situation a very good one.

It is also recorded as an instance of his prizing extraordinary merit, that when Gainsborough asked him but sixty guineas for his celebrated girl and pigs, yet being conscious in his own mind that it was worth more, he liberally paid him down one hundred guineas for the picture.

I also find it mentioned on record, that a painter of considerable merit having unfortunately made an injudicious matrimonial choice, was, along with that and its consequences, as well as an increasing family, in a few years reduced so very low, that he could not venture out without danger of being arrested, a circumstance which, in a great measure, put it out of his power to dispose of his pictures to advantage.

Sir Joshua having accidentally heard of his situation, immediately hurried to his residence, to inquire into the truth of it, when the unfortunate man told him all the melancholy particulars of his lot, adding, that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors.

After some further conversation, Sir Joshua took his leave, telling the distressed man he would do something for him, and when he was bidding him adieu at the door, he took him by the hand, and after squeezing it in a friendly way, "hurried off with that kind of triumph in his heart, the exalted of human kind only experience," whilst the astonished artist found that he had left in his hand a bank note for one hundred pounds.

Of such traits of benevolence certainly many other instances might be recorded, but I shall only mention two.

When Zoffanii the painter, came to England he was but little known in this country, and without a patron; but the very first picture which he exhibited in London was purchased by Sir Joshua at the price which Zoffanii demanded for it.

The picture represents a scene in the farce of the Alchymist, in which there is a most excellent portrait of Garrick in the character of Able Drugger, accompanied by those of Palmer and Burton. This picture Sir Joshua sold soon after to the Earl of Carlisle for twenty guineas above the price which he had given for it, and sent the advanced price immediately to Zoffanii, saying, "he thought he had sold the picture at first below its real value."

The clergyman who succeeded Sir Joshua's father as master of the Grammar School at Plympton, at his decease left a widow, who after the death of her husband opened a boarding school for the education of young ladies. The governess who taught in this school had but few friends in situations to enable them to do her much service, and her sole dependence was on her small stipend from the school: hence she was unable to make a sufficiently reputable appearance in apparel at their accustomed little balls. The daughter of the school-mistress, her only child, and at that time a very young girl, felt for the poor governess, and the pitiable insufficiency in the article of finery, but being unable to help her from her own resources devised within herself a means by which it might be done otherwise.

Having heard of the great fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his character for generosity, and charity, and recollecting that he had formerly belonged to the Plympton school, she without mentioning a syllable to any of her companions addressed a letter to Sir Joshua, whom she had never even seen, in which she represented to him the forlorn state of the poor governess's wardrobe, and begged the gift of a silk gown for her. Very shortly after they received a box containing silks of different patterns, sufficient for two dresses, to the infinite astonishment of the simple governess, who was totally unable to account for this piece of good fortune, as the compassionate girl was afraid to let her know the means she had taken in order to procure the welcome present.

I mentioned the circumstance afterwards to Sir Joshua who assured me of its truth.

In the year 1784, Sir Joshua had a pre-eminence of pictures, at the Exhibition, the principal of which were the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse, now the property of William Smith, Esq. M. P., from which a well known print has been taken ; this picture Sir Joshua valued at 1000 guineas; the Fortune-teller, sold to the Duke of Dorset, and a portrait of Miss Kemble. The last of these drew forth great applause from the numerous literary friends of that lady. And the following poetic tribute to his skill, may not be undeserving of insertion.

" While hands obscene, at vicious grandeur's call,
With mimic harlots clothe th' indignant wall,
Destructive snares for youthful passion spread,
The slacken'd bosom, and the faithless bed,
Thy pencil, *Reynolds!* innocently gay,
To virtue leads by pleasure's flowery way;
In blushing honour decks the tim'rous bride,
Or maid whose thoughts confederate Angels guide;
For thy rare skill, to surface unconfin'd,
Through every genuine feature pours the mind.

Should the wild rage of other *Phrynes* compare
With Corinth's past the British drama's fair,
(Though art may Palmer's vanish'd form deplore,
And Satchell's eyes unpictur'd beam no more)
If firm duration crowns thy just design,
Nor all its soft similitudes decline,
In Kemble's look chastis'd will yet be seen
What one bright daughter of the stage has been—
Reserv'd though mingling with the loud, the vain,
And unseduc'd where Syren pleasures reign,
Where dames undone and social ruin smile,
While echo'd scandal shakes a guilty pile.
Pleas'd we behold, by thy congenial hand,
In native charms embodied virtue stand;
For vice can ne'er its odious traces hide,
The glance of lewdness, or the swell of pride.
Mark'd to be shunn'd, and stigmatis'd by fate,
Since in each varied guise, of scorn or hate,
O'er all the face its dire effusions shoot,
As branches still are modell'd by the root.
But, for our love when grace and merit vie,
Attrack the decent, check the lawless eye,
Th' instructive canvas moral worth excites,
And *Reynolds* paints the lessons *Johnson* writes.
Should time, whose force our hopes in vain withstand,
Blast the nymph's face, and shake the painter's hand,
Yet may these tints divide the fame they give,
And art and beauty bid each other live!'

Another painting of Sir Joshua's was exhibited this year by the Society for promoting Painting and Design at Liverpool; which was a landscape containing a view on the Thames from his own villa on Richmond-hill. This has been engraved by Birch in his "Delicces de la Grand Bretagne," and was one of the very few landscapes ever done by the subject of our biography.

In regular landscape-painting his works are very scarce; there is, as I have been informed, one in the possession of Sir Brook Boothby, Bart., another in the collection of Lord Pelham at Stanmer, and two he bequeathed to Sir George Baker, Bart. M. D. who attended the family; these are of course with the exceptions of those chaste and exquisite ones which so often form a back ground to his portraits.

Soon after this, Sir Joshua interested himself most strenuously for his friend Dr. Johnson, in order to procure an additional grant from the crown as an increase to his pension, in order to enable him to try the air of the South of France, and Italy, for his declining health. Sir John Hawkins in his life of Johnson gives all the credit to this negociation, at least of its commencement, to Sir Joshua, whilst Mr. Boswell claims the merit of having written the first letter on the subject to Lord Thurlow, then Lord Chancellor. The various details of the event have been so often related by Johnson's biographers, that I need not enter further on it than to say, that it met with Sir Joshua's cordial concurrence and assistance from the first, and was attended to by him with much assiduity during the progress, from his earnest wish for the welfare of his venerable friend.

On the death of Ramsay, the King's painter, in August of this year, Sir Joshua was sworn principal painter to his Majesty, to which a small salary is also annexed; but *this*, of course, was not the object of Sir Joshua's ambition.

In this year Charles Catton, a Royal Academician, was, by rotation, become master of the Painter Stainers Company of the city of London, and he was particularly ambitious of introducing his friend, and a man so celebrated as Sir Joshua Reynolds, to share in their corporate honours; accordingly the brothers voluntarily voted him the freedom of their company, which was presented to him when he dined at their hall on St. Luke's day, the patron saint of painters. This favor, so properly and well bestowed, he received with due respect. This crivic compliment was accompanied by a copy of verses in honour of their new brother citizen; in which the Muses were invoked to celebrate his praise and an event so important.—A compliment, on the whole, which pleased Sir Joshua not a little.

The lines may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for that year, page 854; they are not indifferently written; a portion of taste is even displayed in some of the passages, but it is very possible that their dinner was still better than their poetry, and their respect more gratifying than either.

Sir Joshua now met with an irreparable loss in the demise of his friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who died on the 13th of December, 1784.

The particulars of this event have been so often recorded, that it would be superfluous to detail them here; I may observe, however, that Mr. Boswell has justly stated, that the Doctor made three requests of Sir Joshua a short time previous to his death: one was to forgive him thirty pouuds which he had borrowed of him; another was, that Sir Joshua should carefully read the Scriptures; and the last, that he should abstain from using his pencil on the sabbath day: to all of which Sir Joshua gave a willing assent.

Johnson had appointed him one of the executors of his will, along with Sir William Scott and Sir John Hawkins; a trust which he faithfully fulfilled; he also left him his great French Dictionary, by Moreri, and his own copy of his folio English Dictionary, of the last revision, as a friendly testimony of remembrance; also a book from his library to Mrs. Frances Reynolds, sister to Sir Joshua.

What the feelings of Sir Joshua must have been on this occasion may be easily conceived, and it has been well described by Mr. Boswell in his dedication of his "Life of Johnson," some time afterwards. This dedication is at the same time so honourable to, and descriptive of, Sir Joshua, in many respects, that I trust I shall be excused for the insertion of part of it in this place.

Mr. Boswell says, "Every liberal motive that can actuate an author in the dedication of his labours, concurs in directing me to you, as the person to whom the following work should be inscribed. If there be a pleasure in celebrating the distinguished merit of a contemporary, mixed with a certain degree of vanity not altogether inexcusable, in appearing fully sensible of it, where can I find one in complimenting whom I can with more general approbation gratify those feelings? Your excellence, not only in the art over which you have long presided with unrivalled fame, but also in philosophy and elegant literature, is well known to the present, and will continue to be the admiration of future ages. Your equal and placid temper, your variety of conversation, your true politeness, by which you are so amiable in private society, and that enlarged hospitality which has long made your house a common centre of union for the great, the accomplished, the learned, and the ingenious; all these qualities I can, in perfect confidence, of not being accused of flattery, ascribe to you. If a man may indulge in an honest pride, in having it known to the world, that he has been thought worthy of particular attention by a person of the first eminence in the age in which he lives, whose company has been universally courted, I am justified in availing myself of the usual privilege of a dedication, when I mention that there has been a long and uninterrupted friendship between us. If gratitude should be acknowledged for favours received, I have this opportunity, my dear Sir, most sincerely to thank you for the many happy hours which I owe to your kindness—for the cordiality with which you have, at all times, been pleased to welcome—for the number of valuable acquaintances to whom you have introduced me—for the *noctes cœnæque Deum* which I have enjoyed under your roof. If a work should be inscribed to one who is master of the subject of it, and whose approbation, therefore, must insure it credit and success, the Life of Dr. Johnson is, with the greatest propriety, dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was the intimate and beloved friend of that great man; the friend whom he declared to be the most invulnerable man he knew, with whom, if he should quarrel, he should find the most difficulty how to abuse. You, my dear Sir, studied him, and knew him well. You venerated and admired him."

To this testimony of Boswell, it will certainly not be misplaced to add some few other observations of Johnson himself respecting his friend.

In one place, Boswell records that he much admired the manner in which Sir Joshua treated of his art, in his discourses to the Royal Academy. Of one remarkable passage, he said, "I think I might as well have said this myself;" and on another occasion, whilst Mr. Bennet Langton was sitting with him, he read one of them with great attention, and exclaimed, "Very well, Master Reynolds; very well indeed. But it will not be understood."

Johnson once observed, "I know no man who has passed through life with more observation than Reynolds; and Boswell himself has very justly said, "that his philosophical penetration, and justness of thinking *were* not less known to those who lived with him, than his genius in his art is admired by the world."

Johnson had so high an opinion of Sir Joshua's benevolence of disposition, that he said to him once with a smile. "Reynolds, you hate no person living. But I like a good hater."

It seems by this speech that Johnson conceived that a good hater, as he termed it, was one who would feel the strongest degree of attachment to those who were so fortunate as to gain their love, and also that it might proceed probably from a mind that made strong distinctions in character: but it is certainly a dangerous doctrine.

I remember, however, that I once heard Sir Joshua say, that he thought it a very bad state of mind to hate any man, but that he feared that he did hate Barry, and if so, he had much excuse, if excuse be possible. The hatred of such a man is no trifling disgrace; still I am convinced that this sentiment never influenced his conduct towards him.

I may now remark that they lie side-by-side in the grave.

Three days before Johnson's decease, Sir Joshua delivered his twelfth discourse at the Academy, which was principally of professional import. He laid it down as a truism that particular methods of study are of little consequence, and that little of the art can be taught.

The love of method, he considered as often arising from a disposition to mental idleness, whilst at the same time he acknowledged that "*Pittori improvisatori*," as he terms them, are apt to be careless and incorrect, and are very seldom either original or striking; defects proceeding from their not paying the proper attention to the works of Nature and the great masters.

From some observations in the early part of this discourse, it seems as if its subject had been, in some measure, pressed upon Sir Joshua, or rather perhaps hinted to him; for in taking a view of the "Method of Study," he expressly said that all the necessary information had already been given in his former discourses, and that any other would merely consist of plausible but ostentatious amplification, and would therefore be totally useless. On this point he made an observation highly worthy of general notice in this *educating* age. "Treatises on education, and Method of Study have always appeared to me to have one general fault. They proceed upon a false supposition of life; as if we possessed, not only a power over events and circumstances, but had a greater power over ourselves than I believe any of us will be found to possess!"

Again he observed, "In the practice of art, as well as in morals, it is necessary to keep a watchful and jealous eye over ourselves: idleness, assuming the specious disguise of industry, will lull to sleep all suspicion of our want of an active exertion of strength."

Much interest was excited among the Dilletanti in the course of this year, by a discovery Sir Joshua made of an original painting of Milton, which he purchased for one hundred guineas, from a picture dealer who had obtained it from a common furniture broker, who could not remember the time nor manner in which he came by it. In this portrait the dress is black with a band; the date 1653, and the painter's initials (S. C.) are marked upon it. On the back of it was a written memorandum, stating that this portrait had belonged to Deborah Milton, who was her father's amanuensis, and that at her death it was sold to Sir William Davenant's family. It also stated that the portrait was painted by Samuel Cooper, who was painter to Oliver Cromwell, at the time when Milton was Latin Secretary to the Protector, and that the Poet and Painter were nearly of the same age, Milton being born in 1608, and dying in 1674; and Cooper being born in 1609, and dying in 1672; they being companions and friends till death parted them. It was also stated, that several encouragers and lovers of the Fine Arts at that time wanted this picture, particularly Lord Dorset, John Somers, Esq. Sir Robert Howard, Dryden, Atterbury, Dr. Aldrich, and Sir John Denham.

Mr. Warton, who notices this portrait particularly in his edition of Milton says, that Lord Dorset was probably the lucky man, as this seems to be the very picture which Vertue wished Prior to seek for in Lord Dorset's collection; but in another he adds, that it must be owned that this miniature strongly resembles Vandyke's picture of Selden in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, it being highly probable that Cooper should have executed a miniature of Selden as a companion to the heads of other heroes of the commonwealth. This inference, however, is equally applicable to the supposition of its being Milton's; and Sir Joshua Reynolds himself said of it, " The picture is admirably painted, and with such a character of nature, that I am perfectly sure it was a striking likeness. I have now got a distant idea of the countenance of Milton, which cannot be got from any other than that I have seen. It is perfectly preserved, which shows that it has been shut up in some drawer; if it had been exposed to the light, the colours would, long before this, have vanished."

A doubt having been started some years afterwards respecting the originality and authenticity of this miniature, a letter was inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1791, in answer to one in a preceding number, containing some strictures, and expressing various doubts on the subject.

To these tsrictures and doubts, the letter was a very conclusive and argumentative reply; and as it is now well known to have been the production of Sir Joshua's pen, and is not inserted in his works, I shall here give it a place.

" MR. URBAN, *June* 15.

" A correspondent in your last Magazine, p. 399, has made some strictures respecting the originality of the portrait of Milton, in the possession of Sir Joshua Reynolds, on which I beg leave to make some observations. That your readers may have a distinct view of the question, I shall transcribe the writing which is on the back of the picture.

" ' This picture belonged to Deborah Milton, who was her father's amanuensis; at her death it was sold to Sir William Davenant's family: it was painted by Mr. Samuel Cooper, who was painter to Oliver Cromwell at the time Milton was Latin Secretary to the Protector. The painter and Poet were near of the same age, (Milton was born in 1608, and died in 1674; Cooper was born in 1609, and died in 1672;) and were companions and friends till death parted them. Several encouragers and lovers of the fine arts at that time wanted this picture, particularly Lord Dorset, John Somers, Esq. Sir Robert Howard, Dryden, Atterbury, and Dr. Aldrich, Sir John Denham.'

"Your critic first observes, that Deborah Milton, dying in 1727, all those encouragers and lovers of the fine arts here mentioned, were dead long before that time. Secondly, he remarks, that the picture could not belong to the Dorset family in 1720, which belonged to Deborah Milton in 1727. He asks, likewise, what can be meant by the miniature having been sold to the family of Sir William Davenant, as the memorandum bears so late a date as 1727? These objections, I will suppose for the credit of the writer, would not have been made if he had seen the print, under which he would have found the following remark:

"The manuscript on the back of the picture appears to have been written some time before the year 1693, when Mr. Somers was knighted, and afterwards created Baron Evesham, which brings it within nineteen years after Milton's death. The writer was mistaken in supposing Deborah Milton was dead at that time; she lived till 1727, but in indigence and obscurity, married to a weaver in Spitalfields.

"There is no reason to think (notwithstanding Mr. Warton's supposition, that Lord Dorset was probably the lucky man who purchased the picture,) that it ever was in Lord Dorset's possession. Vertue, indeed, had desired Prior to search in his Lordship's collection for this miniature, probably from the suggestion of Richardson, whose son Jonathan informed Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he had heard his father say, that there was somewhere a miniature of Milton, by Cooper, which, he was told, was a remarkable fine picture, but that he himself had never seen it. Perhaps Lord Dorset was thought likely to have been the possessor of this picture, because he formed a large collection of portraits of the most eminent men of his time, which are still to be seen at Knowle. I cannot avoid adding, that the present Duke, with equal respect to genius and talents, and with still more skill in the art, continues this plan; and to this collection of his ancestor has added the portraits of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Garrick, and many others.—The third objection is easily answered: there is *no* date at all to the memorandum; and, so far from its bearing so late a date as 1727, it is very apparent it was written before the year 1693, and that the writer of it was probably Sir William Davenant's son, who was at this time thirty-seven years old; and the picture may be supposed to be at that time wanted by Lord Dorset, John Somers, Esq. &c. The critic says, 'I never had an opportunity of seeing the original miniature in question, and, unfortunately, the print by Miss Watson has never fallen in my way; but I should wish to know whether the *drop serene* be visible in it, as in Faithorne's drawing, and in the bust. The date on the miniature is 1652, by which time Milton had become utterly blind.'

"In regard to the *drop serene*, we can assure your correspondent that it is not visible in the miniature, and that he is mistaken in saying that it is visible in the crayon picture by Faithorne; and that it is visible in the *bust*, as he affirms, is truly ridiculous. Milton himself says, that, though he had lost his sight, it was not perceptible to others; and that his eyes preserved their original lustre.

"The date on the picture is 1653, and not 1652. This inaccuracy is of no great consequence: but how did he know that there was any date at all, as he says he never saw the picture?

"That Deborah Milton recognized her father's picture, does not prove that she might not have been still more struck with the likeness of the miniature. One is at a loss to know upon what ground it is assumed (by a person who never saw the picture or the print,) that, if Faithorne's be like, the miniature is not like; and still less can it be conceived why he thinks that 'the likeness in Sir Joshua's picture cannot be a striking likeness of Milton, whatever it may be of Selden.' How came Selden into his head? Here some suspicion arises that he has seen the picture and the print, a circumstance which he chooses to conceal, as the comment by Sir Joshua on the print would have prevented the parade of his criticism.

"The opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in matters relating to his own profession, certainly ought to have some weight. He is not likely to be wanting in that skill to which every other artist pretends, namely, to form some judgment of the likeness of a picture without knowing the original. It appears that Sir Joshua told Warton, that he was perfectly sure that 'the picture in his possession was a striking likeness, and that an idea of Milton's countenance cannot be got from any of the other pictures.' Without being an artist, it is easily perceived that the picture of Faithorne does not possess that individuality of countenance which is in the miniature.

"There is something very perverse in believing that an ordinary, common-place portrait, painted by an engraver for the purpose of making a print from it, should be preferred, or be supposed to be more like, than the best picture of the first miniature painter, perhaps that ever lived. Cooper possessed all the correctness, precision, and all the attention to peculiarity of expression, which we admire in Vandyke; whereas Faithorne imitated, as well as he could, the lax and vicious manner then introduced by Sir Peter Lely, who, though upon the whole an ingenious artist, stands in the first rank of what the painters call *mannerists*. We may add, in regard to Faithorne, that, however he might be distinguished among his contemporaries, and since by the curious in old prints, his merit as an engraver (and much less as a painter,) were he now living, would not raise him above the rank of the common herd of artists. It does not appear that Deborah Milton, when Faithorne's picture was shewn to her, said any thing to confirm us in the opinion of its being so extremely like: she exclaimed, 'O, Lord! that is the picture of my father.' She probably had seen the picture before, and it is even probable that she was present when it was painted; and, when she saw it again, she immediately recognized it, as she would have done her father's watch, buckles, or any other appendage to his person.

"There is no doubt but that Milton sat to Faithorne for that crayon picture; the distinguishing features are the same as in the miniature; the same large eyelid, the same shaped nose and mouth, and the same long line which reaches from the nostril to below the corners of the mouth, and the same head of hair; but if the effect and expression of the whole together should be, as in fact it is, different in the two pictures, it cannot, I should think, be difficult for us to determine on which side our faith ought to incline, even though neither possessed any strong marks of identity.

"All the objections that have been made by your correspondent, I hope, have been answered, and some, perhaps, which the reader will think were scarcely worthy of an answer. There is no occasion to take notice of objections which are made in order to be confuted, namely, the pains the critic takes to obviate a supposition which nobody ever supposed, that the writer of the memorandum on the back might, by mistake, write *her* death instead of *his* death. This is to raise conjectures in order to triumph in their confutation!

"Mr. Tyrwhitt, to whom the miniature was shewn at the Archbishop of York's table, and whose skill in matters of this kind is universally acknowledged, scouted the question which was there put to him, 'Whether he thought the manuscript was a late fabrication?' 'The orthography, as well as the colour of the ink, shews it to have been written about a hundred years since.' He then remarked the mistake of the writer in supposing that Deborah Milton was dead at the time he wrote; and, though your correspondent thinks that this mistake is a sufficient reason for calling the whole a palpable fiction, we may reasonably oppose Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion to that of your anonymous correspondent, of whom we may say, if he had possessed a greater share of critical sagacity, he would have remarked, that even the mistake of supposing Deborah Milton to be dead when he wrote, shews it to be *not* what he calls it, a fiction. A man who deals in fiction takes care, at least, not to be easily detected. No man in these later days but knows that Deborah Milton lived till 1727, as that circumstance was made notorious to the world from Richardson's Life of Milton, and from the benefit play which was given to Deborah's daughter in the year 1752. I believe Richardson (who, as Dr. Johnson says, was one of Milton's fondest admirers,) was the first who made any inquiry after Milton's family, and found his daughter Deborah to be still living.

"I cannot conclude without making one observation. Before a writer indulges himself in the self-congratulation of victory, or laughing at the slip which he fancies others have made, he should be sure of the steadiness of his own footing.

"Your correspondent reprehends Tom Warton for his inaccuracy in historical points; he blames the aggravated immorality of the seller of the picture 'in imposing on so fair and worthy a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds;' treating him as a *bon homme,* and the whole 'as a palpable fiction, drawn up by some person ignorant of history, who furnished out a tale with very scanty materials.' Whether this was the case, the reader will, I imagine, not find it very difficult to determine. R. J.

"P. S. The progress of the picture seems to be this:—Milton dying insolvent, and Deborah Milton of course in great indigence, it is very improbable that she would keep to herself a picture of such value; it was therefore sold, as we suppose, to the author of the memorandum; and the account there given is probably such as he received from the seller of the picture, who, in order to raise its value, boasts how many great men had desired to have it. If to this it is urged, that it is too much to expect all those suppositions will be granted, we can only say, let the supposition be made of its being a forgery, and then see what insurmountable improbabilities will immediately present themselves. After all, the whole indulgence required is for the mistake respecting Deborah Milton's death; and we may add, that the great object of inquiry, that it is an original picture of Milton by Cooper, is no way affected either by this or any other mistake that may be imputed to the writer of the memorandum."

In this year the portrait of Sir Joshua, which was painted for, and afterwards in the possession of, Mr. Alderman Boydell, was executed by Mr. C. G. Stuart, an American, and for a time was placed in the Shakspeare Gallery: this is one of many which have been done, but it has not been engraved.

The year 1785 was marked by several compliments to Sir Joshua's taste and genius.

Miss Hannah More, in her Poem on Sensibility, says,

"To snatch bright beauty from devouring fate,
And bid it boast with him a deathless date;
To shew how genius fires, how taste restrains,
While what both are, his pencil best explains,
Have we not Reynolds?"

To the merit of one of Sir Joshua's finest pictures produced this year, and exhibited, "Love unloosing the Zone of Beauty," the following poetic tribute was also paid.

"Fann'd by the summer's gentlest wind,
Within the shade a nymph reclin'd.
As on her neck they artless stray'd,
The zephyrs with her tresses play'd;
A careless vest around her thrown
Was girded with an azure zone;
Her figure shone replete with grace—
She seem'd—the goddess of the place.
The soothing murmur of the rill,
The plumed warbler's tenderest trill,

The perfum'd air, the flow'ry ground,
Spread a delicious languor round;
Her swelling breast new tremors move,
And all her melting soul was love.
When Cupid saw her soft alarms,
And flew, insidious, to her arms;
The little god she warmly prest,
And ruin, in his form, carest;
For by indulgence hardy grown,
He slily loos'd her guardian zone.
But Virtue saw the sleight, and sigh'd—
'Beware, beware, fond nymph!' she cry'd;
'Behold where yonder thorny flow'r,
'Smiling in summer's radiant hour,
'With outstretch'd wing a painted fly,
'In thoughtless pleasure flutters nigh,
'Nor, heedless, sees, beneath the brake,
'The jaws of a devouring snake.'
The nymph look'd up—with conscience flush'd,
And as she tied her zone, she blush'd.
It chanc'd that Genius, passing by,
Remark'd the scene with eager eye;
Then, with the tint from Virtue stole,
With *Reynolds'* pencil sketch'd the whole."

In the autumn of this year, the great and long expected sale of pictures, collected from the dissolved monasteries and religious houses in Flanders and Germany commenced on the twelfth of September, and continued during the ensuing month.

A trip to Flanders, therefore, became quite fashionable amongst the lovers of the fine arts, who were all anxious to possess some of the exquisite specimens of the great Flemish masters. For this purpose Sir Joshua also made a tour to that country, and laid out upwards of one thousand pounds in purchases, many of which were of great value, and which I shall have occasion to notice further in a subsequent part of the Memoir.

In the Exhibition of 1786, Sir Joshua did not produce any historical piece, nor even any composition of fancy, his time and thoughts being occupied on a great work, having had the honour of a commission from the Empress of Russia to paint an historical picture, in which he was at liberty as to subject, size, and price.

He debated long with himself on what subject to fix, which might be complimentary to the Empress; and at first I heard him say he would paint the procession of our great Queen Elizabeth, when she visited her camp at Tilbury, in the time of the threatened Spanish invasion; but at last he made choice of the infant Hercules overcoming the serpents when in his cradle, as the most fit, in allusion to the great difficulties which the Empress of Russia had to encounter in the civilization of her empire, arising from the rude state in which she found it. This picture he finished. It was a large and grand composition; and in respect to beauty, colour, and effect, was equal to any picture known in the world. The middle groupe, which received the principal light, was exquisite in the highest degree.

The following lines on this picture are an extract from a Pindarick Ode, by John Taylor, Esq. a man whose benevolence of heart, in addition to his genius, renders him valuable to those who have the advantage of knowing him.

Reynolds, thy pencil fix'd my wand'ring view,
Supreme in genius—worthy all thy fame;
Thy magic touch to taste and nature true,
Secures for immortality a name.

Aye—here's the vig'rous son of am'rous Jove,
Fruit of sly transports with Amphytrion's wife,
Whose cradled strength with twining monsters strove,
And crush'd out, giant-like, the venom'd life.

Ah! Reynolds, why should portrait thee confine,
Whose stroke can epic force at once impart,
Whose canvas with Homeric fire can shine
And blaze with all the true sublime of art.

I have undersood that Sir Joshua told a friend that the attitude and expression of the Prophet Tiresias, introduced in the groupe, were taken from those in which he had occasionally seen his deceased friend Johnson. It may be so, for his eye and mind were always intent to seize and fix the passing truth; and perhaps the truest criticism that ever Dr. Beattie hazarded on Sir Joshua's works was with regard to this very picture, when he said, in a letter to Sir William Forbes, "Your account of Sir Joshua's new picture is very entertaining. It is an unpromising subject; but Sir Joshua's imagination will supply every thing."

When it was finished, and had been exhibited at Somerset House, it was sent to Russia to the Empress.

Whether this compliment was ever explained to her, or whether she was left to suppose it alluded to the fate of her husband, I do not know; however, soon after the picture arrived at St. Petersburg, Count Woronzow, the Russian Embassador at the court of England, waited on Sir Joshua Reynolds to inform him that the picture he painted last year for the Empress of Russia had been received at St. Petersburg, with two sets of his Discourses, one in English, and the other in French, which, at the desire of her Imperial Majesty, had been sent with the picture.

At the same time, Count Woronzow delivered to Sir Joshua a gold box, enriched with the Empress's portrait, and very large diamonds, &c. containing a most gracious writing by her Imperial Majesty's own hand. The Embassador left also with Sir Joshua a copy of the following letter, which his Excellency had received from the Empress with the said present:

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE WORONZOW,

"I have read, and, I may say, with the greatest avidity, those Discourses pronounced at the Royal Academy of London, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which that illustrious artist sent me with his large picture; in both productions one may easily trace a most elevated genius.

"I recommend to you to give my thanks to Sir Joshua, and to remit him the box I send, as a testimony of the great satisfaction the perusal of his Discourses has given me, and which I look upon as, perhaps, the best work that ever was wrote on the subject.

"My portrait, which is on the cover of the box, is of a composition made at my Hermitage, where they are now at work about impressions on the stones found there.

"I expect you will inform me of the price of the large picture, on the subject of which I have already spoke to you in another letter.

"Adieu—I wish you well.

(Signed) "CATHARINE."

St. Petersburgh, March 5, 1790.

The portrait mentioned in the imperial letter, was a basso relievo of her Majesty: and Sir Joshua's executors afterwards received fifteen hundred guineas for the painting, which is now at St. Petersburgh. An engraving in mezzotinto was taken from it before it left England; and another print from it was done in Russia, by an English artist, patronized by that court.

I have already noticed the verifying of the authenticity of Milton's picture by Sir Joshua, to which I may add a discovery nearly similar, which has been stated by an anonymous writer, who says, that in this year he was so fortunate as also to meet with a valuable head of Oliver Cromwell which had long remained concealed from the prying eye of antiquarian research in the false bottom of a gold snuff-box; and which was ascertained to be the original head painted by Cooper, for the use of Simons the sculptor, who was then engaged in modelling a resemblance of the Protector. It was particularly valuable in being the only picture which Cooper finished of the Protector Oliver; for though the artist had prevailed upon Cromwell to sit a second time, yet, some difference or dispute having taken place, this latter was never completed, but is in that state now, in the possession of Sir Thomas Frankland, a descendant from that extraordinary man.

It was said that the picture had been shewn to his Majesty; and upon that occasion it was smartly observed, " How much would Charles the First have valued that man who had brought *him* the head of Cromwell?"

In his thirteenth discourse, delivered this year, Sir Joshua's object was to shew, in illustration and explanation of his theory of genius, that art is not merely imitation, but must be considered as under the direction of the imagination; after which he pointed out how far, and in what manner, painting, poetry, acting, even architecture and gardening, depart, or differ, from nature.

Here he laid down what he esteemed as the highest style of criticism, and, at the same time, the soundest, in referring solely to the eternal and immutable nature of things; and this was, that any specific art, together with its principles, should be considered in their correspondence with the principles of other arts, or at least of such as address themselves primarily and principally to the imagination. " When those connected and kindred principles," said he, " are brought together to be compared, another comparison will grow out of this; that is, the comparison of them all with those of human nature, from whence arts derive the materials upon which they are to produce their effects. When this comparison of art with art, and of all arts with the nature of man, is once made with success, our guiding lines are as well ascertained and established as they can be in matters of this description."

Some other truths, inculcated in this discourse, are of such high importance in general life that I trust I shall be excused for giving a sketch of them; whilst, at the same time, they will display that deep thought which places Sir Joshua on a level, as a moralist, with the greatest philosophers; truths, too, not conceived in the silence of the closet, but extracted from human nature itself, in its various modifications, as they passed under his eye, or presented themselves in his daily intercourse with the ornaments of society.

He particularly noticed, that there is, in the commerce of life, as in art, a *sagacity* which is far from being contrary to right reason, and is superior to any occasional exercise of that faculty, which supersedes it, and does not wait for the slow progress of deduction, but goes at once, by what appears a kind of intuition, to the conclusion. A man, said he, endowed with this faculty, feels and acknowledges the truth, though it is not always in his power, perhaps, to give a reason for it; because he cannot recollect, and bring before him, all the materials that gave birth to his opinion; for very many, and very intricate considerations may unite to form the principle, even of small and minute parts, involved in, or dependent on, a great system of things: though these, in process of time, are forgotten, the right impression still remains on the mind.

This impression, then, collected, we do not always know how, or when, he considered as the result of the accumulated experience of our life; and, therefore, this mass of collective observation, however acquired, ought to prevail over that reason which, however powerfully exerted on any particular occasion, will probably comprehend but a partial view of the subject. He, therefore, laid it down as a principle, that our conduct in life, as well as in the arts, is, or ought to be, generally governed by this habitual reason. It is our happiness, he added, that we are enabled to draw on such funds; if we were obliged to enter into a theoretical deliberation on every occasion, before we act, life would be at a stand, and art would be impracticable.

Speaking of "Imitation," he said that it is the *lowest style* only of arts, whether of painting, poetry, or music, that may be said, *in the vulgar sense*, to be naturally pleasing. "The higher efforts of those arts, we know by experience, do not affect minds wholly uncultivated. This refined taste is the consequence of education and habit; we are born only with a capacity of entertaining this refinement, as we are born with a disposition to receive and obey all the rules and regulations of society; and so far it may be said to be natural to us, and no further."

His reasonings on the propriety of acting, and on the pleasures derived from it, are highly worthy the attention both of performers and audience; but they are too long even to give a slight sketch of them in this place: I shall therefore merely add his own conclusion to this discourse; when he says, that "it is allowed on all hands, that facts and events, however they may bind the Historian, have no dominion over the Poet or the Painter. With us, History is made to bend and conform to this great idea of art. And why? Because these arts, in their highest province, are not addressed to the gross senses; but to the desires of the mind, to that spark of divinity which we have within, impatient of being circumscribed and pent up by the world about us. Just so much as our art has of this, just so much of dignity, I had almost said of divinity, it exhibits; and those of our artists who possessed this mark of distinction in the highest degree, acquired from thence the glorious appellation of *Divine!*"

When Alderman Boydell projected the scheme of his magnificent edition of the plays of Shakspeare, accompanied with large prints from pictures to be executed by English painters, it was deemed to be absolutely necessary that something of Sir Joshua's painting should be procured to grace the collection; but, unexpectedly Sir Joshua appeared to be rather shy in the business, as if he thought it degrading himself to paint for a print-seller, and he would not at first consent to be employed in the work. George Stevens, the Editor of Shakspeare, now undertook to persuade him to comply, and taking a bank bill of five hundred pounds in his hand, he had an interview with Sir Joshua, when using all his eloquence in argument, he in the mean time slipt the bank bill into his hand; he then soon found that his mode of reasoning was not to be resisted, and a picture was promised.

Sir Joshua now commenced his studies, and no less than three paintings were exhibited at the Shakspeare Gallery, or at least taken from that poet, the only ones, as has been very correctly said, which Sir Joshua ever executed for his illustration, with the exception of a head of King Lear, (done indeed in 1783) and now in the possession of the Marchioness of Thomond, and a portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Tollemache in the character of *Miranda,* in the "Tempest," in which *Prospero* and *Caliban* are introduced.

One of these paintings for the Gallery was Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, as it has been called, which in point of expression and animation is unparalleled and one of the happiest efforts of Sir Joshua's pencil, though it has been said, by some cold critics, not to be perfectly characteristic of the merry wanderer of Shakspeare. It is now the property of Samuel Rogers, Esq. *Macbeth,* with the Witches and the Cauldron, was another, and for this Mr. Boydell paid him one thousand guineas; but who is now the possessor of it I know not.

The third was Cardinal Beaufort, for which 500 guineas were paid; now the property of the Earl of Egremont. Of this latter picture an artist of great genius always declared that it united the local colouring of *Titian* with the Chiaro scuro of Rembrandt: this is a just criticism; and another critic has observed "this picture of the dying Beaufort is truly an impressive performance; the general hue of the picture is consonant to Shakspeare's awful scene—sober—grand—solemn.—The excruciating agony of guilt and fear that writhes each limb, and fastens his convulsive fingers on the bed clothes, makes each spectator shudder—and the face of the dying Cardinal has that agonized and horrid grin described by the poet.

> " See how the pangs of death do make him grin."

This last is common newspaper criticism of which much was poured forth at the time; for this picture when exhibited excited great attention, and gave rise to much critical controversy: and with respect to the demon at the pillow of the dying Cardinal, there have been many objections made; nay Sir Joshua was most earnestly importuned to erase it, but knew better than to comply. These objections require to be combatted in vindication of the illustrious author of the work, as he did not seem inclined to do it for himself, although he could have so amply refuted them.

It must be allowed that the first business of an historical painter is to make his picture tell its story distinctly, clearly, and quickly; or else he can claim but little merit to himself above that which belongs to the mechanical part, the mere operation of his hand.

The peculiar and characteristic essence of this subject, the death of the wicked Cardinal Beaufort, is that the dying man's agonies do not proceed from bodily pain, so much as from the horrors of a guilty conscience. This is a distinction in expression, of so nice a kind in respect to its being pourtrayed, that perhaps Raffaelle himself would have found it difficult to execute it: yet this important article of information must of necessity be decidedly and distinctly pronounced, or the subject is not explained. Even Shakspeare himself in his text has thought it requisite to employ his imagery in order to make his intentions more surely to be understood, by making the King say,

> " Oh thou eternal mover of the Heavens,
> Look with a gentle Eye upon this wretch!
> *Oh beat away the busy meddling fiend*
> *That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,*
> And from his bosom purge this black despair."

How much more necessary then is it to the painter, whose powers in this respect are so much more limited by not being able to explain those circumstances which are past?

However, we have a right to conclude that Sir Joshua was doubtful of the power in himself, and perhaps of the power in the art also, to compass the difficulty of explicitly and distinctly giving the just and clear expression of guilt, in contradistinction to bodily pain: which was absolutely necessary to explain the story; an explanation which, if not quickly given, is not well given, for the essence of painting is to produce and effect an instantaneous impression on the spectator: the introduction of the demon therefore does this, and leads the mind to further inquiry, and to investigate the more hidden excellencies of the work, and prevents the possibility even for a moment, of mistaking it for the representation of a man dying in a mere painful bodily disease.

The late Mr. Opie in his lectures has touched upon this same subject, and it is with much gratification that I give the opinion of this most able critic, as it is so consistent with my own.

" The varied beauties of this work, he says, might well employ a great part of a lecture, but, at present, I shall pass them over, and attend only to what relates immediately to the question before us, the effect of the visionary devil, couched close, and listening eagerly behind the pillow of the dying wretch; which not only invigorates and clothes the subject in its appropriate interest and terror, but immediately clears up all ambiguity, by informing us that those are not bodily sufferings which we behold so forcibly delineated; that they are not merely the pangs of death which make him grin; but that his agony proceeds from those dangers of the mind, the overwhelming horrors of a guilty and awakened conscience. This was the point, on which rested the whole moral effect of the piece; it was absolutely necessary to be understood, and could by no other means have been so strongly and perspicuously expressed. An expedient, therefore, at once necessary, so consistent with the spirit of the subject, and so completely successful, far from being regarded as an unwarrantable license, is justifiable by all rules of sound criticism, and ought to be regarded as one of the most signal examples of invention in the artist.

Whoever paints to the mind will eventually succeed; and no one must be discouraged in the pursuit, because he meets with contradictory opinions as to the first and most alluring objects in his picture; as most persons, especially the uneducated, see differently: and to obey the capricious and unsettled humours of each, would be to sacrifice every thing that is just and noble in the art. An artist should calmly hear the opinions of all; but reserve it for the adoption of his future thought, how far he will or will not alter his design;—and he can scarcely hesitate too much, as the first thoughts are, generally speaking, more vigorous than those conceived and born after the imagination and this judgment has been forced into action, and generated in obedience to the wishes of a cold observer.

It was proposed that Sir Joshua should also have executed the closet scene in Hamlet; but I believe it was never even begun.

I know it was not his desire to paint any circumstance in history of a complicated nature, his expression to me on that subject was, "That it cost him too dear." His great pleasure was in those works of fancy in which might be shown beauty, expression of character, in a single figure, or at most not more than two, and in those when of his own choice, he was unrivalled by either ancient or modern artists.

How far it had ever been Sir Joshua's intention to paint out a scene of the play of Hamlet, I do not know, but I remember just about that time, he repeated to me an observation of a great man on that very play.

The illustrious Charles Fox, conversing once with Sir Joshua Reynolds on the merits and demerits of Shakspeare, said it was his opinion that Shakspeare's credit would have stood higher if he had never written the play of Hamlet.

This anecdote was told me by Sir Josaua himself.

I must confess that my own opinion differs very much from this high authority. It seems to me that if there is one play of Shakspeare's which denotes genius above the others, it is that of Hamlet.

Such an infinite and subtile discrimination of character, such feeling is displayed in it; it is rendered so exquisitely interesting, yet without the help of a regular plot, almost without a plan; so like in its simplicity to the progress of nature itself, that it appears to be an entire effusion of pure genius alone.

Besides those historical scenes from Shakspeare which Sir Joshua executed for that truest and greatest encourager of English Art, that England ever saw, the late Alderman Boydell, that gentleman, who reverenced merit of every kind wherever he found it, also employed Sir Joshua's pencil, as the greatest painter, to pourtray for him the greatest hero of his day, the late Lord Heathfield, of Gibraltar; and this exquisite portrait, when finished, was exhibited in his gallery in Pall Mall. I cannot refrain recording a little anecdote as related by the general, at the time the painter was employed on the picture, whom he frequently diverted by some curious narrative, or amused by some droll anecdotes; one in particular, of a very rich Jew who resided in Prussia at the time of Frederick the Great, and was in high favour with his Majesty, and a very useful person to him. Certain apprehensions arising, however, in the Jew's mind, that a very wealthy subject was not in the most safe situation, while under an arbitrary Sovereign, he resolved within himself to get out of the Prussian dominions, together with his property, as soon as he could accomplish it. But this he saw was not possible to be done till he had procured the King's consent. He therefore in the humblest and most cunning manner wrote to Frederick to obtain his permission, alledging that both his health and affairs required his departure. But the more crafty King, who probably saw through his design, returned this short but affectionate answer,

"My Dear Mordecai,

"Nothing but death shall part us.

"FREDERICK."

The good offices of Sir Joshua through life were not confined to his intimate friends, but were often extended, particularly to professional men; one of whom in a great measure owed his success in the art to his advice, and to his recommendation of him, in this year, to the late Duke of Rutland, then setting out on his appointment to the Vice-Royalty of Ireland.

The person I allude to was a Mr. Pack, a native of Norwich, and who, from a fondness for the art, had copied many of Sir Joshua's paintings with great accuracy, having been strongly recommended to him by a friend. Some time after this, Mr. Pack, who was a mercantile man, suffered considerably by his American connections, and found it expedient to seek for support from that which he had practised before only as an amusement; and he was so successful in his Irish trip as to be tempted to risk his fate in London, where he afterwards practised with some little degree of fame.

This liberality of conduct, indeed, Sir Joshua practised frequently; and always candidly bestowed praise on his contemporaries, where due.

Of Gainsborough, he said, that he could copy Vandyke so exquisitely, that at a certain distance he could not distinguish the copy from the original, or the difference between them.

His manner he considered as peculiarly his own, and as one producing great effect and force; and one day whilst examining a picture of his with considerable attention, he at length exclaimed, "I cannot make out how he produces his effect!"

Sir Joshua, at the solicitation of Gainsborough, sat one morning to him for his portrait, but being taken ill soon after this first sitting, he was obliged to go to Bath for the recovery of his health, and, at his return, sent to Gainsborough to inform him, that he was ready to attend at any time he would appoint, in order to have the picture finished; but Gainsborough never resumed the work, and therefore it was never completed: why he declined it is not known; probably because Sir Joshua had made no offer to return the compliment by engaging to paint the portrait of Gainsborough. But Sir Joshua never had such an intention, which I heard him declare.

No further intercourse took place between these two artists until Gainsborough was on his death-bed, when his better feelings overcame his capriciousness, and he sent for Sir Joshua to thank him for the liberal manner in which he had always spoken of him in public and in private conversation.

Sir Joshua, indeed, had *proved* his opinion of his talents, by paying one hundred guineas for his well known picture of the "Girl attending Pigs."

Nothing can be more strongly expressive of Gainsborough's acknowledged goodness of heart, and of his ardent love for the profession, than the exclamation uttered whilst expiring—"We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the party!"

He was interred, on the 9th of August, in Kew Church-yard, with his name *alone* cut on his tombstone; Sir Joshua being one of the pall-bearers, together with Sir William Chambers, Mr. West the present President, Mr. Meyers, and Messrs. T. Cotes, Sandby, and Bartolozzi. The ceremony was also attended by several other gentlemen eminent for abilities, particularly Mr. Sheridan, &c.

On pronouncing this eulogium, which took place this year at the usual delivery of the Discourse, Sir Joshua's praises were just, instructive, and eloquent.

The purport of the whole discourse, indeed, turned upon Gainsborough's character, together with his excellencies and defects; and amongst other reasons for adopting this subject, he observed, that when we draw our examples from remote and revered antiquity, with some advantage undoubtedly in the selection, we expose ourselves to some inconveniencies, being, perhaps, led away too much by great names, and too much subdued by overbearing authority. He considered it, therefore, to be sometimes of service, that our examples should be near us; and be such as raise a reverence sufficient to induce us carefully to observe them, yet not so great as to prevent us from engaging with them in something like a generous contention.

With great justness Sir Joshua declared his opinion, that if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire for us the honorable distinction of an English School, then the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name: and after shewing that he had owed much of his excellence to his love for the art, he expressed himself of him personally, with great candour in the following words:—" Of Gainsborough we certainly know that his passion was not the acquirement of riches, but excellence in his art; and to enjoy that honorable fame which is sure to attend it.—That *he felt this ruling passion strong in death*, I am myself a witness. A few days before he died, he wrote me a letter to express his acknowledgments for the good opinion I entertained of his abilities, and the manner in which (he had been informed) I always spoke of him; and desired he might see me once more before he died. I am aware how flattering it is to myself to be thus connected with the dying testimony which this excellent painter bore to his art. But I cannot prevail on myself to suppress, that I was not connected with him, by any habits of familiarity: if any little jealousies had subsisted between us, they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as one who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion by being sensible of his excellence. Without entering into a detail of what passed at this last interview, the impression of it upon my mind was, that his regret at losing life, was principally the regret of leaving his art; and more especially as he now began, he said, to see what his deficiencies were; which, he said, he flattered himself, in his last works, were, in some measure, supplied."

The remainder of this discourse, the fourteenth, was dedicated to a comparison of Gainsborough with some other landscape painters, and it contains many most judicious observations, alike useful to the critic and the artist.

Of the many pictures of Sir Joshua himself, by his own hand, the last which he painted was executed this year; it is a three quarter length, with spectacles, representing him familiarly, as in common domestic life. Of this picture there are several duplicates: one in the possession of the Duke of Leeds; but his niece, the Marchioness of Thomond, possesses the original.

The well known satirical and descriptive production, called "Modern Characters from Shakspeare," was published this year. The passages, from the *Winter's Tale* and *Timon*, applied to Sir Joshua, are so well selected, that I cannot refuse them a place here.

The first was—"That rare master, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom."—The second —"Admirable! how this grace speaks his own standing! what a mental power this eye shoots forth! how big imagination moves in this lip!"

I come now to a most unfortunate era in the life of this great artist, when he encountered a heavy dispensation, the heaviest that could befal a professional man, the partial loss of his sight.

Mr. Malone, whose intimacy with Sir Joshua, at the time, enabled him to be perfectly correct in his statement, says, that he for the first time perceived this failure in the month of July, whilst giving nearly the last finishing to a portrait of the present Marchioness of Hertford. This, of course, was the last female portrait which he ever painted; for, finding it difficult to proceed, he immediately desisted, and in a few months afterwards he totally lost the use of his left eye, notwithstanding all the care of the most skilful practitioners in that branch of surgery. Amongst the last of his portraits of men, were those of Messrs. Windham and Cholmondeley, of Lord Macartney, never finished, and of Mr. Fox.

I mention these circumstances particularly in this place, because, that he now found it absolutely necessary to abstain from the use of his pencil, lest his remaining eye should also be affected; a determination which cost him great pain, and required great resolution to adhere to, as it deprived him of his best and dearest source of enjoyment, though he still ventured to read a little, or to listen to others; nor did he find himself deprived of the society of his friends, his misfortune not having affected his equal mind so much as to render him peevish or discontented. Indeed, like a philosopher, he endeavoured to console himself by the pleasures left him, more than to lament the loss of those of which he was deprived; and of these pleasures, he found many in the friendly intercourse of the *Literary Club*, which, however, was, in some measure, interrupted by the politics of that period, if we are to judge from a letter of Sir William Jones to Sir Joseph Banks, written in the latter end of this very year: " I wish politics at the devil, but hope, that when the King recovered, Science revived. It gives me great pain to know, that *party*, as it is called, (I call it *faction*, because I hold party to be grounded on principles, and faction on self-interest,) has found its way into a Literary Club, who meet reciprocally to impart, and receive new ideas. I have deep-rooted political principles, which the law taught me; but I should never think of introducing them among men of science, and if, on my return to Europe, ten or twelve years hence, I should not find more science than politics in the club, my seat in it will be at the service of any politician who may wish to be one of the party."

Sir William Jones, however, did not live to return; nor did Sir Joshua, indeed, mingle in those debates to which he alludes, but preserved the same friendly tenor of conduct and suavity of manners to his associates there, that he exercised towards all men in private life; for politics never amused him or ever employed his thoughts a moment.

That kindness of manner and readiness to oblige were particularly exemplified by a little incident which happened this year, thus noted by Mr. Dayes, the artist, who says, "Malice has charged him with avarice; probably from his not having been prodigal like too many of his profession. His offer to me proves the contrary. At the time that I made the drawings of the King at St. Paul's, after his illness, Reynolds complimented me handsomely on seeing them, and afterwards observed, that the labour bestowed must have been such, that I could not be remunerated from selling them; but if I would publish them myself, he would lend me the money necessary, and engage to get me a handsome subscription among the nobility."

An unhappy difference now took place between the President and the Royal Academy, which made considerable noise, and has often been related by various writers, according (in some measure,) to the feelings which they had in the business. I shall endeavour, however, to state the whole affair as impartially as possible; but according to my own conception of the business, which is very well told by an obsure author in a pamphlet published at the time, who says, that in the year 1790, Sir Joshua Reynolds (probably at the request of the Earl of Aylesford,) possessed a very anxious desire to procure the vacant professorship of Perspective in the Academy for Mr. Bonomi, an Italian architect; and as Mr. Bonomi had not yet been elected an Associate, and of course was not an Academician, it became a necessary step to raise him to those situations, in order to qualify him for being a Professor. The election proceeded, and Mr. Gilpin was a competitor for the associateship with the Italian architect. The numbers on the ballot proved equal; and the president gave the casting vote for his friend Mr. Bonomi, who was thereby advanced so far towards the professorship. On the vacancy of an academic seat by the death of Mr. Meyers, Sir Joshua Reynolds exerted all his influence to obtain it for Mr. Bonomi; but a spirit of resistance appeared, (owing, I believe, to some misconception, or to some informality on the part of Sir Joshua, in producing some drawings of Bonomi's) and Mr. Fuseli was elected an Academician by a majority of two to one. The President then quitted the chair with great dissatisfaction; and on the following day (the twelfth of February,) Sir Joshua Reynolds, who for twenty-one years had filled the chair of the Royal Academy, with honour to himself and his country, sent his resignation to Mr. Richards, the Secretary of the Academy.

A council was soon after held, and the subject of their deliberation was, the resignation of the President. A letter from Sir Joshua to Mr. Richards was then read, declaring his resolution to resign the Presidency of the Royal Academy. A letter from Sir William Chambers to Sir Joshua was also read; this was addressed to Sir Joshua, in consequence of Sir William's interview with the King, in an early stage of this business; and, among other flattering marks of the Sovereign's favour, the letter expressed, "That his Majesty would be happy in Sir Joshua's continuing in the President's chair."

Sir Joshua's letter to Sir William Chambers, in reply, stated in effect, "That he inferred his conduct must have been hitherto satisfactory to his Majesty, from the very gratifying way in which his Royal pleasure had been declared; and, if any inducement could make him depart from his original resolution, the will of his Sovereign would prevail; but that, flattery by his Majesty's approval to the last, there could be nothing that was not perfectly honorable in his resignation; and that, in addition to this determination, as he could not consistently hold the subordinate distinction of Royal Academician, after he had so long possessed the chair, he begged also to relinquish that honour."

All idea of now soothing Sir Joshua, by any proceeding of the Academy, since the Sovereign's wishes had been of no avail, was rejected as superfluous and inconsistent.

Immediately on Sir Joshua's resignation, the following lines were addressed to him by a Nobleman of genius, which I insert because they contain characteristic truths, and elegance of poetry. Some other verses were addressed to him by different persons but none of equal merit.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, &c. &c.

"Too wise for contest, and too meek for strife,
Like Lear, oppress'd by those you rais'd to life,
Thy sceptre broken, thy dominion o'er,
The curtain falls, and thou'rt a king no more.
Still near the wreck of thy demolished state,
Truth, and the weeping Muse with me shall wait;
Science shall teach Britannia's self to moan,
And make, O injured Friend! thy wrongs her own.

"Shall we forget, when with incessant toil,
To thee 'twas given to turn this stubborn soil,
To thee with flowers to deck our dreary waste,
And kill the poisonous weeds of vicious taste;
To pierce the gloom where England's genius slept,
Long of soft love and tenderness bereft;
From his young limbs to tear the bands away,
And bid the infant giant run and play?

"Dark was the hour, the age an age of stone,
When Hudson claimed an empire of his own;

And from the time when, darting rival light,
Vandyke and Rubens cheered our northern night,
Those twin stars set, the Graces all had fled,
Yet paused to hover o'er a Lely's head;
And sometimes bent, when won with earnest prayer,
To make the gentle Kneller all their care;
But ne'er with smiles to gaudy Verrio turned;
No happy incense on his altars burned.
O witness, Windsor, thy too passive walls,
Thy tortured ceilings, thy insulted halls!
Lo! England's glory, Edward's conquering son,
Cover'd with spoils from Poictiers bravely won;
Yet no white plumes, no arms of sable hue,
Mark the young hero to our ravish'd view;
In buskin trim, and laurelled helmet bright,
A well-dressed Roman meets our puzzled sight;
And Gallia's captive king, how strange his doom,
A Roman too perceives himself become!

"See too the miracles of God profaned,
By the mad daubings of this impious hand.
For while the dumb exult in notes of praise,
While the lame walk, the blind in transport gaze,
While vanquished demons Heaven's high mandates hear,
And the pale dead spring from the silent bier;
With laced cravat, long wig, and careless mien,
The painter's present at the wondrous scene!

"Vanloo and Dahl, these may more justly claim
A step still higher on the throne of fame;
Yet to the west their course they seem to run,
The last red streaks of a declining sun.

"And must we Jervas name? so hard and cold,
In ermine, robes, and peruke only bold;
Or when inspired, his rapturous pencil own
The rolled-up stocking, and the damask gown,
Behold a tasteless age in wonder stand,
And hail him the Appelles of the land!
And Denner too;—but yet so void of ease,
His figures tell you they're forbid to please;
Nor in proportion, nor expression nice,
The strong resemblance is itself a vice:
As wax-work figures always shock the sight,
Too near to human flesh and shape, affright,
And when they best are form'd afford the least delight.

"Turn ye from such to thee, whose nobler art
Rivets the eye, and penetrates the heart
To thee whom nature, in thy earliest youth,
Fed with the honey of eternal truth:
Then, by her fondling art, in happy hour,
Enticed to learning's more sequest'red bower.
There all thy life of honours first was planned,
While nature preached, and science held thy hand.
When, but for these, condemned perchance to trace
The tiresome vacuum of each senseless face,
Thou in thy living tints had ne'er combined
All grace of form, and energy of mind.
How, but for these, should we have trembling fled
The guilty tossings of a Beaufort's bed;
Or let the fountain of our sorrows flow
At sight of famished Ugolino's woe?
Bent on revenge, should we have pensive stood
O'er the pale cherubs of the fatal wood,
Caught the last perfume of their rosy breath,
And viewed them smiling at the stroke of death?
Should we have questioned, stung with rage and pain,
The spectre line with the distracted Thane?
Or with Alcmena's natural terror wild,
From the envenomed serpent torn her child?

"And must no more thy pure and classic page
Unfold its treasures to the rising age?
Nor from thy own Athenian temple pour
On listening youth of art the copious store;
Hold up to labour independent ease,
And teach ambition all the ways to please;
With ready hand neglected Genius save,
Sickening, o'erlook'd in Misery's hidden cave;
And, nobly just, decide the active mind
Neither to soil, nor climate is confined?

"Desert not then thy sons, those sons who soon
Will mourn with me, and all their error own.
Thou must excuse that raging fire, the same
Which lights their daily course to endless fame;
Alas! impels them thoughtless far to stray
From filial love, and Reason's sober way.
Accept again thy power, resume the chair,
Nor leave it, till you place an Equal there."

Even Peter Pindar, in his eccentric way, laments also what he considered as improper treatment of this great painter, and in his verse attempts to immortalize that head which had so often, assisted by his hand, immortalized the heads of so many others; and this the witty poet compares to that of Orpheus, which, on his being torn in pieces, was carried down the stream and drifted to the island of Lesbos. The passage is in one of his Lyric Odes.

"Now I've been thinking, if our Reynolds' head
Should, on his palette, down the Thames drive souse,
And mindful of the walls he once array'd
Bring to, a bit, at Somerset new house;
What scramblings there would be, what worlds of pains
Among the artists to possess his brains.
And like Neanthus for great Orpheus' lyre,
Some for his palette would be raising frays,
In hopes, no doubt, the wood would each inspire
To paint like him for—fame in better days;
As if a soldier, who'd no legs to use,
Should fight for his dead comrade's boots and shoes.
Reynolds, when I reflect what sons of fame
Have shar'd thy friendship, I with sighs regret
That all have died a little in thy debt,
And left a trump unknown to swell thy name;
But courage friend! when Time's relentless tooth
Hath nibbled mountains to the ground smack smooth
And pick'd, as one would pick a savoury bone,
Each monument of iron, and brass, and stone:—
Thy name shall live, and like heav'n's sacred fire
Succeeding artists kindle, and inspire."

Every Academician now regretted the unforeseen consequence of the unfortunate disagreement; however, the whole body showed so liberal a desire to retain Sir Joshua in the chair, that, after agitating those unpleasant differences between the president and the academy with as much delicacy as possible, it was determined that a delegation of the following gentlemen, to wit, Messrs. West, Farington, Cosway, Catton, Sandby, Bacon, Copley, Barry, and Rigaud, should wait upon Sir Joshua, and lay before him the resolution which the Academy had come to in order to produce a conciliatory effect. The resolution was in substance as follows:

"That it appeared, when the drawings of Mr. Bonomi were introduced at the election, Sir Joshua, by whose directions they were brought in, had certainly acted in conformity to the intentions of the council, as appeared by an order entered on their books; but that, such order not going through the regular forms necessary to constitute a law, the full body of Academicians remained ignorant of the proceeding, and therefore fell into an error in ordering the drawings to be removed. But, as they unanimously professed that no personal disrespect was intended towards Sir Joshua, they trusted he would be prevailed upon to comply with the wishes of the King, and continue in the Presidency of the Royal Academy."

The above delegates accordingly waited upon Sir Joshua, to intreat him to withdraw his letter of resignation, and resume his situation as President of an institution to which his talents had been so long an essential support. They had an interview with him at his house in Leicester Square, and were received with great politeness; and every mark of respect was expressed by those who had hitherto been deemed least cordial to the interests of the President. Upon a full explanation of the intentions and views of the Academy being made, and their wishes expressed that Sir Joshua would continue to adorn the presidency, he, after a handsome declaration of his gratitude for this honorable proceeding towards him, consented to resume the chair, and the whole of the delegates were invited to dine with him, in order to convince them that he returned to his office with sentiments of the most cordial amity.

On the suggestion of Lord Lansdowne, it was thought that Sir Joshua could not resume the chair till he had the proper authority of the King. For this, in due form, Lord Lansdowne applied; and when granted, this great artist attended at Somerset House, to be restored to all his honours in full assembly of the members.

Shortly after this, Sir Joshua delivered his fifteenth and *last* discourse, in which he took leave of the Academy, on the 10th of December, 1790: a discourse which gave a foreign artist, of considerable celebrity, occasion to say, that if he had only heard this final oration in praise of Michael Angelo, and seen that great national ornament, Somerset House, he should have been certain that the English nation were far advanced in the highest departments of art.

On this interesting occasion, Sir Joshua observed, that the intimate connexion which he had maintained with the Royal Academy ever since its establishment, and the social duties in which he and its members had been mutually engaged for so many years, rendered any profession of attachment on his part altogether superfluous; as, independent of other causes, such attachment would naturally have been produced in such a connexion, by the influence of habit alone. He modestly hinted at the little differences which had arisen: but expressed his wish that such things should be lost amongst the members in mutual esteem for talents and acquirements, and that every controversy would be sunk in general zeal for the perfection of that art common to them all.

In parting with the Academy, he declared that he would remember with pride, affection, and gratitude, the support with which he had almost uniformly been honored, from the commencement of the Establishment; and that he should leave it with unaffected cordial wishes for its future concord, and with a well-founded hope, that in that concord, the auspicious, and not obscure, origin of the Academy, might *not* be forgotten in the splendour of succeding prospects.

He then, with his usual modesty, assigned his reasons for thus voluntarily giving those periodical discourses.

“If prizes were to be given, it appeared not only proper but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said by the President on the delivery of those prizes, and the President, for his own credit, would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment; which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting, and by being uttered to many, would at last become a distinction to none. I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive observations on the art, when we crowned merit in the artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to animate and guide them in their future attempts."

Though Sir Joshua had not actually made his final resignation at this period, yet it is evident that he contemplated it, as he observed that his age and infirmities made it probable that this would really be his last address; and he added, with a degree of philosophy worthy of imitation, that excluded as he was from indulging his imagination with a distant and forward perspective of life, so he trusted that he would be excused for turning his eyes back on the way that he had passed.

To follow him through this review of his professional life and discourses would far exceed my proposed limits; but I may be permitted to say, that if he did not absolutely feel the ruling passion strong in death, yet he appeared to express its strongest sentiments in what may thus be called his professional demise, which he concluded with these remarkable words, after having expatiated on the exalted genius of his favourite master—

" I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of—*Michael Angelo!*"

On the evening of the delivery of this discourse one remarkable circumstance occurred, which, at the moment, not a little alarmed the company there assembled, and which was this. At the time when Sir Joshua was delivering his oration to a very numerous and even crowded audience, composed of persons of the highest rank in the state, as well as all those who were the most eminent in art, and just at the moment when a respectful and solemn silence prevailed, on a sudden a loud crash was heard, and a sensation felt, as if the floor of this great room, which is at the top of the house, was giving way and falling. The company immediately took the alarm, and rushed towards the door, or to the sides of the room, tumbling one over the other, in the utmost confusion and consternation, expecting, every moment, that the floor would fall away, and precipitate them down to the lower part of the building.

Sir Joshua was silent, but did not move from his seat: when, after some little time, the company perceiving that the danger had ceased, most of them resumed their places, and Sir Joshua calmly continued his discourse, as coolly as if nothing extraordinary had occurred.

On an examination of the floor afterwards, it was found that one of the beams for its support had actually given way from the great weight of the assembly of persons who pressed upón it, and probably from a flaw also in the wood.

I remember the remark Sir Joshua made on this accident was, that if the floor had really fallen, most of the persons assembled must have been crushed to death in consequence; and if so, the arts, in this country, would have been thrown two hundred years back.

But, providentially, no ill effect was produced by the circumstance.

It was the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that Michael Angelo was superior to the ancients, as he once declared to me; and on my not according with him in that opinion, I remember he said, "You have the strongest party in the argument, because you have the world on your side." But at this time I am more inclined to think with him, at least thus far, that in the works of Michael Angelo there always appears to be an exquisite sentiment produced; but from the antique, nothing of that which he inspires. The antique gives us, undoubtedly, a more perfect example of just proportions, and of characters. I apprehend the same qualities run through all their works of every species: their dramas seem to be the works of men of most powerful heads, and therefore the most proper models for the schools, as, in them, nothing that is wrong can be found; and we may therefore assist our judgment, by the help of their examples, as infallible guides, which examples can be reduced to rules. But the feelings of the heart admit of but little assistance or improvement from fixed rules. Thus, he who may have settled his notions of perfection from the models of the ancient dramas, and supposes nothing can surpass them in any quality whatever, must be struck with astonishment and admiration, when, for the first time, he contemplates the pages of Shakspeare, where such various sensations, subtle and refined, are described. Yet Shakspeare cannot, like the ancients, be admitted as a model for the schools, inasmuch as he is irregular and licentious, and his excellencies, like all those of genius, cannot be taught.

It must have been in this view that Sir Joshua saw a superiority in Michael Angelo over the antique; as surely he could not think him equal to them in just proportion, or in the decision and propriety of character.

Some attempts may be discovered in his practice to imitate Michael Angelo; and more to imitate Corregio: but it is evident, that his whole life was devoted to his finding out the Venetian mode of colouring; in the pursuit of which he risked both his fame and his fortune.

This being nearly the close of Sir Joshua's *professional* life, I may remark, that, for some years, his price has been fifty guineas for a head portrait, the other sizes being in proportion. On this subject, a friend observed to him, that it certainly seemed to be a great demand; but that when it was taken into consideration how many pictures were left upon his hands, and never paid for, it would not amount to more, perhaps, than ten guineas for each, individually, which was too small a price. To this Sir Joshua smilingly replied, that he thought "ten guineas for each was a very reasonable profit."

I recollect a circumstance of a certain lady who came to Sir Joshua to have her portrait painted by him, a short time before he raised his price to its final extent; but on her asking his demand, and being informed that it was forty guineas for the half length, she started, saying that she did not apprehend his terms to be so high, adding, that she must take some time to consider upon it. Shortly after, this lady paid Sir Joshua another visit, and informed him, that she had now made up her mind, and was come to a resolution to comply with his proposed terms; when he acquainted her of his price being raised; and, of course, that what would have been forty, was now sixty guineas. Thus, doubly mortified, the lady saw there was no alternative; and she frankly owned, that she would have her portrait drawn by him at any price; and accordingly sat for it.

Though now contemplating a succession from public life, Sir Joshua did not feel any decrease in his love for the *art*, or in his good wishes for the *profession*, sentiments strikingly evinced by his general conduct at all times, and particularly so in the year 1791.

He had, during the course of his professional labours, procured a very large and valuable collection of paintings, the works of the old masters; and his assemblage of prints was highly valuable and interesting. So great, indeed, was his desire to render his collection a good one, that, as Mr. Dayes very accurately states, he offered to cover twice with guineas, as the price of purchase, the picture of the "Witch coming from Hell with a lap full of Charms," by

Teniers; but this was refused. Yet it is pleasing to record, that he afterwards possessed this very picture; and, as he modestly declared, by *only* painting a portrait, a fancy subject, and giving another of his own works, already executed. The sum which he offered would have amounted to nearly one thousand guineas!

In this collection he had what he thought to be an oil painting of his favourite, Michael Angelo—a Madona and Child. But this involves a question which no one can determine; for if it was by Michael Angelo it would be invaluable indeed, not so much from its intrinsic merit, as from the extreme rarity of oil paintings from the pencil of that artist, and of which there are, indeed, very few in existence; for *oil-painting*, he used to say, "was only fit for women and children!"*

Still, however, Sir Joshua's professed admiration of him was so great, that Angelo's head was engraved on his seal; and he also introduced his bust in that portrait which he painted of himself for the Royal Academy, and has marked the name of Michael Angelo on the paper held in the hand of his portrait, now in the Gallery at Florence.

So anxious was Sir Joshua Reynolds for the diffusion of a good taste in the art, and that future students might find a practical commentary on those precepts which he had now ceased to deliver, that he, in the most liberal manner, offered to the Academy this collection of paintings at a very low price, on the condition that they would purchase the Lyceum in the Strand for the purpose of constructing an exhibition room. This generous offer, however, for several reasons, was declined; yet this must still be a subject of regret when we consider the various testimonies which Sir Joshua has left, to the merit of the great masters, and the necessity of often referring to them; and whilst so many well selected works were in this collection. In one place he exclaims, "On whom, then, can the student rely, or who shall shew him the path that leads to excellence? The answer is obvious: those great masters who have travelled the same road with success, are the most likely to conduct others. The works of those who have stood the test of ages, have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no mortal can pretend. The duration and stability of their fame are sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every tie of sympathetic approbation." He follows this up by adding, that "Our minds should be habituated to the contemplation of excellence, and, far from being contented to make such habits the discipline of our youth only, we should, to the last moment of our lives, continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur. Their inventions are not only the food of our infancy, but the substance which supplies the fullest maturity of our vigour."

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* He had also a *Study* by the same master.

His often repeated advice then was,—"Study, therefore, the great works of the great masters for ever. Study, as nearly as you can, in the order, in the manner, on the principles, on which they studied. Study nature attentively, but always with those masters in your company; consider them as models which you are to imitate, and at the same time as rivals which you are to combat."

Failing in his attempt to establish a gallery for his pictures, Sir Joshua in this year, (1791,) determined to make a temporary exhibition of them; and this took place in the month of April, at an apartment in the Haymarket, which had formerly been that of Ford the auctioneer. To this, the price of admission was one shilling; and as the profits arising from the exhibition were generously given by him to his old servant, Ralph Kirkley, so in the catalogue it was designated as, "Ralph's Exhibition."

Hitherto, Sir Joshua's personal health had not forsook him, and indeed, Mr. Malone states that in Septemper of this year, he was in such health and spirits, that on returning to London from Gregories in Buckinghamshire, the seat of their mutual friend Edmund Burke, he and Sir Joshua left his carriage at the Inn at Hayes, and walked five miles on the road in a warm day, without his complaining of any fatigue. "He had at that time, though above sixty-eight years of age, the appearance of a man not much beyond fifty, and seemed as likely to live for ten or fifteen years, as any of his younger friends."

In October, however, his spirits became much depressed, as he then entertained strong apprehensions respecting a tumour which had been for some time collecting over his left eye. This was now accompanied by a considerable degree of inflammation, which rendered him fearful that his right eye might also be affected, and the surgeons adopted every means in their power to *discuss* it, but without effect; for it was afterwards discovered to consist merely of extravasated blood, and had no connection with the optic nerve.

He was so impressed, however, with a knowledge of his own state of health, that he now determined to retire from the situation of President; and accordingly he addressed a letter to the Academy, "intimating his intention to resign the office on account of bodily infirmities, which disabled him from executing the duties of it to his own satisfaction."

This was dated on the 10th of November; and on the 15th, a meeting of all the Academicians being called for the election of associates to that body, Mr. West the present President, laid the letter before them, which was received with the most respectful concern by his long tried companions, to whom his talents and virtues were so well known.

It was now proposed to embody a resolution whose purport should be that a deputation should wait on Sir Joshua to express their regret at this determination, and their wish that he might still retain the office, but appoint a deputy to execute its more laborious duties. This office was bestowed on, and accepted by, Mr. West, as a temporary arrangement; but Sir Joshua was never able afterwards to resume any of his functions; for as Mr. Malone observes, "he laboured under a much more dangerous disease, (than that connected with the state of his eyes,) which deprived him of his wonted spirits and his appetite, though he was wholly unable to explain to his physicians the nature or seat of his disorder."

During the course of Sir Joshua's active life, he had passed his days in a state of professional honour and social enjoyment, that has scarcely been equalled, and never surpassed by any of his predecessors in art. He had been blessed also with an excellent constitution by nature. Of these advantages he was very sensible, and I well remember a remark he once made to me, saying, "I have been fortunate in an uninterrupted share of good health and success for thirty years of my life: therefore, whatever ills may attend on the remainder of my days, I shall have no right to complain."

But infirmities more than age seemed to rush upon him in the decline of life, and were naturally embittered by the sudden contrast. He had from the beginning of his malady a fixed apprehension that it would end fatally to him, yet death was slow in its approach, which he surveyed with the fortitude of a philosopher, and the piety of a christian.

When a friend attempted to give him comfort in the hope of returning health.. He calmly answered, "I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine."

It was not more than a fortnight before his death, it was discovered that his disorder was occasioned by a diseased liver, which had confined him three painful months to his bed.

Thus, not having completed his sixty-ninth year, he was taken from the world which admired him, and the country which he adorned, on Thursday evening, February the 23rd, 1792. His friends had for some considerable time conceived that he was low spirited, without material cause; but on his being opened by Mr. Hunter, a preternatural enlargement of the liver, to more than double the usual size, sufficiently accounted for his depression and his death.

Thus have I humbly attempted to trace the rise, and progress to the final dissolution, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the nation's ornament, and the favourite of an approving world, taken from it when in the height of his professional honours, and in the full possession of an established fame—an artist and a man of whom scarce any praise can be too high.

To sum up his character in brief I shall here insert the eulogium of Burke, written on the impulse of the moment, and which is alike creditable to the memory of departed genius, and to the ready talent of the surviving friend.

" *Last night*, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, died, at his house in Leicester fields, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His illness was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of any thing irritable or querulous; agreeably to the placid and even tenour of his whole life. He had, from the beginning of his malady, a distinct view of his dissolution; and he contemplated it with that entire composure, which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his own kindness had, indeed, well deserved.

" Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve, when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

"He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by Sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty and candour, never forsook him even on surprize or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

"His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, and which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow.

"HAIL! AND FAREWELL!"

All the periodical journals of the time teemed with eulogies on the character of this eminent man; but they are too numerous to insert here, although several of them were extremely well written: but of this of Burke's, it was said by a contemporary journalist, that it was the eulogium of *Apelles* pronounced by *Pericles*, and that to attempt to add to it, would be to risk the same censure that would be passed upon an inferior artist who should presume to retouch one of Sir Joshua's own pictures.

What now remains to be detailed, is the account of his funeral; and I shall, in this, avail myself partly of copying some particulars of that solemn ceremony as they were drawn up for the public prints, by the pens, it is said, of Messrs. Burke and Malone in conjunction—a very just statement given with simplicity and feeling, and worthy of its subject.

It may be necessary to premise, that Mr. Burke applied by letter to the Council of the Royal Academy, soon after Sir Joshua's decease, requesting that the apartment allotted to the exhibition, might then be prepared in the usual forms of solemnity, in order that the body might lie there in state previous to interment, so that the last sad tribute to his memory might take place from that spot so often embellished by the effusions of his magic pencil.

The Academy felt the requisition too forcibly, not to consent immediately, with one solitary exception; however, this opposition was sufficiently powerful to hold its ground against all the united voices, until silenced by an express order from the *Royal Patron* that every possible honour should be paid to the memory of their venerable President.

Therefore, acting under this express order of his majesty, a condescension highly honourable to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and exceedingly gratifying to the wishes of that Society of eminent Artists—every thing being finally arranged, the corpse, in the coffin covered with black velvet, was removed from Leicester-fields to Somerset-house on the night of Friday, the 2nd of March, where it lay in state that night, and until the beginning of the funeral procession, in the Model-room of the Academy which was hung with black cloth and lighted by chandeliers, whilst an escutcheon of arms was emblazoned at the head of the room; the hour of noon on the following day being appointed for the performance of the obsequies.

On Saturday, the 3rd of March, 1792, the expectation of this solemnity had filled all the streets, through which the procession was to pass, with people innumerable of all ranks, as well as the windows of every house; but the passage of all carriages, except those which were to form the procession, was strictly prevented by peace officers stationed for that purpose, and all the shops in the line of procession were closely shut up.

Independent of those who, according to the arrangement, were to form the funeral cavalcade, the greatest part of the most distinguished individuals in the kingdom had assembled at Somerset-house, anxious to pay the last melancholy duties to him whom they had been accustomed to love for his virtues, and to respect for his talents; and many more were prevented by illness and unexpected and unavoidable necessity, from paying this mark of respect, to their great regret.

The persons, who attended the funeral, assembled in the Council-chamber and Library of the Royal Academy, and the Academicians in the great Exhibition-room; and as many others as could be admitted with propriety into the procession, were permitted to join it; and though the company were very select, yet so extended was the line of carriages, that the procession required nearly two hours to move from Somerset-house to St. Paul's: and the last carriage had only to set off from the former place just as the City Marshals, who led the procession, had arrived at the doors of the Cathedral.

The order of the procession was arranged as follows:

Twelve peace officers to clear the way.
Two City Marshals on horseback.
Lord Mayor's Carriage.
Two Sheriffs of London.
The Undertaker and ten Conductors on horseback.
A Lid with plumes of feathers.
The *Hearse* with six horses.
Ten Pall-bearers, viz.
Duke of Dorset, Lord High Steward of
His Majesty's Household,
Duke of Leeds, Duke of Portland,
Marquis Townshend, Marquis of Abercorn,
Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Inchiquin,
Earl of Upper Ossory, Lord Viscount Palmerston,
Lord Eliot.
Robert Lovel Gwatkin, Esq. Chief Mourner.
Two Attendants of the family, one of them
Mr. Marchi.
Right Honourable Edmund Burke. }
Edmond Malone, Esq. } Executors.
Philip Metcalfe, Esq. }
The Council of the Royal Academy.
The Keeper. The Treasurer.
The Secretary. The Librarian.
Professors.
Mr. T. Sandby, Mr. Barry,
Bennet Langton, Esq. (*in ancient literature.*) James Boswell, Esq. (*Secretary for foreign correspondence.*)
Academicians, two and two.
Associates, two and two.
Artists, not members of the Royal Academy.
Students.

After these there followed, the Archbishop of York, Marquis of Buckingham, Earls of Fife and Carysfort; Bishop of London, Lords St. Asaph, Fortescue, Somers, and Lucan, the Dean of Norwich, Right Honourable William Windham, Sirs Abraham Hume, George Beaumont, Thomas Dundas, Charles Bunbury, and William Forbes, Barts. Drs. George Fordyce, Ash, Brocklesby, and Blagden; also the following Members of Parliament, Sir William Scott, George Rose, John Rolle, William Weddell, Reginald Pole Carew, Matthew Montagne, Richard P. Knight, Dudley North, and John Cleveland, Esquires; to whom we may add other gentlemen, viz. Richard Clark, Charles Townley, Abel Moysey, Welbore Ellis Agar, William Seward, Edward Jerningham, Richard Burke, Thomas Coutts, J. J. Angerstein, Edward Gwatkin, Charles Burney, John Hunter, William Cruikshank, and John Devaynes, Esqrs. together with Colonel Gwynn, Captain Pole, Mr. Kemble, Dr. Lawrence, Mr. Alderman Boydell, Messrs. Poggi, Breda, &c. &c. &c.

This company was conveyed in forty-two mourning coaches, whilst forty-nine coaches belonging to the nobility and gentry, followed the procession.

The statement of which I have spoken, goes on to detail that at half past three o'clock was interred the body of " Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt. Doctor of Laws in the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, Principal Painter to his Majesty, President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, of London, Fellow of the Royal Society, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and Member of the Imperial Academy at Florence."

The spot selected for the grave was in the crypt underneath the body of the Cathedral, next to that of Dr. Newton, late Bishop of Bristol, " and close by the tomb of the famous Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that edifice."

On this solemn occasion it was still some consolation to reflect, that the company who attended it consisted of a great number of the most distinguished persons, who were emulous in their desire of paying their last honours to the remains of him whose life had been employed in the exertions of the highest talents, and in the exercise of those virtues that make a man respectable and beloved.

Never was a public solemnity conducted with more decorum and dignity. The procession set out at half an hour after twelve o'clock. The hearse arrived at the Western gate of St. Paul's about a quarter after two, and was there met by the Dignitaries of the church, and by the gentlemen of the choir, who chaunted the proper Psalms, while the procession moved to the entrance of the choir, where was performed, in a superior manner, the full choir evening service, together with the famous anthem of Dr. Boyce; the body remaining during the whole time in the centre of the choir. The chief mourner and gentlemen of the Academy, having long cloaks of black, as of the family, were placed by the body; the chief mourner in a chair at the head; the two attendants at the feet; the Pall-bearers and Executors in the seats on the decanel side; the other noblemen and gentlemen on the cantorial side. The Bishop of London was in his proper place, as were the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

" After the service, the body was conveyed into the crypt, and placed immediately beneath the perforated brass plate, under the centre of the dome. Dr. Jefferies, Canon Residentiary, with the other Canons, and the whole choir, came under the dome; the grave digger attending in the middle with a shovel of mould, which at the proper time was thrown through the aperture of the plate, on the coffin. The funeral service was chaunted, and accompanied on the organ in a grand and affecting manner. When the funeral service was ended, the Chief Mourner and Executors went into the crypt, and attended the corpse to the grave, which was dug under the pavement.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs honoured the processsion by coming to Somerset Place, where an officer's guard of thirty men was placed at the great court-gate. After the procession had passed through

Temple Bar, the gates were shut by order of the Lord Mayor, to prevent any interruption from carriages passing to or from the City."

After the ceremony, the Procession returned in nearly the same order to the Royal Academy; and I may here mention, that it contained as many members, of the "Literary Club," as were not prevented by personal duties from attending it. It has also been noticed, as worthy of record, that in the procession were three Knights of the Garter, two of St. Patrick, and one of the Thistle, three Dukes, and four noblemen who had held the high office of Viceroy of Ireland.

A cold collation having been prepared for the members of Royal Academy, on their return to Somerset Place, Mr. Burke entered the room to return the thanks of the family for the attention shewn to the remains of their lamented President; but his feelings were too acute to permit him to utter the sentiments he wished to express.

"Thus," says a recent panegyrist, "thus were deposited the remains of Sir Joshua Reynolds, doubly hallowed by a nation's respect, and by the tears of private friendship—and thus ends all that is earthly and perishable of him whose fame as an artist, as a patronizer of the arts, and above all, as a good man, will long survive him!"

As a token of respect and a pledge of remembrance, a print engraved by Bartolozzi, was presented to each of the gentlemen who had joined the procession.

It represented a female clasping an urn, a funeral emblem of a weeping muse, (from the pencil of Burney) and on the monument are a pallet, pencils, and a resting stick. The Genius of Painting is also introduced, holding an inverted and extinguished torch, and pointing out to the monument, on which is written,

"Succedet fama, vivusque per ora feretur."

Beneath is a complimentary address: and a fac simile of the whole will be found at the close of these Memoirs. The funeral expenses were in part defrayed out of the funds of the Royal Academy.

The last will and testament of Sir Joshua Reynolds had been written not very long previous to his decease, being dated on the 5th of November, 1791.

He had written it with his own hand, and its beginning was extremely expressive of his own feelings and sentiments on the subject, for he says,

"As it is probable that I may shortly be deprived of sight, and may not have an opportunity of making a formal will, I desire that the following memorandums may be considered as my last will and testament.

"I commend my soul to God, in humble hopes of his mercy, and my body to the earth."——

All his property, real and personal, with the exceptions here recorded, he then bequeaths to his niece Miss Palmer, now Marchioness of Thomond, including his Richmond Villa, the house in Leicester-fields, together with all property in the public funds, pictures, books, furniture, plate, &c.

He then proceeds to specify his various legacies: viz., to Mrs. Gwatkins, 10,000*l* in the three per cents.; to his sister, Miss Frances Reynolds, 2,500*l* in the funds for life, with the reversion to Miss Palmer; to Mr. Burke, 2,000*l*, with the cancelling of a bond of the same amount for money borrowed; to the Earl of Upper Ossory, the first choice, and to Lord Palmerstone the second choice of any picture of his own painting; to Sir Abraham Hume, Bart. the choice of his Claude Lorraines; to Sir George Beaumont, Bart. the "Return of the Ark," by Sebastian Bourdon; the sum of 200*l* each to his executors, and the same to Mr. Boswell, to be expended, if they thought proper, in the purchase of a picture, to be bought for each at the sale of his paintings, and to be kept for his sake; his miniature of Milton to Mr. Mason; one of Oliver Cromwell, by the same artist, (Cooper) to Richard Burke, jun.; his watch and seals to his nephew, William Johnson, then at Calcutta; his picture of the Angel Contemplation, which formed the upper part of the Nativity, to the Duke of Portland; to Mrs. Bunbury, the portrait of her son; to Mrs. Gwyn, her own portrait, with a turban; 1,000*l* to his old and faithful servant, Ralph Kirkley, who had lived with him upwards of thirty years.

This is the principal purport of his will, which was proved in Doctor's-Commons on the 28th of February; and the whole amount of cash and funded property was, at least, 60,000*l*, whilst the houses, pictures, &c., were valued at 20,000*l* more: a sum that fully proves the high estimation in which he had professionally been held, particularly when we consider the liberal and hospitable manner in which the greatest part of his life had been spent.

Completely to fill up the vacancy which the loss of such a man produced in society, was impossible; Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, was selected to occupy his seat in the Literary Club; Mr. Laurence as principal painter in ordinary to his Majesty; and Mr. West, the present President of the Royal Academy, was unanimously elected to fill the chair at Somerset-place, on the 24th of March; on which occasion he united a handsome tribute of praise towards his deceased friend and predecessor, with his expression of thanks for the honor conferred on him.

On the death of Sir Joshua, even those whose little jealousies had contributed to give him some uneasiness whilst living, all stood forward to make amends by the warmest commendations; amongst the rest was Mr. Barry, who now gave a full scope to his more generous feelings, and about a year afterwards, on the 18th of February, 1793, paid some very well deserved compliments to his friend in his sixth Lecture read at the Academy.*

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* See Barry's works, vol. i. pages 552 to 557.

This just tribute to the memory of Sir Joshua, was noticed by the Marquis and Marchioness of Thomond, who, in order to mark their approval, presented him with their estimable relative's painting-room chair. I have preserved his answer, from its connection with the present itself, and its containing an appropriate compliment to the former lamented possessor. "Mr. Barry presents his most respectful compliments to Lord and Lady T. with every acknowledgment and thanks for their inestimable favour conferred on him this morning in the gift of Sir Joshua's chair.

"Alas! this chair, that had such a glorious career of fortune, instrumental as it has been in giving the most advantageous stability to the otherwise fleeting, perishable graces of a Lady Sarah Bunbury, or a Waldegrave, or in perpetuating the negligent honest exterior of the authors of the Rambler, the Traveller, and almost every one to whom the public admiration gave a currency for abilities, beauty, rank, or fashion.

"The very chair that is immortalized in Mrs. Siddon's Tragic Muse, where it will have as much celebrity as the chair of Pindar, which for so many ages was shewn in the porch at Olympia! This chair of Sir Joshua Reynolds may rest well satisfied with the reputation it has gained, and although its present possessor may not be enabled to grace it with any new ornament, yet it can surely count upon finding a most affectionate, reverential conservator, whilst God shall permit it to remain under his care." January 30th, 1794.

Some time after the funeral, a copy of verses were addressed to the Royal Academicians, written by the beautiful Mrs. Robinson, which possess considerable merit, but are, however, too long for insertion; therefore, I shall make an extract of those lines only which apply to the particular merits of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Ye solemn mourners, who, with footsteps slow,
Prolonged the sable line of public woe;

Who fondly crowding round his plumed bier,
Gave to his worth, th' involuntary tear;
Ye children of his school, who oft have hung
On the grac'd precepts of his tuneful tongue;
Who many an hour in mute attention caught
The vivid lustre of his polished thought!
Ye who have felt, for ye have taste to feel,
The magic influence o'er your senses steal,
When eloquently chaste, from wisdom's page
He drew each model for a rising age!
Say, is no kind, no grateful tribute due,
To HIM who twin'd immortal wreaths for you?
Who from the dawn of youth to manhood's prime
Snatch'd hidden beauties from the wings of time;
Who gave new lustre to your wond'ring sight,
Drawn from the chaos of oblivious night;
Where chain'd by *Ignorance*, in Envy's cave,
The art he courted found a chilling grave;
Where native genius faded, unadmired,
While emulation's glorious flame expir'd,
Till Reynolds, braving Envy's recreant spell,
Dragg'd the huge monster from her thorny cell,
Who, shrinking from his mild benignant eye,
Subdued, to Stygian darkness fled——to die.

Beneath yon lofty dome that props the skies
Low 'on the lap of earth' your patron lies;
Cold is the hand that gave the touch divine,
Which bade the mimic orbs of reason shine:
Closed is that eye which beam'd with living light,
That gave the mental soul, to mortal sight!
For, by the matchless wonders of his art
The outward mien bespoke the hidden heart!
Taste, feeling, character, his pencil knew,
And TRUTH acknowledged e'en what Fancy drew.
So, just to nature ev'ry part combin'd,
Each *feature* mark'd the tenor of the *mind!*
'Twas his with varying excellence to show
Stern manhood's dignity and beauty's glow!
To paint the perfect form, the witching face,
With Guido's softness, and with Titian's grace!
The dimpled cherub at the mother's breast,
The smile serene, that spoke the parent blest!
The Poet's vivid thought, that shone divine
Through the rich image of each finish'd line!
The tale that bids the tear of pity flow;
The frenzied gaze of petrifying woe;

The dying father, fix'd in horror wild,
O'er the shrunk image of his famish'd child.

AH! STAY MY MUSE—nor trace the madd'ning scene,
Nor paint the starting eye, the frantic mien;
Turn from the picture of distracting woes,
Turn from each charm that beauty's smile bestows,
Go form a wreath Time's temple to adorn,
Bedeck'd with many a *rose*—with many a *thorn!*
Go, bind the hero's brow with deathless bays,
Or, to calm friendship chaunt the note of praise;
Or, with a feather stol'n from Fancy's wing,
Sweep with light hand the gay fantastic string;
But leave, oh, leave thy fond lamenting song,
The feeble echo of a wond'ring throng—
Cans't thou with brighter tints adorn the rose,
Where nature's vivid blush divinely glows?
Say cans't thou add one ray to heaven's own light,
Or give to Alpine snow a purer white?
Cans't thou increase the diamond's burning glow,
Or to the flower a richer scent bestow?
Say cans't thou snatch, by sympathy sublime,
One kindred bosom from the grasp of TIME?
Ah! no! then bend with cypress boughs thy lyre,
Mute be its chords, and quench'd its sacred fire,
For dimly gleams the poet's votive lays
Midst the vast splendor of a NATION'S PRAISE."

To sum up the whole of Sir Joshua's character as a professional man, it may be observed that when we contemplate him as a painter, we are to recollect, that after the death of Kneller, the arts in England fell to the lowest state of barbarism, and each professor either followed that painter's steps, or else wandered in utter darkness, till Reynolds, like the sun, dispelled the mist, and threw an unprecedented splendor on the department of portraiture. Hence the English school is, in a great degree, the growth of his admirable example.

To the grandeur, the truth, and simplicity of Titian, and to the daring strength of Rembrandt, he has united the chasteness and delicacy of Vandyke. Delighted with the picturesque beauties of Rubens, he was the first that attempted a bright and gay back ground to portraits; and defying the dull and ignorant rules of his master, at a very early period of life, emancipated his art from the shackles with which it had been encumbered in the school of Hudson. There is, however, every reason to believe, that he very rarely copied an entire picture of any master,* though he certainly did imitate the excellent parts of many; and his versatility in this respect was equalled only by the susceptibility of his feelings, the quickness of his comprehension, and the ardor which prompted his efforts. His pictures in general possess a degree of merit superior to mere portraits, they assume the rank of history. His portraits of men are distinguished by a certain air of dignity, and those of women and children by a grace, a beauty, and simplicity, which have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. No painter ever gave so completely, as himself, that momentary facinating expression, that irresistible charm, which accompanies and denotes "the Cynthia of the minute." In his attempts to give character where it did not exist, he has sometimes lost likeness; but the deficiencies of the portrait were often compensated by the beauty of the picture.

The attitudes of his figures are generally full of grace, ease, and propriety; he could throw them into the boldest variations, and he often ventures on postures, which inferior painters could not execute; or which, if attempted, would inevitably destroy their credit. His chief aim, however, was *colour* and *effect;* and these he always varied as the subject required. Whatever deficiencies there may be in the design of this great master, no one at any period better understood the principles of colouring: nor can it be doubted that he carried this branch of his art to a very high degree of perfection. His lights display the knowledge he possessed, and with shade he conceals his defects. Whether we consider the power, the brilliancy, or the form of his lights, the transparency of his shadows, with the just quantities of each, and the harmony, richness, and full effect of the whole, it is evident that he has not only far transcended every modern master, but that his excellencies in these captivating parts of painting, vie with the works of the great models he has emulated. The opinion he has given of Raffaelle may, with equal justice, be applied to himself; "that his materials were generally borrowed, but the noble structure was his own." No one ever appropriated the ideas of others to his own purpose with more skill than Sir Joshua. He possessed the alchemy of painting, by converting whatever he touched into gold. Like the bee that extracts sweets from the most noxious flowers, so his active observation could see every thing pregnant with a means of improvement, from the wooden print on a common ballad, to the highest graces of Parmegiano. Perhaps there is no painter that ever went before him, from whom he has not derived some advantage, and appropriated certain excellencies with judicious selection and consummate taste. Yet after all that can be alledged against him as a borrower of forms from other masters, it must be allowed that he engrafted on them beauties peculiarly his own. The severest critics, indeed, must admit that his manner is truly original, bold, and free. Freedom is certainly one of his principal characteristics; and to this he seems often to have sacrificed every other consideration. He has, however, two manners; his early pictures are without those violent freedoms of execution and dashes of the pencil, being more minute and more fearful, but the colouring is clear, natural and good. In his latter and bolder works, the colour, though excellent, is sometimes more artificial than chaste.

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* Of the few copies he made at Rome the only finished one is St. Michael, the Archangel, chaining the dragon, after Guido. This copy he placed in the ceiling of his Picture Gallery, where it remained till his death. It was then taken down by his niece, and heiress, when she left that house.

He made a small copy of the School of Athens, from Raffaelle; also about eight or ten heads selected from Raffaelle in the Vatican, and a head or two from Titian.

As an *Historical painter,* he cannot be placed in the same rank which he holds in the line of portraiture. The compositions of his portraits are unquestionably excellent, whilst his historical pictures are, in this respect, often very defective. They frequently consist of borrowed parts, which are not always suited to each other. Though many times inaccurate, and deficient in the style of drawing, they must however, be allowed to possess great breadth, taste, and feeling, and many of them fine expression. His light poetical pieces much excelled those of a narrative or historical character.

There is a circumstance contained in one of his fragments of an intended discourse, preserved by Mr. Malone, in which he says, " It has frequently happened, as I was informed by the keeper of the Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works of Raffaelle, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved; so little impression had those performances made on them. One of the first painters now in France once told me, that this circumstance happened to himself; though he now looks on Raffaelle with the veneration which he deserves from all painters and lovers of the art.

" I remember very well my own disappointment, when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raffaelle had the same effect on him; or, rather, that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and on enquiring further, of other students, I found that those persons only who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great man, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaelle, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them, as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me; I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state it had ever been in, (it could not, indeed, be lower,) were to be totally done away, and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as a *little child*. Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merit; and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perception began to dawn upon me; and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained."

Considering the study and practice Reynolds must have gone through before he visited Italy, he certainly was, in comparison with others, a man of a cultivated taste; and, though what has been said may be very true, that many persons, after having been conducted through the rooms of the Vatican, have turned to the keeper, and asked him for the paintings of Raffaelle, yet it is not easy to conceive how he, who probably had seen the cartoons, and other pictures, besides prints from this great painter, should have formed such an inadequate and erroneous idea of what he was to see at Rome. Splendor of colour, depth of chiaroscuro, he must have been taught not to expect; strength and dignity of character, unexampled variety, and vivacity of expression, (qualities more striking to the eye of taste, and scarcely less so to the vulgar,) they certainly possess. To what, then, can be attributed their want of impression, particularly on such as him? It does not appear that the same complaint has been made of the works of Michael Angelo.

That, which in his discourses he denominates the ornamental style, and which he treats in his writings with so much severity, seems to have been the very style which it was his constant endeavour to attain, and which it may be said he did attain in an unexampled degree; while the excellencies of the grand style, its severe and majestic simplicity, he seems not to have been inclined to attempt, although so great an admirer of it, that even its defects are deemed beauties in his eyes; whilst its dryness and hardness of manner, and an inharmonious effect. frequently proceeding from a want of skill in the painter, he contemplates altogether with enthusiastic admiration. His theory and his practice are evidenty at variance; he speaks of the cold painters of portraits, and ranks them on a level with the epigrammatist and sonnetteer, yet devoted his life to portraits. How to account for this dereliction of his theory may be difficult; the reason given by himself was, that he adapted his style to the taste of the age in which he lived; and again, that a man does not always do what he would, but what he can.

My own opinion is, that his mind by nature was constituted more for the cultivation of that which belongs to the beautiful and the graceful, than of those qualities which compose the terrible or the sublime, and that the style of Michael Angelo which he seems to have lamented that he did not adopt in his youth, was not that style to which he could, with most advantage to himself, have devoted his studies; yet it must ever remain a doubt, whether he could or could not have succeeded in the highest style, if the opportunity had been offered to him. All that we can say of him is, that he had done full enough to prove that he was a very great genius, as he is an example of the most perfect growth that English culture can produce; and from the means which he had he has accomplished that end, and availed himself of that patronage which is in the hands of an infinity of persons to bestow.

But that great style, which he so properly had made his idol, and appeared to adore, a style which never can exist in its fullness but in countries where the religion, or the government, or both together, are its patrons—it is an article totally useless and unfit in respect to the habits of private life, and in this country held as very disagreeable; and had Raffaelle or Michael Angelo been born in England, they would, perhaps, have been far greater than Sir Joshua Reynolds, and most undoubtedly would have acquired great fame; but they would have been known only as illustrious portrait painters even to themselves.

The grand style is an instrument fit only to be in the hands of government, civil or religious, and only proper for solemn occasions. It is not to be the subject of vulgar criticism; it is to command, to guide, and to direct the heart, and such are the uses the church of Rome have made of it.

The lectures which he delivered at the Royal Academy on the 10th of December, at first every year, and latterly every two years, are the works which chiefly bestow on him the character of an estimable writer. In these he treats his favourite art with the depth of a philosopher, the accomplishments of a scholar, and the accuracy of a critic. These were designed to animate and direct the students in the pursuit of excellence, and indeed are replete with the soundest instructions, expressed in language at once natural, perspicuous, and correct.

The profound knowledge of the art displayed in these discourses is enriched by the classical and appropriate illustrations of a polished mind; they are treasures of information to the student and to the proficient; and the elegance and chastity of the style have very rarely, if ever, been equalled by the most eminent of our writers. His observations on the old masters are equally just and ingenius; several branches of the theory of art are treated with uncommon judgment and ability, and the composition throughout is strongly marked by the simplicity of his own individual character and manner, and totally unlike that of any of his literary friends, to whom some idle critics have attributed the merit of those discourses. They have been translated into French, and the late Mr. Barretti published an edition of them in the Italian language.

It has been conjectured that Sir Joshua was not the author of the discourses which he delivered at the Royal Academy.

I can only say that at the periods when it was expected he should have composed them, I have heard him walking at intervals in his room as if in meditation, till one or two o'clock in the morning, and have on the following morning, at an early hour, seen the papers on the subject of his art which had been written on the preceding night. I have had the rude manuscript from himself in his own hand writing, in order to make a fair copy from it for him, to read it in public; I have seen the manuscript also after it had been revised by Dr. Johnson, who has sometimes altered it to a wrong meaning, from his total ignorance of the subject and of art; but never to my knowledge saw the marks of Burke's pen on any of the manuscripts.

I remember one day in particular, after Sir Joshua had been studying the preceding night, Burke paid him a morning visit, and at that time I was at work in the adjoining room, and could easily overhear their conversation, which, as Sir Joshua was deaf, was very distinct; and he read aloud to Burke the following paragraph of his discourse for December the 10th, 1794.

"Like a sovereign judge and arbiter of art," (alluding to the painter,) "he is possessed of that presiding power which separates and attracts every excellence from every school; selects both from what is great and what is little, brings home knowledge from the east and from the west; making the universe tributary towards furnishing his mind and enriching his works with originality and variety of invention."

Burke commended it in the highest terms saying, "This is, indeed, excellent, nobody can mend it, no man could say it better."

Yet, I must confess, it is wonderful, that a man, whose time was so entirely absorbed in the practical acquirements of his art, and who could not be ranked as a man eminent for literature, should compose such prose as good judges have pronounced to be amongst the highest examples in our language.

The Bishop of Rochester, who has examined the writings of Mr. Burke since his death, and has lately edited a part of them, informed a friend that he could discover no reason to think that Mr. Burke had the least hand in the discourses of Reynolds: nor can I pay any attention to what Mr. Courtenay says in his "Moral and Literary Character of Dr. Johnson," where he seems to think that Reynolds copied from the latter, or imitated him.

"To Fame's proud cliff, he bade our Raffaelle rise,
Hence Reynolds' pen with Reynolds' pencil vies."

Mr. M'Cormick also asserts, that Burke wrote his letter in 1790, when he retired from the chair; but I trust there is sufficient evidence already adduced, to prove that those opinions are totally erroneous.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM E. BURKE, TO MR. MALONE.

"I have read over some part of the discourses with an unusual sort of pleasure; partly because, being faded a little in my memory, they have a sort of appearance of novelty; partly by reviving recollections mixed with melancholy and satisfaction. The Flemish Journal I had never seen before. You trace in that, every where, the spirit of the discourses, supported by new examples. He is always the same man; the same philosophical, the same artist-like critic, the same sagacious observer, with the same minuteness, without the smallest degree of trifling."

Before I quit the subject of these discourses of Sir Joshua, I cannot refrain from giving the opinion of the Chevalier Mengs on them, whether because he had not the capacity to comprehend them, or from the effect of envy I cannot determine, but this Mengs says, "That the book of the English Reynolds would lead youth into error, because it abandons them to superficial principles, the only ones known to that author."

This criticism from Mengs raised the choler of our English poet, Cumberland, and he thus retorts the charge to the great annoyance of the Chevalier Don Joseph Nicholas D'Azara, Spanish minister at Rome, and the Editor of Menge's manuscripts, also his adorer.

"If the genius of Mengs," says Cumberland, "had been capable of producing a composition equal to that of the tragic and pathetic Ugolino, I am persuaded such a sentence as the above would never have passed his lips; but flattery made him vain, and sickness rendered him peevish: he found himself in Madrid, in a country without rivals, and because the Arts had travelled out of his sight, he was disposed to think they existed no where but on his own palette. The time perhaps is at hand when our virtuosi will extend their route to Spain, and of these some one probably will be found, who, regarding with just indignation the dogmatical decrees of Mengs, will take in hand the examination of his paintings, which I have enumerated; and we may then be told, with the authority of science, that his nativity though so splendidly encased, and covered with such care that the very winds of Heaven are not permitted to visit the face too roughly, would have owed more to the chrystal than it does, in some parts at least, had it been less transparent than it is; that it discovers an abortive and puisne Bambino, which seems copied from a bottle; that Mengs was an artist who had seen much, and invented little; that he dispenses neither life nor death to his figures; excites no terror, rouses no passions, and risks no flights; that by studying to avoid particular defects, he incurs general ones, and paints with tameness and servility; that the contrasted scale and idea of a painter of miniatures, as which he was brought up, is to be traced in all, or most of his compositions, in which a finished delicacy of the pencil exhibits the hand of the artist, but gives no emanations of the soul of the master; if it is beauty it does not warm: if it is sorrow it excites no pity: that, when the angel announces the salutation to Mary, it is a messenger that has neither used dispatch in the errand, nor grace in the delivery; that although Rubens was by one of his oracular sayings condemned to the ignominious dullness of a Dutch translator, Mengs was as capable of painting Rubens's adoration, as he was of creating the star in the East that ushered the Magi: but these are questions above my capacity; I resign Mengs to abler critics, and Reynolds to better defenders; well contented that posterity should admire them both, and well assured that the fame of our countryman is established beyond the reach of envy and detraction."

I have given this long quotation from Cumberland, because in my apprehension it contains a true and candid estimate of the talents of Mengs, of him who treats the works of Rubens and of Reynolds with contempt. Cumberland thus adds, "Yet Mengs is the author whom courtly prejudice has put above comparison in Spain, whom not to admire is treason against the state, and whose worship is become canonical, a part almost of the orthodox idolatry of their religion."

With respect to his character as a man, to say that Sir Joshua was without faults, would be to bestow on him that praise, to which no human being can have a claim; but when we consider the conspicuous situation in which he stood, it is surprizing to find that so few can be discovered in him: and certainly he possessed an equanimity of disposition very rarely to be met with in persons whose pursuit is universal reputation, and who are attended and surrounded in their perilous journey by jealous competition. "His native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even from suprize or provocation, nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct." He was not annoyed by that fluctuation of idea and inconstancy of temper which prevent many with equal desire for fame from resolving upon any particular plan, and dispose them to change it, even after they have made their election. He had none of those eccentric bursts of action, those fiery impetuosities which are supposed by the vulgar to characterize genius, and which frequently are found to accompany a secondary rank of talent, but are never conjoined with the first. His incessant industry was never wearied into despondency by miscarriage, nor elated into negligence by success. All nature and all art combined to form his academy. His mind was constantly awake, ever on the wing, comprehensive, vigorous, discriminating, and retentive. His powers of attention were never torpid. He had a strong turn and relish for humour in all its various forms, and very quickly saw the weak sides of things. Of the numerous characters which presented themselves to him in the mixed companies in which he lived, he was a nice and sagacious observer, as I have had frequent occasions to remark.

"The Graces," says a certain author, "after wandering to find a home, settled in the bosom of Addison." I think such a compliment would be equally, if not more applicable to Sir Joshua; for all he said or did was wholly unmixed with any of those inelegant coarsenesses which frequently stain the beauty of high exertions. There was a polish even in his exterior, illustrative of the gentleman and the scholar. His general manner, deportment and behaviour, were amiable and prepossessing; his disposition was naturally courtly. He always evinced a desire to pay due respect to persons in superior stations, and certainly contrived to move in a higher sphere of society than any other English artist had done before him. Thus he procured for Professors of the Arts a consequence, dignity, and reception, which they never before possessed in this country. In conversation he preserved an equable flow of spirits, which had rendered him at all times a most desirable companion, ever ready to be amused, and to contribute to the amusement of others. He practised the minute elegancies, and, though latterly a deaf companion, was never troublesome.*

Although easy and complying in his intercourse with the world, yet in his profession, having, by unremitting study, matured his judgment, he never sacrificed his opinion to the casual caprices of his employers, and without seeming to oppose theirs, still followed his own. He had temper to bear with the defects of others, as well as capacity to understand their good qualities, and he possessed that rare wisdom which consists in a thorough knowledge, not only of the real value of things, but of the genius of the age he lived in, and of the characters and prejudices of those about him.

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* His deafness, I have been informed, first came upon him from a cold which he caught by his intense application in the winter season, in the unaired rooms of Raffaelle in the Vatican.

Far from over-rating his own talents, he did not seem to hold them in that degree of estimation which they deservedly obtained from the public. In short, it may be safely said, that his faults were few, and that those were much subdued by his wisdom, for no man had ever more reverence for virtue, or a higher respect for unsullied fame.

As to his person; in stature Sir Joshua Reynolds was rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, roundish blunt features, and a lively aspect; not corpulent, though somewhat inclined to it, but extremely active; with manners uncommonly polished and agreeable.

In conversation, his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. He most heartily enjoyed his profession, in which he was both fortunate and illustrious, and I agree with Mr. Malone who says he appeared to him to be the happiest man he had ever known. He was thoroughly sensible of his rare lot in life and truly thankful for it; his virtues were blessed with their full reward.

It is a common, but a just observation, that virtue cannot exist where irregularity is present; and the converse is true as applied to Sir Joshua's mode of life, which was so regular as to produce correctness without degenerating into insipidity, or tediousness to his friends by unnecessary and troublesome precision.

Rising at eight o'clock in general, he was enabled to retire from the breakfast table to his painting room about ten, where, for an hour at least, he occupied himself in arranging the subordinate accessories in such of his works as he was then engaged in, or perhaps in preserving some new ideas by a sketch.

The hours dedicated to his sitters were generally from eleven to four, but not with rigid attention, as he often gave a relaxation to his mind by receiving the visits of particular friends. Yet upon the whole, his application was great, nay, in some measure, excessive; for it is very true, as he himself observed to Malone, that such was his love of his art, and such his ardour to excel, that he had often and during the greater part of his life, laboured as hard with his pencil, as any mechanic working at his trade for bread.

Considering the hospitable elegance of his own table, and the number of his friends, it is not to be wondered at that his invitations to other tables were pretty numerous. Of these, however, he seldom accepted more than two in the week, during the winter; and though his regulated plan was to have his friends once at home during the same period, yet it frequently happened that his table was filled much oftener by the most estimable and remarkable men in public life. In such companies, intellectual pleasures must be considered as the most important: yet neither he nor his friends disdained the good things which affluence could provide, and of course every elegance and every luxury were always to be found there in moderation.

Mr. Malone draws the comparison between the character of Lælius as given by Mr. Melmoth, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, which seems in many respects to be singularly similar, but too long for insertion: here I shall only give the concluding part, which says—

"In public estimation, in uniform success in life, in moderation, in prosperity, in the applause and admiration of contemporaries, in simplicity of manners and playfulness of humour, in good sense and elegant attainments, in modesty and equability of temper, in undeviating integrity, in respect for received and long-established opinions, in serenity, cheerfulness, and urbanity, the resemblance must be allowed to be uncommonly striking and exact."

As before observed, Sir Joshua had many pupils who resided for years under his roof. It is a surprizing fact, however, that scarcely any of their names have been heard of as painters. Most of them have pined in poverty and died in want, miserable to themselves, and a disgrace to the art. To account for this seeming paradox many reasons may be assigned. First, the vast difficulties of the art of painting render its higher branches unattainable to nine-tenths of those persons who profess, or pretend to study it: Secondly, Sir Joshua, never having received a well-founded education in the academies of art, was forced to make his own way by the strength of his genius and unwearied industry: hence those excellencies which he possessed could not be imparted or taught to another, and what could be taught he did not sufficiently possess. It is art which the scholar is to learn, and not genius. Sir Joshua seems to have disdained the rules of art, and may be said to have snatched a grace beyond them. But the young painter who daubs because he fancies Sir Joshua daubed, is like the fool who purchased the lamp of Epictetus. The best reason that can be assigned for his having a more enlarged notion of grace and greatness than his contemporaries is, that he had more information and understanding than they. A vulgar man may acquire what is termed cleverness, but cannot arrive at greatness; which can only be attained by him, who unites general information with taste and feeling.

Along with other various tributes to the memory of departed excellence, we must not omit the following extract from Mr. Sotheby's poetical epistle to Sir George Beaumont, in which the subject of our biography is so elegantly characterized, and which has been published since his death.

'Hail! guide and glory of the British school,
Whose magic line gave life to every rule.
Reynolds! they portraits, true to nature, glow'd
Yet o'er the whole ideal graces flow'd;
While forth to sight the living likeness came,
Souls touch'd by genius, felt thy higher aim:
Here, where the public gaze a Siddons views,
See fear and pity crown the Tragic muse.
There, girt with flames, where Calpe gleams afar,
In dauntless Heathfield hail the god of war.

Painter of grace! Love gave to thee alone,
Corregio's melting line, with Titian's tone,
Bade beauty wear all forms that breathe delight,
And a new charm in each attract the sight:
Here a wild Thais wave the blazing brand,
There yield her zone to Cupid's treach'rous hand,
An empress melt the pearl in Egypt's bowl,
Or a sly gypsey read the tell tale soul.
Painter of passion! horror in thy view
Pour'd the wild scenes that daring Shakspeare drew
When the fiend scowl'd on Beaufort's bed of death,
And each weird hag 'mid lightnings hail'd Macbeth.

Thee Dante led to Famine's murky cave;
" Round yon mute father hear his children rave;
" Behold them stretch'd beneath his stony eye,
" Drop one by one, and gaze on him, and die;
" So strain each starting ball in sightless stare,
" And each grim feature fix in stern despair."——

No earth-born giant struggling into size,
Stretch'd in thy canvas, sprawls before our eyes,
The mind applies its standard to the scene,
Notes with mute awe, the more than mortal mien,
Where boundless genius brooding o'er the whole,
Stamps e'en on babes sublimity of soul.
Whether, where terror crowns Jove's infant brow,
Before the God-head aw'd Olympus bow,
Or in yon babe, th' Herculean strength upholds
Th' enormous snakes, and slacks their length'ning folds;
Or while, from Heav'n, celestial Grace descends,
Meek on his knees the infant Samuel bends,
Lifts his clasp'd hands, and as he glows in prayer,
Fixes in awful trance his eye on air.

Yet not fair forms, by Reynolds' hand design'd,
No, nor his magic pen, that paints the mind;
That pen, which erst on charm'd Ilyssus' shore
Th' exulting Graces to their Plato bore,
When Fancy wove, for Truth, her fairest flow'rs;
And wisdom commun'd with the Muse's bow'rs;
Not these suffice——————'

Little remains now to add, only, that in the year 1795 that fine collection of pictures of the ancient masters, which Sir Joshua had so judiciously amassed, actually fetched the sum of 10,319*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; whilst, in the succeeding year, various historical and fancy pictures of his own painting, accompanied by some unclaimed portraits, were sold for 4,505*l.* 18*s.*; these sums were independent of his most valuable collection of prints and drawings, which since that have come to the hammar.

That such a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds should not yet have had a monument erected to his memory, may seem a kind of public disgrace; I am pleased, however to mention, that in the early part of 1807 his friends and admirers came to a determination to perform that duty, for which a distinguished place has been appropriated by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in their Cathedral.

The model has already been exhibited at Somerset-house, and the monument is in progress of execution by Mr. Flaxman.

It may seem superfluous to present readers to mention that in the *present* year (1813) a Commemoration of his talents has been celebrated by the "British Institution," in which they have been most liberally aided by the patriotic kindness of a considerable part of the possessors of specimens of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pencil; a most brilliant collection of his works being thus exhibited at the rooms of the institution, late the Shakspeare Gallery: but, if this work descend to posterity, though not so lasting as his fame, it may be proper that I should here close these Memoirs with also noticing, that in the room in which the company dined, at its opening—a dinner highly honoured by the presence of the Prince Regent, numerous nobility, and eminent artists—a small whole length model of this great painter was placed at the head of the room, and accompanied by the following inscription from the pen of R. P. Knight, Esq.:

"Joshua Reynolds
Pictorum sui seculi facile principi,
Et splendore et commissuris Colorum,
Alternis vicibus Luminis et Umbræ
Sese mutuo excitantium,
Vix ulli Veterum secundo;
Qui, cum summa artis, gloria modeste uteretur,
Et morum suavitate et vitæ elegantia
Perinde commendaretur;
Artem etiam ipsam, per orbem terrarum,
Languentur et prope inter mortuam
Exemplis egregie venustis suscitavit,
Præceptis exquisite conscriptis illustravit,
Atque emendationem et expolitiorem,
Posteris exercendam tradidit;
Laudem ejus fautores et amici
Hanc effigiem posuerunt.
MDCCCXIII.

To Sir Joshua Reynolds
Confessedly the first artist of his time;
Scarcely inferior to any of the Ancients,
In the splendour and combination of colours,
In the alternate succession of light and shade,
Mutually displaying each other:
Who, whilst he enjoyed with modesty the first honours of his Art,
Was equally commended
For the suavity of his manners and the elegance of his mind;
Who restored, by his highly beautiful models,
The Art itself, languishing and almost extinguished
In every part of the world;
Who illustrated it by the admirable precepts contained
In his writings,
And transmitted it in a correct and refined state
To be cultivated by posterity;
The friends and admirers of his Talents
Have raised this monument.
1813.

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM GANDY.

As there is no record of this William Gandy preserved in any manner but what he has formed for himself by his pictures, which being without his name marked on them are known but to few, and thus will soon be wholly unknown, I cannot resist the impulse of preserving the small record which tradition gives of him as a just tribute to his memory before it is too late, and thus be lost forever. This must be an excuse for the adding of a subject which at first sight may seem unconnected with our present plan; but will have this good effect, at least, that by pointing him out as one admired both by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Godfrey Kneller (in whose time he lived) it may be the means of preserving many of his works which otherwise might have been destroyed by those ignorant of their merit.

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William Gandy was an itinerant painter in the county of Devon, where he lived and died; but it is uncertain whether he was a native of that county. He was a son of James Gandy, of whom Pilkington in his Dictionary of the Painters gives the following account:

"James Gandy, painted portrait.
Died 1689, aged 70.

"This painter, although he was a very able artist, is but little known; he was born in the year 1619, and instructed by Vandyke, and his works are a sufficient proof of the signal improvement he received from the precepts and example of that great master.

"The cause of his being so totally unknown was, his being brought into Ireland by the old Duke of Ormond, and retained in his service; and as Ireland was at that time in a very unsettled condition, the merit and memory of this master would have been entirely unnoticed, if some of his performances, which still subsist, had not preserved him from oblivion. There are at this time in Ireland many portraits painted by him of noblemen and persons of fortune, which are very little inferior to Vandyke either for expression, colouring, or dignity; and several of his copies after Vandyke, which were in the Ormond collection at Kilkenny, were sold for original paintings of Vandyke."

Thus much is related of the father by Pilkington, who seems to have known nothing of William the son; a circumstance not much to be wondered at, as William's little fame has seldom passed the limits of the county in which he resided; and where he spent his life in a state of indigence most truly pitiable, if a great part of it did not deserve to be considered as much his own fault, as his misfortune.

He was a man of a most untractable disposition, very resentful, of unbounded pride, and in the latter part of his life both idle and luxurious; of which I remember to have heard many instances from my father who knew him, and whose portrait he painted when a child.

He was at all times totally careless of his reputation as a painter; and more particularly so if any thing happened in the course of his business to displease him. He was once employed to paint the portrait of a Mr. John Vallack, an apothecary of Plymouth, who had amassed a large fortune in that town; and as Gandy always attended at the houses of his employers to execute his work (having no room of his own fit to receive a sitter) he expected, of course, to be invited to dinner (which was not the least of his gratifications,) concluding he should be well entertained by his patron; but unfortunately for Gandy, it was Mr. Vallack's custom to have a certain fixed dinner for each day of the week, and by ill luck it happened to be a Saturday when the portrait was begun, and the dinner on that day was nothing more than pork and peas, to the utter mortification and disappointment of the Artist, who at his return to his lodgings vented his rage in curses on his employer's meanness, and not having good nature enough to be thoroughly reconciled to him afterwards, totally neglected the picture. This anecdote is certified by the performance itself which I have seen, and a very indifferent performance it is.

Another instance which I shall give, discovers a singular display of pride and poverty.

He was invited, together with a friend of his, to visit Sir William Carew at Anthony House, which is on the other side of the River Tamer, and at such a distance from Plymouth, where they lived, that it was nearly impossible for them to return to their home on the same day, and of consequence, they were to sleep at Sir William's: but it so happened that the house at that time was so crowded with visitors, that there was a necessity for Gandy and his friend to content themselves with one bed between them. This seemed greatly to mortify Gandy's pride at the moment; and they were no sooner retired to their chamber than he began to give free vent to his ill humour, in curses on the indignity thus offered them, by treating two gentlemen (to use his own terms) in such a manner, and not allotting to each of them a separate chamber. Notwithstanding all the reasons which were offered to him, from the necessity of the case, as the house was at that time so filled with guests, nothing that could be urged was sufficient to appease the rage of Gandy; and of this the secret and real cause was now about to transpire, for on his taking off his clothes to go to bed, it evidently appeared that, instead of proper linen, he had two shirts on (if such might be called shirts) both of which were in such a ruinous and tattered condition, such a mere bundle of rags, that out of the two it would have been impossible to realize half a one fit for wear.

His portraits (for I believe he never painted any thing else) are slight and sketchy, and show more of genius than labour; they indeed demonstrate facility, feeling, and nice observation, as far as concerns the head; but he was so idle and so unambitious that the remainder of the picture, except sometimes the hand, is commonly copied from some print after Sir Godfrey Kneller.

It is evident that there must have been some period of his life when he pursued his profession with assiduity and energy, which alone could have gained him the facility of practice that he possessed; but in the latter part of his life he could never be induced to paint at all, unless driven to it by mere want; and he had no sooner acquired a little money than it was as quickly gone in luxurious feeding, which seemed to be his great passion.

There is little reason to doubt that he might have been the greatest painter of his time, had he not been his own greatest enemy.

There is no portrait of himself existing that I ever heard of, and when, how, or where he died or was buried, I never knew, but most probably at Exeter, as that city was chiefly the place of his residence.

He came to Plymouth about the year 1714, and was then a man advanced in years. My grandfather was a great friend to him; but Gandy quitted Plymouth much in his debt, departing secretly and leaving only a few old books and prints behind him.

I have seen in Devonshire several very fine heads of his painting, particularly one of the Rev. John Gilbert, Canon of the cathedral of Exeter, and vicar of St. Andrews', Plymouth, and father of the archbishop of York, of that name : it is less than life, and has been engraved by Vertue for the volume of Sermons, published by Mr. Gilbert. There is also a fine portrait of the Reverend Nathaniel Harding, at that time a famous dissenting preacher of Plymouth; this picture was painted by the desire of my father's mother, and given by her to the daughter of Mr. Harding, after his death.

There is likewise a portrait of one Tobias Langton of Exeter, remarkably fine. Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was once at Exeter, by chance saw this picture, and with astonishment inquired who was the artist capable of having painted it, and when told it was by a painter of that city who was in great poverty, he exclaimed, "Good God! why does he bury his talents in the country when he ought immediately to come to London, where his merit would soon be known and properly rewarded?"

One, of my father when a child of four years of age, is equally excellent.—One of my father's mother is likewise extremely fine, although Gandy, from his ill nature, was quarrelling with her the whole time he was painting it. The drapery of this picture is painted in a slovenly manner from a print after Kneller, but there is a hand in it very finely executed.

There are also a great many of his pictures scattered about Devonshire and Cornwall; some very fine and many more good-for-nothing, though the worst of them still look like the careless productions of a good painter; but the draperies were always so entirely neglected by him, that this very much conduces to destroy the general effect of the picture. He seemed never to have thought of fame, but only how to get rid of his work, that he might the sooner receive the money, which was not above two guineas a head.

He wished to have it supposed that he was the natural son of the great Duke of Ormond, who was afterwards banished, and always insinuated that he had some secret reasons for not appearing publicly in London; whether this was really the case, or whether he only hoped to give himself importance by his mysterious speeches, I cannot determine.

I have learnt these particulars from my father, whose family had opportunities of being well acquainted with Gandy's history, in consequence of his having resided a long time in the house of my grandfather, who admired his talents, and esteemed him as the greatest artist of his time.

I have seen a portrait by Gandy's father (of whom Pilkington speaks) of the Duke of Ormond; it is in the possession of the Earl of Leicester, and this, as it was of his patron, may be supposed one of his best performances; if so, I must give the preference in ability to the son; for though this portrait is finished with much more care than any by the younger Gandy, yet it is very far from discovering so much genius.

It is remarkable that the drapery in this portrait is so exactly similar to that which we so often find in Vandyke's pictures, that it confirms Pilkington's supposition of Gandy, the father, having been the assistant of Vandyke, and almost proves him to have frequently painted those parts in the pictures of that celebrated painter.

It appears to me to be highly probable that this James Gandy, the father, was a native of Exeter, as the son made choice of it for his place of residence, and also because that it is a well known name and family still remaining in that city. We find the name also in Prince's "Worthies of Devon."

I cannot close the memoir of this man without noticing how much it proves that the greatest abilities may become totally useless to the possessor, and lost to the world at large, if not directed by virtue and industry: and the lives of such persons, as they exhibit an example of the distresses to which idleness and want of moral principles may expose men of parts, may be an useful lesson to the rising generation, and prove a more powerful persuasive to industry, economy, and the right use of great talents, than the most laboured argument; and as Johnson so exquisitely expresses it—

"Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

The example of Sir Joshua Reynolds is an illustrious contrast to this, where we see that great abilities, united to virtue, have raised for him an everlasting monument of fame.

VARIETIES ON ART.

THE

DREAM

OF A PAINTER.

No painter can have felt the true enthusiasm of his art who has not been impressed by contemplating the rich treasures which are to be found deposited in the Vatican. It is there that the soul seems to expand beyond its usual limits, and inhales an atmosphere peculiarly its own.

The majesty of the vast fabric, the solemn religious monastic dignity which invests it, crowned by those stupendous works of art which adorn the stately chambers, all conspire to fill the mind with lofty ideas, and lift it above the earth. The various portraits also of illustrious individuals found interspersed in those paintings of persons who were cotemporaries of the great Leo, and the friends and patrons of the still greater Raphael, help to carry us back to those golden days in which they flourished.

In a train of thought naturally proceeding from such impressions, I wandered in the apartments unconcious of the lateness of the hour, when resting myself on the steps of an altar in a small oratory built by St. Pius the Fifth, situated immediately beyond the *stanza* of Raphael, I was so entirly absorbed in thought, that whether I really slept or seemed to sleep, I will not determine; but methought a form, like that of an angel, approached, and addressing me with a mild air, said, " You have enlisted under the banner of the arts, fine arts you call them, a noble and a bold resolution, where labour and study may be rewarded with immortality. Your other fortunes must be left to chance. As the Genius of those arts to which you have devoted yourself, it becomes my duty and your right that I conduct you wheresoever you may gain improvement. I am one of those attendant Spirits who watch over the hours of the studious and industrious; I inspire with hope and strength all minds that are bent on gaining knowledge, but bestow no help on such as are not prepared and anxious to receive it. All instruction is in vain offered to those who do not seek it, or whose minds are pre-occupied: but you who are properly disposed, may follow me, and for a time relax from your labours."

I instantly obeyed the order with alacrity, and followed my conductor, who led me through various windings and vaulted avenues, sometimes in light and sometimes in obscurity, till at length we entered a stately building or temple, when a grand saloon presented itself to our sight. Here he placed me in a most commodious situation for observing every thing that passed. The room soon became crowded by a mixed multitude, of different degrees, ages, and nations. The place was immense in size, superb in decoration, and terminated at the end farthest from the company by a splendid curtain of golden tapestry. My guardian never left me, and appeared to have pleasure in affording me all necessary information: he now desired me to attend, saying, "That which will quickly be presented to your view, is a processional show, addressed to the sight, and to the greater part of the spectators will be matter of amusement only: to you, I hope, it will be more than mere entertainment; those things which you may not comprehend without my assistance, I will explain."

My guide had scarcely done speaking, when we heard an awful blast of trumpets in the air, which seemed to shake the very foundation of the building, and the curtain of rich tapestry being withdrawn, discovered Apollo seated on a throne surrounded by the Muses, in all the splendour of Parnassus, and before the throne passed in procession an assembly of grave and dignified characters, which my informant told me were the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers and poets; the latter part of the procession appeared to dwindle into comparative insignificance, and seemed to be made up of persons who mimicked those who went before them, and who fell far short of their predecessors, in majesty and grace.

After these had passed, there entered on the stage one of the most enchanting and graceful female figures I had ever beheld. She was encompassed by a splendour, or rather glory, that sparkled with every colour of the rainbow: in her hands she bore the implements made use of by painters. But what appeared ludicrous and unaccountable to me, was to see with how much solicitude this charming nymph encouraged and enticed to come forward the oddest group I ever saw, and the most unlike herself. Their number was considerable, their manners timid, and they paid her great homage: this assembly was in general composed of figures, lean, old, and hard featured; their drapery hung about them in so formal a manner, that it fell into nothing but straight lines, and their sallow complexions appeared well to correspond with the dingy hue of their gothic monastic habits. Several amongst them were females, with half starved and sickly looking children accompanying them, but not one of the whole group had beauty sufficient to attract much attention. However, their modesty and diffidence were such, as rendered it impossible for them to offend the most fastidious spectator; for their manners were natural, simple, and perfectly unassuming. They displayed no airs of pretence to self-importance, no violent contortions of affectation, nor the grimance of forced expression; but, on the contrary, such a degree of strong and distinct meaning in the countenance, and in their actions, such strict propriety, judgment, and simplicity, as altogether gave them a peculiar air of dignity. Those, my guide informed me, were the earliest revivers of the fine arts.

After this curious procession was gone by, a deep silence prevailed, which strongly impressed me with an idea that something of a more exalted kind was about to enter, and accordingly there soon appeared a group of grave mathematicians and mechanics, as I plainly perceived they were, by the various instruments applicable to the purposes of their studies, and which they bore in their hands. These were followed by professors of chemistry, anatomy and surgery, as was evident also by their insignia. Then came a band bearing various instruments of music, on which they sweetly played, followed by led horses of Barbary and Arabian breed, richly caparisoned. These beautiful animals, although perfectly under the command of the page who held each, yet played and wantoned in a thousand graceful attitudes as they moved slowly forward. Now came four warriors accoutred cap-a-pee in fantastic armour, bearing standards in their hands and mounted on horses equally perfect in figure with the former: next to these came a company of fair nymphs, who seemed to represent the hours, strewing flowers before a magnificent car, which entered drawn by dragons and various grotesque monsters. In this car sat a person very aged, but his appearance was the most awful and striking that can be imagined. He was of a form perfect in proportion, and his countenance was still beautiful, his eyes beaming with intelligence and fire: his garments deep and rich in colour were of the most costly stuffs, and he was adorned with a great quantity of golden chains and rare jewels. He wore his own hair with a long and flowing beard. At his side sate a royal personage with an imperial crown upon his head, who paid him the greatest marks of attention and respect. My guide informed me that the venerable person in the car was Leonardo da Vinci seated on the right hand of his patron and friend Francis the

First of France; the dragons which drew the car were the ingenious contrivance of Leonardo himself, the result of his skill in mechanics, and executed in his hours of relaxation. "This extraordinary man," said my guide, "seems to have been the peculiar favourite of Providence; endowed with an ample capacity to embrace the whole circle of the sciences, as you may perceive by those who pay attendance on his progress; born and educated high, the companion and favourite of sovereigns, blessed with health, beauty, fortune, genius and long life; in truth adorned with all that nature has to bestow on a mortal." Thus passed the pageant, and the area of the stage was now clear, when I perceived a bright cloud descending to the ground, which by degrees vanished into air, and then discovered to our sight an elderly personage of most singular majesty of deportment. He was habited in a flowing robe of green velvet, with a kind of hat or cap of the same on his head; he moved with a firm and dignified step; he had but few followers and those few stood at an awful distance. He appeared to scorn the flutter or parade of show, as if all dignity was in himself, and when he trod, the very ground seemed to tremble beneath him. At the motion of his wand he was encircled by a group of more than mortal beings; sacred prophets and sybils came obedient to his call. Behind him mysterious visions floated in the distant space, and as if the heavens had opened, there appeared angelic forms ascending and descending. A stream of light shone down upon him like that which we may imagine might have surrounded Moses when the tables of the law were delivered to him. Its glory was too powerful to be viewed without pain, and turning from it to relieve my aching sight, I saw it no more, as instantly the curtain hid the awful scene. "You have had this transient view," said my guide "of Michael Angelo Buonarotti."

By degrees, the curtain being again withdrawn discovered a solemn though splendid assembly of grave and dignified persons, which appeared to be the Court of Rome; and Pope Julius the second himself was seated on the throne accompanied by many cardinals, who sat on each side; and a number of bishops, prelates, and foreign embassadors stood round; when we introduced to the Pope a young man of a most winning aspect: a mild, yet penetrating eye enlivened his countenance, in other respects also handsome: his manner was simple, graceful, and modest; he was particularly noticed by two cardinals, one of which was John, Cardinal of Medicis, as my guide informed me. The Pope received him with much condescension, and having recommended him to the care of some of the principal officers of the court, the young man gracefully withdrew, followed by several great persons, and the scene soon closed. "You have been shown Raphael Urbin," said my guardian; "but shall again see him more to his advantage than in the former stately assembly." When turning my eyes towards the area of the magical theatre, I saw Raphael enter the great chambers of the Vatican, the spacious walls of which appeared unspotted, and glared only in white before his sight: on these he was to display the immortal works of his highest powers; I felt for him when I contemplated the arduous encounter, but he with modest courage looked calmly around. Presently there entered a crowd attending on him, my guide addressing me said, "do you not perceive in the retinue a poor man habited in the garb of a disbanded soldier, leading a little boy whom a favourite goat follows, held by a string? That goat has to that child stood in the place of a protector and a nurse; it is little Pierino del Vaga who lost his mother nearly as soon as he gained life. This parent, so particularly important to infant years, he was deprived of by the ravages of the plague at Florence where he was born. The father thus left desolate and in poverty had no other means to preserve the new-born infant than by procuring a milch goat to supply the loss; this creature is become their fondling, and the child now returns the protections he before received: he is destined to follow in the train of the great painter, who will quickly perceive his dawning powers."

My attention was now fixed on Raphael, who quickly commenced his great work: when methought beauties instantly began to spring up under his hand, and his fingers seemed as if inspired by his breath. I was transfixed and lost in delight. I could have looked on for ever, but my guide interrupting my attention, the pleasing vision vanished from my sight.

Now we saw Titian pass: his appearance was impressive, and strikingly grave and majestic; his dress was an ample robe of black velvet; his train, which was of great length, was borne by Pordenone, the Bassanos, Girolamo, Mutiano, Giacomo, Palma, and others. He was accompanied by Tintorretto and Paul Veronese, and before him went Bellino and Georgione, bearing each in his hand a light so illustrious that the whole group were illumined by the splendour. The scene around was landscape, but like the country of enchantment, where the tall wild trees of various species were seen spreading their ample branches in the sky, and below, appearing in the distance between them, shone the blue sapphire mountains, tipt with gold by the setting sun, which glowed in the bright horizon, and threw its warmth around a scene, in which the sublime and beautiful, thus united, filled the mind alternately with astonishment, terror, and delight. But what still increased my enthusiasm was, that on a sudden I heard a choir of the most seraphic music, such as before had never struck my ear; but I could perceive neither instruments nor performers: it was not like any sounds I had been accustomed to hear, even at the most select concerts, but rather resembled the idea we have of that celestial harmony with which angels, we are told, welcomed the expiring St. Francis into Heaven. I was so enraptured with the notes, that for a time I scarcely knew where I was, when on recollecting myself, and looking round, I found that the scene was totally changed, and an open country was now before us with the sun bright as at noon-day. Methought I saw a flight of sportive little cherubs in the air, playing round and round like summer flies, three beautiful females like the Graces also appeared in all the triumph of their charms, and joined the group who now altogether were filled with earnest expectation, as if to welcome some chosen object of their tenderest care. I felt the highest degree of impatience to behold who this peculiarly honoured personage might be to whom the loves and graces delighted to pay their homage, and were so solicitous to attend. When after a short time there entered, to my great surprize, not one whose appearance bespoke him of quality, but a person unattended, and in the mean habit of a rustic, aged about forty years, bearing on his back a huge sack, evidently too heavy for his strength, whilst he himself appeared to be so much debilitated by the excessive load, as well as by the heat of the day, that he fainted and seemed expiring beneath his burden: his late playful companions flew with eagerness to succour him; but he was by this time too far exhausted to be sensible of their solicitude or attention: they held his chilling hand in mournful silence; they wiped the faint damps from the face of their adored mortal, they could only close his eyes in death, and lament their fatal separation. "You look grave," said my guide "at the disastrous lot of the unfortunate Correggio. The burden under which he died was a load of base copper coin, which had been just paid him for years of labour, and for works divine: his fate is the more pitiable, because it was not brought upon himself by any misconduct of his own."

"But let us quit this melancholy scene," continued my instructor, "and attend to the illustrious persons who now enter: these are the family of the laborious, and not less famous Caracci, followed by their great scholars, Domenichino, Lanfranco, Guercino, Albano, together with a numerous retinue of most respectable appearance."

Annibal, I saw, boldly took the lead in the procession, although not the first in age. His figure was awful; his form was muscular and of fine proportion; his step was firm and with a noble wildness in his gait; the expression of his countenance was so determined, that it rather bordered on severity. Then we saw Lodovico advance, with a milder air, more sweetness in his aspect, with more grace and sensibility in his manner, and a solemn dignity in his carriage: he seemed to be surrounded (as if by a guard) by those who at first sight I thought had been all the illustrious painters whom we had seen pass before as principal figures, but on a closer inspection I could clearly discern them to be no more than an excellent assemblage of well-chosen representatives of those great geniuses. The likeness to Correggio was particularly imposing, and in some views appeared just himself; but, when he turned, I could distinctly perceive the difference: however, the whole together produced a most splendid effect, in which Lodovico had the appearance of being the master and cause of the procession. "You shall now see," said my guide, "a character contrasted to that of Correggio, one less pitiable, though scarcely less unfortunate or less excellent—one who dallied with good fortune, and brought his hardships on himself. This favourite of the Graces, in his latter days, wasted both his genius and his life: but see, he comes!" The heavenly choir, with a soft and melodious strain, in a sort of minuet time, proclaimed his entrance, when we saw come forward a beautiful youth like an Adonis, whose steps kept time with the music; all his actions were graceful in the highest degree, yet only just free from affectation. He was welcomed, and even courted, by those captivating graces, who now appeared in the perfection of their heavenly beauties, and seemed to vie with each other which should be most his favourite; while he, with all courtesy and modest elegance, expressed a due sense of the high honour done him, and as they trod to the accord of music, they thus quitted the stage together. Then followed, to close his retinue, a melancholy set of wretched gamblers and sharpers, who with tattered garments, wild eyes, and haggard visages, shook each his dice-box in frantic despair. "Behold," said my guide, "the splendid genius of Guido Reni disgraced by the base and vicious crew who finish his career. Unfortunate being! to throw away the heavenly riches with which he had been blessed, by wasting his time and venturing his fortunes with miscreants like these!"

My instructor perceiving the agitation this last scene had raised in my mind, looked on me with pity, but remarked to me the necessity there was for my being informed of every circumstance, good or evil, attendant on the department I had adopted, as useful examples by which I might the better be enabled to regulate my future conduct.

"One scene more of a tragic cast," said he, "I shall offer to your view, further I will not oppress your feelings, though many yet remain which might be given."

A small building like an Italian inn was now presented to our view: in its interior sat four persons at a table, as if about to sup in a friendly manner. One of the party, a young man of a bright and ruddy complexion, appeared to be the genius of the company, and, I saw, was viewed by the others with evident marks of envy: the young man was gay and innocent himself, and seemed not to regard their secret ill will, if, indeed, he was sensible of it. One of them, in particular, drew my attention, who, I saw, had a scowling aspect, and who surveyed him, at such times as opportunity offered, with looks that terrified me. This person officiously prepared the sallad which was on the table; in doing which I remarked his taking a small phial from his pocket, unperceived by the rest of the company. He then poured the contents into the mixture of the sallad which he dressed, and when supper was served, he offered his mixture to the ruddy youth, and was very importunate and earnest to make him partake of it, in which he succeeded; and after this miscreant had seen him swallow a sufficient quantity, he, as if by accident, pushed the bowl with the remainder of this sallad off the table, and spilled it on the floor, and thus it became unfit for use. Soon we perceived the unfortunate youth began to writhe in agonies of pain, which increased till he fainted in convulsive fits, when his companions bore him away, and we saw them no more. I turned to my guide with emotions of astonishment and sorrow. "Surely," said I, "he has been poisoned by that villian."—"True," said my guide, "but he does not die by this vile act. I show you this vision, it represents the story of Frederico Baroccio, who never had health after the fatal night, although he lived to a great age in misery, and at intervals exercised those great talents with which Nature had blessed him at his birth; but owing to the precarious state of his life, he devoted his time and labours to pious and solemn subjects. You see in this example the dreadful effects of ill guided passions. Emulation, in which are the seeds of the highest virtue, in this sad instance is turned into envy, and thus degenerates into the most pernicious vice. That strong desire which the vile assassin felt to be the first in his profession, instead of stimulating him with a noble energy to surpass his competitor by fair exertions and superior skill, urges him on to gain pre-eminence by the most dark, cowardly, and execrable means; the destruction of his superior. Thus envy always waits at virtue's elbow."

The area, now presented to our sight, seemed to promise a parade of show: the scene appeared to be the portico of a magnificent building; a band of musicians with warlike instruments entered, sounding a grand march; these were followed by a company of guards, as if attending on a sovereign prince; then came a group of splendid figures attired in habits of the richest draperies, and amongst them I descried mitred abbots, bishops, cardinals, and popes. Following these, came warriors in full harness, with plumed hemlets on their heads, mounted on horses which seemed like those described in Eastern poetry. Then came a group of chubby boys, holding festoons of mingled flowers, by which were led various savage animals, as lions, tigers, leopards, bears, and others of an inferior nature; but each the most beautiful of its kind. Next came the person who appeared to be the principal figure of this splendid scene: he was most gorgeously apparrelled; and on his head he wore a large black Spanish hat, ornamented with feathers. He was mounted on a milk-white Arabian, which had a flowing mane and tail, and so exquisite in form, that it appeared like the vision of a horse. He was surrounded by a number of gay damsels, whose rosy flesh looked health itself; they were of the fullest habit of body, yet nimbly danced round Rubens, this object of their admiration, while he, in stately movement, proceeded slowly on: a flourish of trumpets and a group of kings finished the procession. After these had passed, a different train appeared. A bloated crew of bacchanalian wretches, who performed their loathsome actions with fantastic levity; what garments they wore were tawdy rags of various hues with tinsel finery to imitate gold; although some figures of respectable appearance mixed with and graced the train.

Now tired with pomp and splendid show, the glare of light and sound of warlike strains on brazen instruments, it was a relief to me when on a sudden I was surrounded by a thick cloud or mist and my guide wafted me through the air till we alighted on a most delicious rural spot. I perceived it was the early hour of the morn, when the sun had not risen above the horizon. We were alone, except that at a little distance a young shepherd played on his flageolet as he walked before his herd, conducting them from the fold to the pasture. The elevated pastoral air he played charmed me by its simplicity, and seemed to animate his obedient flock. The atmosphere was clear and perfectly calm: and now the rising sun gradually illumined the fine landscape, and began to discover to our view the distant country of immense extent. I stood awhile in expectation of what might next present itself of dazzling splendour, when the only object which appeared to fill this natural, grand, and simple scene, was a rustic who entered, not far from the place where we stood, who by his habiliments seemed nothing better than a peasant; he led a poor little ass, which was loaded with all the implements required by a painter in his work. After advancing a few paces, he stood still, and with an air of rapture seemed to contemplate the rising sun; he next fell on his knees, directed his eyes towards Heaven, crossed himself, and then went on with eager looks, as if to make choice of the most advantageous spot from which to make his studies as a painter. "This," said my conductor, "is that Claude Gelee of Lorrain, who nobly disdaining the low employment to which he was originally bred, left it with all its advantages of competence and ease to embrace his present state of poverty, in order to adorn the world with works of most accomplished excellence."

The view was now changed, when there came wandering by one who at first appearance looked like a manikin, or what painters call a lay figure; but of a most perfect proportion of limbs, as if formed after the excellent models of antiquity: in its action there appeared great agility and propriety; yet still I doubted if it was really animated; it seemed to be moved by mechanism, which made me ask my guide if it was a living figure. "Do you not know" (was the reply) "the famous Nicolo Poussin, the most classical of painters and most successful copier of the antique?" I humbly confessed my ignorance. I was capable of perceiving only his grosser qualities, which opened quickly and forcibly upon me in all the nationality of French grimance, which he displayed in a thousand different expressions in succession, and obliged me to acknowledge him to be a very capital actor for any stage. "Observe him with patience," said my guide, "see how beautifully all his limbs are formed just like an antique statue: then so judiciously are all his actions suited to the expression of his countenance that it is impossible to doubt his meaning for a moment." I bowed in acquiescence, and began to persuade myself that he was alive. But that which struck me with equal admiration, surprise, and delight, was the effect produced when he moved a wand which he held in his right hand; waving it over the surrounding space, there gradually arose a view of the most beautiful country imaginable, and such as I should conclude must have been a perfect example of a truly classic style of scenery.

My kind conductor now quitted the place, and I obediently followed him, when he led me through wandering paths till we arrived at the porch of a singular and romantic ancient mansion. We entered, and passing through several rooms, enriched by decayed finery, we at last came to a chamber which had the appearance of a study of times long passed, where, in an elbow chair, companion to the other furniture, sat a man rather majestic in his aspect: his face was broad but of a commanding expression, he was overloaded by the quantity of his own drapery of velvets, silks, tissues, gold chains, and furs of all sorts, insomuch that it was impossible to trace the human figure under them: but it all sparkled as if illumined by a burning lens which threw the light on one spot only. On looking round I saw, although much obscured, his retinue behind him, which consisted of surely the ugliest crew of vulgar mortals (both male and female) I had ever seen, and cloathed in all the finery of a pawnbroker's warehouse; and although most of them were lame as well as ill-favoured, yet the light was so skilfully managed to fall partially upon them, that it produced a very solemn and, in a considerable degree, an awful appearance;

added to this also was the grand and impressive evening landscape on which the sun had set as it appeared through the vaulted arches of the building, and thus added greatly to the majesty of the sombre group. The great man deported himself with considerable dignity, and received vast homage from his bedizened court.

From this spot, which appeared evidently to be on the banks of the Rhine, I was instantaneously transported by my guide, I know not how, to a spot of a totally different aspect, which I apprehend must have been in the region of the Alps. The air was cold and stormy, and as the view opened before me, I discovered a most romantic, mountainous, and rocky country, in which tremendous falls of water came rushing down with impetuous violence, rooting up vast trees in their passage: when there entered a spirited fellow who apparently delighted himself in the perfect use of his limbs. He was partly accoutred in armour and partly bare; he brandished a large sabre in his right hand, and in his left he bore a lance; he trod about in the wild scenery as if he defied the elements. I took him to be one of a banditti, till my conductor informed me it was no other than Salvator Rosa. Although he was a very fine figure, I was not much amused with his gesticulations: he was active, bold, and dexterous, yet he raised no sensations in my mind which created any interest, and I was perfectly well satisfied when he withdrew.

My good genius now transported me to the sea coast, where, from the lofty rocks of a bold shore, we surveyed the vast ocean at a distance, and near us embayed there lay in majestic tranquillity a fleet of ships of war whose towering masts seemed to touch the sky. The air scarcely moved the pendant sails, and the gilded sterns glittered by the reflected light of the setting sun; while the white cloud of smoke from the evening gun crept slowly over the polished surface of the water, now undisturbed except by the regular strokes of a full-oared barge, which had just left the shore. On the rocks below sat one who seemed to view the scene with most particular attention. "Behold," said my guide, "that man; he contemplates the beauties of this view with more than poetic energy," I also warmly felt the grandeur of the picture and expressed my delight in rapturous terms.

My guide touching me suddenly on the forehead with his hand, my senses for an instant forsook me, but on recovering myself the astonishment I felt cannot be described, when instead of the solemn stillness I had just witnessed, I beheld the sea now run mountains high, the waves in wanton rage beat white against the steady and immoveable rocks that defied the impotent attack: but not so was it with those stately floating castles which I had seen in their proud tranquillity; these suffered a sad reverse, weak helpless victims of misfortune, and were dashed with unrelenting fury on the pitiless rocks or shore, or sunk, torn asunder by the tempestuous waves, while the black sky possessed scarcely any light but that which proceeded from quick flashes of forked vivid lightning. The same enthusiastic and daring artist whom I had seen before contemplating the beauties of the calm, now seemed quite as much absorbed in the rude and awful sublimity which at this time presented itself to our sight: my desire was so great to see and converse with Vandervelde, on being informed who it was, that I left my guide to scramble down the rocks to the place where he sat, when unfortunately my foot slipped, and I thought myself irretrievably lost in the sea, but my preserver and guide caught me in his arms, and on recovering from my fright I found myself, to my utter astonishment, with my guardian at my side safely closeted in a painter's study, in which two curious artists were seen supporting in their hands a microscope, which they now placed on a table with great care, and each of them eagerly looked through different apertures of the instrument at the same object. They seemed to be extremely intent on their employment, and so absorbed as not to perceive we were in the room, as we stood at a little distance from them, and indeed I had a notion that they were both of them very short sighted. As I was not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to discover what it was they looked at with so much earnestness, I applied to my instructor, when he informed me that those two ingenious personages were no other than the Chevalier Adrian Vander Welf, and the no less famous Balthasar Denner, who were now deeply intent on solving a problem of much importance in their mode of study, which was to split a hair of a lady's eyebrow, in order to investigate if it was solid or tubulated; as such a difference would produce a great effect on its appearance and colour. This, at present, they could not accomplish, but would most certainly do it by patience and time. I inquired of my guide if we were to wait there till the experiment was completed, when we were suddenly interrupted by the accidental falling from its stand, of an ivory Venus, the performance of the Chevalier; this accident much surprised and discomposed them, as the figure was broken to pieces by the fall, but when they had recovered their tranquillity they returned to their business as intently as before; we now left them together to take their own time to finish the delicate work on which they were engaged. On quitting this chamber we presently found ourselves on a beautiful terrace at the entrance of a palace. "Now" said my attentive instructor, "as a contrast to all those foreign scenes which you have been shown, I shall finish my lesson at this time by presenting you with an English triumph"—When waving his hand there gradually came to my sight a most pleasing landscape as we viewed it from the terrace; we presently saw a person who descended to us from a higher walk by a flight of steps which communicated with the place on which we stood. His manner at once distinguished him as a man of refined mind, his carriage was unassuming, gentle, and simple to the utmost degree; he appeared to be untouched by vanity, although attended by a great company of grave philosophers, divines, and poets, who all paid him homage, which he received with the humility and simplicity of a child, as if unconscious of its worth or of his own deserts. He was met on the terrace by the most fascinating group of females that can be imagined, who displayed their beautiful figures in light draperies, in all the varieties of exquisite grace, their fine hair in ringlets floating in the air. With them were intermixed a number of elegant children who by the pure unsophisticated beauty of nature, or the playful affectations of infant innocence rendered themselves objects of infinite delight; all of whom joined him in a kind of procession, while he by turns paid equal attention to all, and seemed to give pleasure and importance to all alike: mean while the varying landscape back ground to this group produced a perpetual and amusing change; now we saw the sun-beams darting through the foliage; then the scene would present the soothing tranquillity of the setting sun; the trees partook of all the varied colours of the autumnal season; whilst orange, red, yellow, and green, diversified the splendid rural scene.

I followed with my eyes this bewitching assembly as long as it was in view. I wished if possible it could return. I regrëtted the privation I suffered, as nothing I had seen gave me such heartfelt gratification; but my wish was vain, it faded from my sight.

"You have now seen pass," said the Genius, "my last, my favourite pupil, and my delight."

I was enraptured with pleasure, when on a sudden a dreadful burst of thunder that seemed as if it had torn the earth in twain brought me to my original state, and I found myself reposing on the steps of the altar in the little oratory of St. Pius the Fifth.

THE

PAINTER

AND THE

PHILOSOPHER.

It is a sagacious observation, which has often been repeated, that every man can bear the misfortunes of another with much more tranquillity than he can his own. It is no less true, that we often over-rate, and see magnified, those evils which fall to our lot, from our not being able to bring them into comparison with those which assail our neighbour. External appearances frequently deceive us; and could we but be sensible of the sufferings of many of those whom we behold with envy, it would tend much to reconcile us to our own fate.

A fable occurs to my memory, which I had lately occasion to repeat to a friend of mine, who complained to me bitterly of the miseries of his profession as a painter. "You," said he, "who are an artist, cannot be unacquainted with the burthens which lie heavy on the shoulders of poor mortals in that walk of life. I am fatigued to death by a succession of sitters," (a term given to those who come to have their portraits drawn;) "and if I had none, my case would still be worse: some of these," continued he, "being new comers, are of course on their good behaviour to gain my favour by flattery, in order that I may exert myself and do my best for them, just as kind words are given to a dentist who is going to pull out your teeth, or as a purse of guineas is frequently given by a criminal to his executioner; others of my employers have passed their final sitting, when there only remains that disagreeable ceremony to be performed of paying for the picture, and *then* their invention is at work to find how they may best be enabled to skulk from that odious part of the business; and these unfortunately think, that the more they teaze you the better they shall escape.

In short, the importunity of ignorance, the discontent of vanity, and the imposition of meanness, together with the confinement and constant labour, have sickened me of the profession; and I am become wholly dissatisfied with my lot in life, and begin to think, that of all situations under the sun, that of a portrait painter is the worst and most vexatious. I am therefore considering with myself what is best to be done in my circumstances; for to some other course of life I am fully determined to change, without any fear of changing for the worse."

This weak and impatient harangue moved me with more displeasure than pity: "my good friend," I said, "have patience, and I will read you a fable, to divert your mind from its present annoyance." I then took up my common place book, and read out of it the following tale, which I had copied from an Eastern author.

Hassan was a younger son of a merchant of Bagdad, who, loaded with a large family of children for whom he was bound to provide, and having suffered many losses in trade, had it not in his power to bestow much on his offspring, beyond a good education, in the seminaries of the learned.

Hassan was active and ambitious, and for a considerable time devoted himself with intense application to the study of letters and the sciences, filled with youthful hopes of gaining eminence as a learned professor. But at length his ardour failed him: he saw that the labour of gaining distinction and superiority by the means which he had adopted was great and unavoidable, but that the success was, at last, precarious and uncertain. It was evident to him, that his youth must be spent in solitude, and, perhaps, his old age in poverty; that his competitors were numerous, and the prize could be gained but by a few.

Thus indolence prompted reflections that forboded ill fortune. "I will no longer endure," said he, "this life of an hermit, I will raise what money I can by the sale of my books, and with it procure for myself the best situation it will afford, as a soldier in the great Sultan's army; when I may spend my life, without the annoyance of thought, in idleness and dissipation; where dress will be all my study, and pleasure all my business."

Such were the reflections with which Hassan amused himself, as he wandered by the side of a river, under the shade of a grove of palm trees: the sun was just setting, after a serene and beautiful day, when seating himself on the bank, he cast his eyes around, to view the tranquil charms of the scene, and perceived an aged person approaching him, cloathed in a loose flowing robe of purple. This venerable man made signs to him to follow. Hassan instantly rose from his seat, as he saw by the whole appearance of the stranger, that he had nothing to fear, and directed his steps to join him: they soon quitted the grove, and walking on for some space, a rocky mountain appeared before them, which, till then, had been hid from their sight by the wood. The Sage now entered at a cavity in the rock, and Hassan followed him; they proceeded in darkness, through this gloomy passage to a spacious apartment, which was furnished in such a manner, as to show that it was the study of a philosopher. The only light, by which the room was illuminated, was from a lamp, which hung suspended from the ceiling, in the centre of the chamber.

As philosophers always make a point of wasting as little time as possible, he turned towards Hassan, and without further ceremony, thus addressed him: "Young man, I can perceive that you are dissatisfied with your lot in life, and wish to change it; therefore I have purposed to present you with a spectacle, suited to the disposition of your mind at this time: more from me would be unnecessary at present." He then drew aside a curtain, and discovered under it a perspective glass, into which he desired him to look. Hassan readily obeyed the order, when, to his great delight, he beheld a general officer marching at the head of his well equipped and disciplined army; full of spirits, just setting out on an expedition, in which rich plunder was to be expected. A sight so very congenial to the future views of Hassan was gratifying in the utmost degree, and his heart glowing with unusual warmth, he returned his acknowledgments to the Sage for the pleasure he had received. "Young man," replied the philosopher, "you have seen but half the picture, thank me when you have contemplated the whole; scenes which will interest you much are to come: look again into the same glass." Hassan quickly complied, but his astonishment cannot be described, when he beheld the change which had taken place. Such a spectacle presented itself to view as would have struck the most obdurate heart with dismay, and forced tears from eyes that never wept before. At first the same General appeared and still surrounded by a retinue, but now so changed, mutilated, and forlorn, that it was deplorable in the extreme. Then followed scene after scene in melancholy succession, representing all the varieties of war. In these were shown the different fates of an infinite number of young men, many of whom were born to plentiful fortunes, and had been bred by tender parents with every conveniency and luxury, but now were seen plunged into that abyss of misery which ever lies open to the chances of war. Some starved in loathsome hospitals and prisons, others dead in ditches and half devoured by dogs, many parched and scarred by the explosion of gunpowder, vast numbers drowned in rivers and the sea, and serving as food for fishes, some mangled and hewed to pieces by horrid wounds, some trampled to death under horses' feet, and others begging bread on the road, who after having spilt their blood and exposed their lives to a thousand calamities, had not now wherewith to carry them back to that home, which to their misfortune they had so foolishly abandoned—one pitiable scene was that of a young nobleman, who had been killed by the bursting of a shell—" Ah," said the Sage, " behold this unfortunate cavalier! A famous astrologer had foretold by his art, that if this rash youth had been wise enough to have remained at home, he would have lived to the age of fourscore years. Wretched mortal, what desperate and fatal frenzy possessed thee to sell sixty years for a rupee!"

Hassan, now terrified by the awful succession of horrid scenery, withdrew his aching eyes from the sight, and scarcely able to support his own weight, bowed with reverence and kissed the earth. " Go," said the Sage, " and learn patience: know that labour and anxiety are the lot of mortals, and that affluence and content are not the portion of the vain or idle: learn to be satisfied with that station, of which you know the evils, rather than run the hazard of venturing on any other of which you have had no experience."

◆

This tale had a very salutary effect on the mind of my querulous friend; he felt its full force, when, ludicrously imitating the action of Hassan, he prostrated himself on the floor, kissed it, and treating me as if I had been the real philosopher, took his formal leave in a much better disposition than when he entered.

But for my own part I think there is another view in which this moral lesson may be taken. As often as I have contemplated this fable, it has filled my mind with a succession of thoughts of a different kind. The Sage when he presented this vision to the young man, showed him that which is to come, to warn him for his future good.

This glass represented equally that which is to happen, as well as that which has already passed; and in like manner when I have by chance surveyed a picture, representing some awful scene in history, some event of time long passed, a melancholy reflection has crossed my mind, that similar wretchedness to that which is depicted is again and again to happen; that the same causes remaining, the like effects will follow: and most pitiable is it to reflect, that all those dreadful examples, which have been so often exhibited, should serve so little to forewarn us of our danger, or move us sufficiently to strive against it, even by the means which are yet left within our power, so as to prevent, or in some degree lessen, the mass of calamity which is ever generating in the teeming womb of time.

There is a solemn pleasure in the mind, when it contemplates the awful records of history; when we read the page or view the picture, we feel almost an equal degree of interest to that which would be called forth if the scene was actually passing before us at the time; our anger is raised against those who have acted basely, and equal pity towards those who have suffered wrongs, although they have long been removed beyond the reach of misery, and their existence is only known to us in description and a name: yet we cast no thought on the *future* victims of mischance, and far from our minds at all times are sensations of compassion for those who *are* to be the actors on the world's great stage, thousands destined to become the prey of innumerable calamities which ever struggle for entrance at the gates of life to assail each new-born heir of sorrow. Yet at first thought it should seem much more reasonable to feel compassion for those who are yet to suffer than for those whose pains are ended and over for ever.

It is surely an awful reflection to consider how many temptations lie in wait to allure to destruction the heedless victims of vice. How much unspun misery is yet on the distaff of Fate! How big the womb of Nature with unborn evil, that must be endured by generations yet to come! But our feelings are not of that vivid kind as to operate, unless when stimulated by examples which have been made clear to our senses.

I have often contemplated, with melancholy, the neglected excellencies of Hogarth, Wilson, Caracci, Claude Lorraine, and others, who, while they lived and could have enjoyed the benefits of their fame, met only with poverty and contempt. I foresee, in their sad example, the future sufferings of artists yet unborn, who will be obliged to suffer humbly a like fate, and patiently to see the works of their predecessors (who have passed their period of neglect) placed in the posts of honor, and extolled as works divine, whilst their own will be treated with coldness or contempt, although, at the same time, some of them, at least, may possess qualities of much higher excellence than many of those productions to which bigotry, ignorance, or interest will force them to give place. For the constant example of the world will demonstrate, that those very works, by which the artist, when living, could procure neither emolument, attention, nor respect, are, after his death, held up as objects of perfection, unattainable by any existing talents, while the timorous claimant to excellence is treated with scorn and derision.

> "See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

THE
SLIGHTED BEAUTY,
OR THE
ADVENTURES OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY;
INCLUDING
A CONCISE VIEW
OF THE
PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS
IN VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE.

> "And what's her history?
> "A blank, my Lord."
> *Twelfth Night, or what you will.*

DEDICATION

TO

SHADE,

MASTER OF ART, THE FRIEND OF ARTISTS AND OF MANKIND.

May it please your Excellency,

TRULY sensible of the abhorrence in which your Excellency holds every thing like show or ostentation, and that your chief delight is to shun all notoriety, ever bestowing your patronage most liberally on those only who possess diffidence, modesty, and merit, I fear, by this public address, I shall intrude on your repose, and I feel the impropriety of so doing; yet being well assured that my work must ultimately find its safest retreat under your all-powerful shelter, and having also experienced so many favours from the influence of your clemency, I am now emboldened to lay this my production at your Excellency's feet; for if the brightest diamond seems to receive new lustre in your presence, why should I not hope that some benefit may accrue from it to my work of paste; and, added to this, that the opinions of my friends, as well as my enemies, most cordially concur with mine, in placing my chief reliance on what your Excellency may do for me, and they all acknowledge my prudence in so doing.

I dare not hope for greater favour than you can bestow; therefore, of necessity, my labours must be dedicated to you alone.

That mildness in your nature, which makes you screen the defects of all who crave your assistance, is a characteristic mark of your benevolent disposition, and gains you the love of all mankind.

Whilst the greatest of Kings or Emperors, quitting awhile their dignity, and descending from their thrones, must court your favour, you most humbly condescend to be the universal friend of every species of wretchedness.

The most profligate of sinners prostrate before you implore your aid. 'Tis you who stand the only bulwark that misery can raise against insult. Nor is your Excellency in the smaller acts of humanity less ample in your mercy. How often does the poor Artist, in the difficulties of his profession, fly to you for succour; who receive him with compassion, soften all his misdeeds, conceal those deformities which he cannot mend, unite and connect his dissipated materials, and if nothing better can be done, you hide him from derision, disgrace, and scorn.

Kind protector of the simple, safe friend of the weak, who, under your auspices, are exposed neither to danger nor contempt, whilst shame and confusion await those rash fools who rush headlong from your retreats, still keep me in your favour! and when at last my mortal course is finished, and I am become wholly devoted to you, then, in pity to my imperfections, kindly unite with Time and Death to soften the memory of all my errors past!

May it please your Excellency,
I am, my Lord,
With bounden duty,
Your Excellency's most humble slave,

THE AUTHOR,

And a Friend to the Slighted Beauty.

From my Sky-light,
Feb. 20, 1811.

THE

SLIGHTED BEAUTY.

BOOK I.

Rei simulacrum et imago
Ante oculos semper nobis versatur et instat

CHAPTER I.

The person whose history I here relate, is well known to many; therefore, as we are able, we ought to be willing to assist our friend by every laudable means in our power; and, those who understand her sorrows, ought to become her champions, prove her blameless before the world, and shew that her low and degraded condition is not her fault, but her misfortune only; and that, by a little attention and decent good usage, she might have become the ornament of the kingdom and the delight of Europe.

The matter, to which I solicit the attention of compassionate readers, is what is commonly called a case. It is the true and most piteous case of a *Slighted Beauty*, who is not yet quite dead, and therefore may be recovered and restored to her friends. I have concealed her name by her own desire, because she, with her usual sweetness and modesty, said, she did not wish to come before the public as a complaining sufferer, but chose to pine in obscurity, rather than appear as an impertinent intruder;—that was her very expression. I candidly told her, I was unused to writing, and therefore much feared I should not do her cause that justice which it deserved. "Ah!" said she, "we must depend on the force of truth alone, which may do more, and make a greater impression on the tender-hearted, than even eloquence itself; for I have often observed, that simple and unadorned truth has in its nature a power which neither the highest art nor most fertile invention can supply; and sorrow sometimes makes even silence her best aid, and her best orator."

I sat a good while with her, and we had a long consultation on what would be the best and most effectual mode of delivering her story, so as to draw attention from an idle or a busy world; and, in the end, she kindly paid me the compliment to say, that she should place full confidence in my will, as well as in my power, and left me entirely to my own discretion to act as I thought best.

I have, therefore, related her case in the manner of a narrative, from the time of her birth to the moment I was sitting at her bed-side, where she was confined by a sad cold, caught, I believe, by wearing wet shoes.

I have so sincere a friendship for this lady, that I am filled with apprehensions of not having given her case that entertaining and attractive air, which might create an interest for her suffering virtues, and make her painful situation sufficiently known for her own benefit. I was always a great lover of strict and hard truth, and have told her disastrous history without any of those beautifying incidents which captivate the polite readers of the present day. This compendium of sorrows is no novel of invention, from which are to be expected astonishing adventures and hair-breadth escapes; it contains no scenes of disappointment and distracted love, no display of unexampled villainy, no ghosts, witches, enchantments, foundlings, sentimental court ladies, philosophers, waiting-maids, lords, gamesters, assassins, or inn-keepers. Moreover, the perfections and imperfections of my unfortunate friend are here set down without fancied or fantastic exaggerations. In short, the whole interest must depend on its being received as a simple and true statement of her sad case; and I now deliver it to the world, with the hope it may be of service to her, equal to my wish to serve her.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Education and personal Perfections of our Heroine and how she became the adopted Daughter of a Sovereign Prince.

The enchanting, but unfortunate young lady, whose memoirs are the subject of the following sad pages, was not more eminent for her extraordinary accomplishments, than for the ill-treatment which she has experienced in her progress through life; and which ill-treatment is the more to be marvelled at, when we take into consideration the auspicious appearance of her early years, and the fortunate circumstances which attended them; all which I shall presently relate.

As to her birth, no very clear account of it can be given; but her family is said to be of very great antiquity, and she herself is supposed to be descended, in a direct line, from the great Apelles, of everlasting fame. This, I believe, is a literal truth, and no false emblazonment made out through thick and thin, in imitation of those liberal minded gentlemen, the heralds, who possess so much of the milk of human kindness, that they make but little difficulty in decorating with two or three hundred years of ancestry those lucky children of poverty who have gained high titles, no matter how; whether by virtue, or by vice. It is fully sufficient for my purpose, to inform the gentle reader, that the family of our heroine had indeed lain for a very long time in obscurity, and, as I may say, under a cloud; but its character was still so much respected in the country in which she was born, that no sooner was her birth declared, than she was adopted by the sovereign, and immediately intrusted to the care of a venerable matron, to whose extraordinary virtues and knowledge, he himself was indebted, not only for the great strength he had acquired in his limbs during his infancy, but also for the surprising influence which he afterwards gained in his own dominions, and those of his neighbours; and happy would it have been for him, and for the rest of mankind, if he had continued to conform to her sage counsels, and had not indulged himself in so many of his own capricious whims and fancies as he afterwards shewed; for he was a prince of despotic power, and of the highest order of sovereigns.

This potentate was somewhat singular in his character; and it is necessary that I should inform the reader of some of those singularities, that he may have the clearer idea of the kind of education and manner of life in which our young heroine was brought up under this fond patron.

In the first place, he might be considered, without any dispute, as the most learned prince in Europe, having a consummate knowledge of the world; a master of politics; and, for all matters of taste, exquisite in his perceptions beyond all competition; and so supreme was his dominion, (in his own opinion, at least,) that he conceived he had not only the command over the bodies of his subjects, but that their souls also were at his disposal. Notwithstanding all this, there was such a mildness in his government over all those who acknowledged his whimsical authority, that his indulgencies became a proverb; for he has often and often been known to grant a free pardon to such as most richly deserved to have been hanged, and, moreover, to bestow his blessing on them. But then he could not bear the least contradiction, and, on frequent occasions, would fall into paroxysms of rage, and pour out such a volley of frightful oaths and curses, that it would have made your hair stand an end only to have heard them. He would most gladly have seen the objects of his wrath burnt to a cinder without mercy, and actually has commanded those deeds of cruelty to be executed on certain culprits, when he could lay hold on them; which made all those who had offended him keep out of his reach. Yet, that he was a wise prince, cannot be denied, in spite of the many odd humours to which I have said he was subject; one of which was, that he would always persist in wearing three crowns upon his head at one and the same time. He was also surprizingly devout, and spent a very large portion of his time in prayer and religious ceremonies; for he was the supreme head of his church, and supremely partial to its interest and aggrandisement. To this is to be added, that whatever end he desired to gain, was sought for by any species of means best fitted to his purpose; sometimes by eminent learning, piety, or virtue; sometimes by art and cunning; and sometimes he gained his wish by the mere chance of good fortune.

Such, then, was the nature of that court in which our favoured heroine received the first impressions on her mind; but, although thus nursed by Fortune, and assisted by powerful patronage and adoption, all seemed less than her deserts, and, when balanced in the scale against her own various accomplishments, was but as chaff weighed against gold.

Her person, even from her childhood, was beautiful, and, as she grew up, became a model of the most perfect proportion. Indeed, it was a common saying, that the Medicean Venus might have passed for her portrait, or that she herself had been formed from that statue. Her mind was not less accomplished than her body, and each seemed to strive with the other for pre-eminence. The gracefulness of her action was like that to be seen in the highest efforts of design by Parmegiano, accompanied by a melting softness and sweetness, such as we find only in the pictures of Correggio, and which cannot be described by words.

The fascinating expression of her eyes and countenance, might vie with the utmost exertions of the pencil of Raphael himself, and was attended with all his simplicity; and the texture of her skin, and glow of her complexion, can only be compared to the happiest tints of Titian. When she became animated by extraordinary events, she could assume a dignity of deportment that would astonish, and raise herself to be on a par with the sublimity of Michael Angelo; then, again, soften into all the exquisite feminine mildness, beauty, or patient piety, expressed by Guido or Domenichino. Her dress was regulated by that taste, which no rule can give or controul: it comprehended all the advantages of the ancient statues; it displayed all the perfections of her exquisite form, yet seemed like the garb of purity itself. She despised all trivial ornaments, and indeed, as the poet says, appeared "most adorned" without them. She was, from her cradle, the subject of universal admiration, yet flattery never made her vain to her detriment: it only increased her desire to deserve praise; beautiful without conceit, graceful without affectation, playful without vulgarity, grand without arrogance, soft without weakness, and wise without austerity.

Thus accomplished, it is natural to suppose that she must have been sought after and courted by princes of the greatest kingdoms, and that happiness must have been her lot; but this record will serve to shew, how uncertain are all the fortunes of this life. Her patron father had often promised to deck her with princely honours and titles; but various accidents interrupted those intentions, so that they never came to completion. I observed before, that from her earliest infancy, she had been intrusted to the care of a wise and prudent governess, one who had dedicated herself to the holy offices of the church; and her scholar, educated by her in all its solemnities, had acquired a kind of awful, pensive dignity of demeanour, which, like nature itself, pervaded her behaviour in every action, and gave a grace that seemed divine.

As she was the adopted daughter of a princely father, who, it must be remembered, was high-priest as well as temporal sovereign of his empire, most of her time, in compliance with his pleasure as well as her own gratification, was dedicated to the pious service of the church, in which she assisted, and adorned it with surpassing skill, judgment, and taste. This gained her universal admiration, and the homage paid to her was carried to such an extent, that it only fell short of raising altars to her name.

CHAPTER III.

How our Heroine grew tired of her father's Court, and how she set out on her Travels to see the World.

The eminence and fame of our fair lady soon became the universal topic of conversation, and she was earnestly solicited by the greatest personages to visit every kingdom of Europe. This highly gratified her only foible (if it may so be deemed,) a little tincture of the romantic, which produced a desire to wander into countries known to her merely by their names; and when thus pressed on every side, so consistently with her own inclination, no wonder if she easily yielded, and formed the resolution to become a traveller and see the world. Thus determined, she soon afterwards quitted her father's court, accompanied by her faithful protectress, who was firmly attached to her by the strongest ties of friendship, and a kind of parental affection. She received her father's benediction at her departure, and, by his command, a splendid retinue in the service of the church attended in her train. She rested at most of the cities in the districts under her father's dominion, and conducted herself so admirably, that she was treated with little less reverence than that which would have been paid to himself if present.—She also made a visit to Venice, where she continued for some time, appearing in great splendour; and it was remarked, that the front of her palace was most superbly ornamented, and that nobody had ever before hoisted such brilliant colours on their gondola.—She thence took the route of Germany, and shortly after arrived in that country, where she was likewise received with the utmost possible marks of respect, and every honour was paid her agreeably to the dignity of her origin and connections, and her own virtues and accomplishments. What added eminently to the grandeur of her appearance (which seemed to claim respect above a mortal) was the religious retinue, which still attended on her, and threw a sacred air over her, which excluded all idle and vulgar intruders.

But here we may observe the ill consequences of a circumstance which particularly affects those who are not of age sufficiently mature to have their habits fixed. In Germany, she had no longer those high examples of conduct before her, which she was wont to contemplate and imitate; and, being suddenly deprived of those, she scarcely knew at first how to deport herself, and her manner became stiff, dry, and awkward; and when she shook off this, and attempted grace and greatness, she only made the matter worse, by running into absolute affectation and ranting bombast.—She soon quitted this region, to gratify Spain with the honor of her presence; and when there, as if inspired by that grave and dignified people, she became herself again: her whole conduct, during her stay in the country, was a display of piety, dignity, and genius. She was accordingly treated with singular attention, and loaded with honors and with profit. She was still under the guidance of her faithful governess, and in no period of her life did she shew herself a more laudible example of universal imitation: it is no wonder, therefore, that, though urged by curiosity and strong desire to proceed on her travels, she could not leave Spain without regret.—She quitted it at length for Flanders, where she assumed a new appearance and mode of carriage. In this country it was that she made the first considerable departure from her original dignity and gravity of character. Owing to the free manners of the people with whom she consorted, and to the continuance of absence from her father's controul, she seemed by degrees (in her own apprehension at least) more at liberty to act for herself; and, being inexperienced in the world, she saw every thing in a new light, and felt great enjoyment in the state of freedom which she conceived she had attained. She found herself perfectly cleared from the stateliness, and (as it now seemed) gloomy dignity of the solemn institutions to which she had dedicated her first studies. Her deportment from this time began to alter greatly. One of the first symptoms remarkable in this change, was the prodigious fondness she shewed for dress and every species of finery, so very contrary to any thing of the kind which had hitherto manifested itself in her disposition, except when at Venice, where she had acquired great credit by the brilliancy of her appearance: a circumstance which now encouraged her to carry it to excess, to the equal surprise and grief of her faithful protectress, who one day saw her going into public dressed out with silks and ribbands, which contained every gaudy colour of the rainbow; red, blue, yellow, purple, green, orange, as if striving which should shew the brightest, were floating in the air in all directions at every step she took. She shewed also a prodigious love for flowers, and frequently would adorn herself with such enormous nosegays, that at times you could not see her face for them. All this fondness for shewy colours gave inexpressible trouble to her prudent guardian, who would often enter into discourse on the subject, and finish with long and most sagacious lectures and admonitions. She observed to her, how much such frippery took from dignity, obscured real beauty, betrayed a vulgar taste, and was wholly incompatible with a character of importance, or even of chastity. But all this was said in vain: Miss was enamoured of a rainbow, and nothing seemed likely to cure her of her fancy. Her sage adviser had only the consolation of remarking, that she always kept herself extremely clean, and that she had so judiciously assorted those glowing hues, that they wonderfully set off each other. But the most odd part was, that she would not give up the pleasure of showing off in those bright tints, how much soever the circumstances of her situation seemed to demand it; and often went in her favourite gaudy dress to accompany the mourners at a funeral, where, if she wept, she still looked gay.

She was now become a buxom, laughing joking girl; romped with the men, and so much enjoyed herself, that she ate and drank in such sort as to grow enormously lusty, and soon became nearly as broad as she was high. The beauties and graces of the Grecian contour were now no longer to be discerned: the whole form was lost in the quantity of flesh, which engrossed her once delicate and graceful limbs, and her brawny shoulders, fat elbows, and cherry cheeks, appeared as red as a brickbat.

In derision, her companions gave her the nick-name of the *flesh shambles.*

CHAPTER IV.

How the beautiful Wanderer became so well pleased with Travelling, that she would *go on with it; also of the pithy Advice that was given her by her old Duenna, who* would not *go on with her.*

Our Beauty became so gay, and so well pleased with these first essays of her travels, that nothing would satisfy her humour, but she would proceed in quest of new adventures: and, at first, she concluded that her pious companion would still have attended her; but, on the question being put, the answer was an absolute refusal, accompanied with a thousand entreaties that she would not thus court disaster, penury, and contempt, nor obtrude herself an unwelcome visitor in strange countries. But, buoyed up by success and flattery, and still impelled by curiosity, she turned a deaf ear to every argument which could be offered against her darling wish; for she was filled with the notion of her own consequence, and sufficiently convinced in her mind that she should meet with a joyful reception in whatever place she deigned to bless with her presence; and, in spite of all dangers, she resolved to go on, although alone, (her religious retinue having now left her,) unfriended, and without a guide: like another Minerva, she was above those weaknesses so common to the female sex, and she became very impatient till the hour was fixed, at which she was to pursue her wandering project. When, at last, the time of her departure was arrived, the final leave which took place between her and her sacred friend, hitherto her protectress, was very affecting, and many tears were shed on each part. Nothing could prevail on the devotee to accompany her ward one step further; but she wept and embraced, and embraced and wept again: she implored Heaven that every blessing might attend on all her beloved wanderer's ways;—"But many," said she, "are the sad forebodings of my mind, that all your days of good are past, never more to return. When both religion and the church have forsaken you, I much fear a curse will light upon your head.—Poor unfortunate child! will you urge your fate? Will you seek the land where you will cry in vain for succour? Thy soft voice cannot, will not, be heard in the world's tumult; nor can the intrinsic benefits of thy great faculties, when dimly seen (most assuredly) under the cloud of adversity, appear to be sufficiently important to claim the notice of a state.

"My darling child," continued she, "pray you, take care! Do not descend to mean and servile tricks;

rather embrace poverty, even to death, than submit to such resources. Remember the dignity of your extraction, the purity of your education, and the high importance of your first employments. Regard ever with reverential awe those powers which Heaven has intrusted to your guidance, and use them only for the best and purest services of mankind, as you were wont to do heretofore.

"I have reason to think your prudence already lessened, but much I fear that in other countries it will be wholly lost. I but too plainly foresee that you will be reduced to the extreme verge of want, and therefore will abandon yourself to all the imperious caprices of the ignorant or the rich. How different was once your state, under the protection, the splendid influence of a beneficient, an indulgent father! one of such acknowledged judgment and taste, who loved to see you in the full exertion of your talents, displaying them with that dignity which ever must accompany their services in the cause of devotion and of heroic virtue! No longer is thy elevated mind to be employed in awful contemplation on the divine missions of prophets and apostles, no more to be enwrapt in heavenly glories of descending angels o'er the Saviour of the world, nor evermore to be called in aid to represent the sacred extasies of expiring saints and holy martyrs!—Go, go, presumptuous, friendless, orphan!—(O cutting, mortifying, reflection!)—Go, and meet thy future doom, to aid the vulgar mirth of boors in their hovels, and join their dance to ill-played tunes on fiddles and on bagpipes; to repeat their childish humours, and be thy very self no more! Go, keep a small ware shop, be the retailer of ribbands and of frippery; turn milliner, and watch the passing moment of the mode, lest it perish ere you catch it! Thus become the historian of the idle; and remember that, like a stage-dancer, you keep a fixed eternal smirk upon your face, lest you should be thought too grave, and thereby disgust your customers.—Prepare thyself for all this, for this, I predict, will be thy fate.

"Little do you know or reflect on the value of your protectress, whom you now quit and lose for ever, and with her all your earthly importance; for with myself I shall withdraw that sacred veil in which you seemed to be enshrined; you will become now no better than a forlorn, abandoned wanderer, a vagabond, an outcast! You will find, my child, by sad experience, that you have lost your terrestrial paradise: it is a rude world that lies before you, in which to seek your dwelling-place, and folly for your guide.—Farewell, my daughter! farewell for ever!" Her voice was choaked, and she turned away, bathed in a flood of useless tears.

Thus finished the remonstrance of the enthusiastic devotee. Our young heroine also shed tears; but these, like the showers of spring, were soon dried up, and their cause as soon forgotten.

CHAPTER V.

How the Beauty continued her Travels, and how the Author cannot tell whither, but supposes it was to England; and of the strange Adventures she met with there.

At this period of our Beauty's history, a doubt occurs, which it will puzzle future connoisseurs and antiquaries to clear up; and in distant ages, when this renowned and ever-to-be-remembered history becomes the subject of the remarks, annotations, and animadversions of future critics, whose grandfathers are yet unborn, it will then, I say, be found, that the author did not know whether the fair wanderer's first visit, after she quitted Flanders, was to France or England; and, for any help that I can give them, it must remain in eternal obscurity, as she herself never informed me, and I, from my profound respect to her, never presumed to trouble her with any inquiries, fearing I might give offence. I received whatever she chose to relate to me, and only added to it from my own certain knowledge of her adventures. Thus, then, it stands; for I would not, in this my unbiassed, unadulterated, unsophisticated, and true history, given to the best of my knowledge, relate a single incident, when I was not fully convinced of its authenticity.

It is a certain fact, however, that both these kingdoms of England and France obtained the honour of her presence, as I shall hereafter shew. And I must also observe, that to whichever it was she paid the first visit, it makes no material difference in regard to the great and important purpose for which I became the humble historian of her chequered life. Therefore, to proceed without further interruption, I shall conclude that her next visit was paid to England, which country, for certain, she had long desired to see; and it is equally certain, that, at her arrival, she was received with the kindest welcome, and, at first, every appearance seemed to be in her favour; for it is with pleasure I am able to say, that, during her abode in our country, she was flattered by the addresses of no less than two admirers, (at different periods,) both of the highest rank in the kingdom. The first of these received and cherished her, when but a stranger in the land, with tokens of the highest regard; though, in the end, he became her real enemy, and gave a fatal blow to her interest in this country; for he was in his nature a fickle tyrant, and had treated his wives no better; for out of six, which he had married, he cruelly murdered two, yet persisted in saying they died a proper death, and so got rid of the vile business.

Her next admirer was a man of the most accomplished manners, of high taste, refined mind, and possessed of a thousand virtues. She loved him sincerely, but lost him by an untimely death, so undeserved, that the awful recollection is terrible. An enthusiastic crew assassinated him, and then seized on all his property, and possessed themselves of all his power. This event threw her into such a deplorable state of melancholy and despondence, that it had very nearly cost her her life. She mourned his loss not only as her lover, but also as her protector, friend, and patron; for, had he lived longer, he would have aggrandized her to the utmost of her wishes. But there had been no opportunity, during the short period of their acquaintance, for him to give her that high importance to which she had been accustomed in her early days; and, at last, his own affairs became so embarrassed, that it was no longer in his power. But he loved and encouraged her endeavours, and afforded her a thousand opportunities of displaying her exquisite taste, judgment, and fine genius; and happy were all her days until his fatal death!—What also at the time increased her calamity, (already too great,) was, that those who laid claim to his effects, as his successors, immediately set about to wreak their utmost vengeance on all his late favourites, and on herself amongst the rest. Indeed, she was the particular object of their abomination; first, for her own sake, for they could discern no virtues which she possessed; next, because she had been the favourite of their predecessor; and lastly, on account of her father, to them most detestable, whom they called by the formidable appellation of the Scarlet Whore of Babylon. In short, they conceived such an inveterate hatred against her, that they lost no time in satisfying their fury, but posted suddenly away to her place of residence, and broke into the house with an intent, if possible, to have annihilated her at once: but by good luck she escaped out of their hands alive, though not till her clothes were almost torn off her body. After having thus frightened her into flight, they directed their vengeance against all that appertained to her, and instantly made seizure of every particle of her property, which at the time was very considerable; and this was done, not with the intention to make any use of it for their own good, but merely by way of expressing their inveterate spite and detestation of her power, being tastelessly insensible to her merits. They, with violent and rude hands, tore down all the beautiful ornaments and hangings of the rooms, which they burnt or broke to pieces, and wished to have done it before her face: they also demolished every bit of painted glass in all the windows, only because it had been placed there by her desire. Then, filled with all that confidence of superiority and pride, which conceit and ignorance only can bestow, they paused; and, blessing themselves while they surveyed the precious ruin, turning up the whites of their puritanical eyes in pious ecstacy of zeal, cried, "Now behold the downfall of this vile harlot's witchery and popish charms! No more shall such vicious trumpery disgrace our venerable walls; let them in future be all pure, and plain white-wash; or, if they ever are to be discoloured, let it be by natural damps, black smoke, or green mildew; for true devotion can defy all filth! No popish stuff nor show for us! And we also prophecy, that our pure example shall be observed, and imitated (in this our country at least) till time shall be no more!"

It might have been expected, that after all this was done, their rage would have been satiated: but no; they were not content with destroying her substance, and driving her from her habitation, but they also vowed their utmost vengeance against all those who should dare even to give her harbour, and aimed at starving her to death, or at least driving her out of the country; and they still heightened the bitterness of her calamity by the addition of most virulent abuse, inventing a thousand falsehoods to her prejudice, and setting all the neighbourhood against her; accusing her of profligacy, saying they were well assured of her wicked life and conversation; that she had connived with, and assisted, a diabolical old wizard—a father, as she called him, and had been his chief instrument to inoculate the world with sin, by promoting and assisting all his vile juggling tricks, and had given a helping hand to all his impostures; that she was no better than a sorceress, and that none of her wicked arts should ever in future be played on their premises; that she was a vile limb of the devil, and trained to serve his evil purposes; that she deserved no less punishment than excommunication, and therefore was, by their supreme order and decree, from that moment excommunicated and curst out of church, and solemnly forbid ever again to enter its gates.

These pious tyrants next levelled their vengeance at a person who was only her cousin-german. He was one who possessed great talents, had been for some time settled in the kingdom, and was become a man of considerable consequence, having acquired the dignity of a doctor in the universities. This victim they now doomed to share nearly the same fate with our Beauty. He was accordingly most rudely turned out of the church, on the charge of having practised a vile habit of whistling jigs there in service-time; besides which, they had much other matter to urge against his conduct, such as that he was a noisy, inflated, roaring, empty fellow, with a voice like a trumpet, insomuch that, wherever he was present, nothing could be heard but himself. Thus, by the loudness of his voice alone, he could force into silence the gravest preacher or the gayest wit; that he was a great encourager of hops and dancing meetings, in which he was sure always to be one amongst the thickest of them; that he was fond of singing what is called a good song in company, to the great delight of sinners, and the great annoyance of the trembling saints.

All this, and more, was uttered by the pious, in their wrath against him, on his being cast out from amongst them, as an abomination to their tabernacle.

He cared, however, very little for this spiteful crew of enemies, as he was a light-hearted, well-meaning, pleasant fellow, and was always sure of a welcome wherever he came; for he had such a fascinating power, that the men followed him with delight, and as to ladies, they were all in love with him to distraction;

insomuch that, in a very few years after this, he got again into favour, and was caressed and cherished even in the heart of the church, and, although he was of a gay and expensive turn, yet he was never left in want of either meal or money.

But it was far otherwise in the case of our unfortunate Beauty; the antipathy to her was inveterate and lasting: when she was dismissed by the church, it was to return no more;—She was, indeed, the veriest sport of Fortune.

CHAPTER VI.

How the Beauty makes a sudden retreat into Holland, and of the strangeness of her whims in that country.

Our fair heroine, being reduced to the miserable plight in which we left her, was obliged to quit England as soon as possible, or it would have been worse for her. "The rich," says a certain author, "may revenge themselves with arms; the poor have only tears."

She skulked about for a short time in a starving state, and then fled into Holland, where, being by this time pretty much humbled through her late afflictions, she was, from stern necessity, determined for the present to conform her manners entirely to the humours of the people, who were so much her friends as to receive her and give her harbour.—Now, as a fallen angel, shorn of her rays, she no longer beamed with holy splendour. Her original dignity, though it never forsook her, was for a time totally forgotten. Like the cameleon, she seemed only to crawl upon the earth, reflecting the image of whatever was nearest to her. She sung and she danced, she played childish the fooleries with the boors, and many tricks she practised, all in a most enchanting manner. Among these, were her surprizing feats by candle-light, which she performed often to the infinite pleasure of all the spectators. She also practised in artificial flower-making with surprizing success: indeed her fruit and flowers would equally deceive and delight the dilettante, or still greater connoisseur, the insect. She gamed, smoaked, and sometimes even fought with the most vulgar in their carousing booths, and imitated all their manners to the life: she no longer prided herself on grace, beauty, or even on being a human figure; in truth, you would scarcely have recognized her original person: she now seemed without form, from the quantity of her petticoats—absolutely a shapeless wallet with feet, hands, and a face—but she captivated the crowd, and they rewarded her in return, not indeed with splendour, but with plenty.

It was about this time (I think) that she received a most pressing invitation to pay a visit to France, where every indulgence was promised her, and where she was assured that every caprice of her humour would be regarded with delight and applause. Such fair offers from that gay country soon prevailed, and she accordingly made preparations for a speedy departure.

CHAPTER VII.

What a Fool the Beauty was in France; and what a Fool she was to leave France.

We have already seen the great change in our Beauty's conduct, as compared with her former character; her example proved most conspicuously the old proverb, that "evil communications corrupt good manners;" and it will be found that in France she still upheld its truth, having in her disposition from nature, a strong desire to indulge all those who paid court to her. The sagacious reader must have already made the remark, that, in every country in which she resided, she always subdued her own better knowledge, judgment, manners, or even virtues, in order to please, and was humbly content to become the mere echo, as I may term it, of the nation with whom she was to live, and by whom she was to be supported. She could not bear to be neglected, neither could she exist without pecuniary aid, and for those weighty reasons alone, was always forced to be the true mirror of the people, and reflect back to them their own image. It was as necessary to do this, as to speak their language, especially when she was amongst those whom the inherent dignity of her own nature had no powers to charm.

But to proceed in our history. We now find the fair heroine safely arrived in France, where she was but too soon obliged to adopt all the modes and frivolous airs of that volatile nation. None of her changes were more surprizing or more quickly executed; she seemed presently to be one of their own creation. She dressed and simpered with the gayest, and when she chose to appear grave, would quickly assume an elegant desponding air, would lay herself down in an attitude of the most studied grace, on a gilded sopha, canopied with festoons of jessamine and roses;—she painted her cheeks, and bit her lips to make them red, and, prettily lisping, talked as if she was a forsaken, half naked, Arcadian shepherdess.—Sometimes, she fancied herself Venus attended by the Graces, with a flight of little playful Cupids floating round her; at other times she would deck herself out in a helmet and armour made of foil and gilt leather, with a truncheon in one hand and paper thunder-bolts in the other, strut about her apartments, and call herself Minerva or Juno, talk of Homer, and give herself such airs, that you would have taken her for one crazed in her wits. Then again she affectedly assumed all the solemn gravity of religion; then quickly dressed herself like Harlequin or Columbine, and looked just as if she was about to dance a jig in a booth before a puppet-show. In short, I cannot but own, that, during her abode in France, she at times made herself more justly a subject of ridicule and contempt, than in any other country she had visited —her conceit and affectation were so great. Nevertheless she was well received throughout the whole kingdom, and was courted, caressed, and handsomely rewarded, so as to pass her days in affluence and pleasure.

Yet, to do her character all justice, it must be confessed, that during the part of her time in France, in which she associated with such persons as were of learning and science, she conducted herself with that degree of propriety and judgment, that she justly deserved the applause she gained by it; thus affording another proof of her powers and versatility, by shewing that she could be great when with the great, and little when with the little.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

A wonderful Discovery, which does not much forward the Progress of the Story.

The courteous reader may easily conceive the painful state of my mind, when I inform him that I have heard various mortifying opinions given upon the former part of this simple narrative, by different individuals who have perused it.* Some have called it a romantic fable, declared it was impossible to be a truth, or even on truth; and of so wild and incoherent a kind, that they could not conceive what it was about; and have finished by determining, that it was not a real and pure statement of any case whatever. Thus it appears that I have lost my labour with those readers, having done no good or service to my forlorn friend.

On the other hand, those of a higher degree of sagacity, who conceive they can see deeper into a millstone than their neighbours, affect to discover a subtle meaning in this my pitiable relation: they grant it is a fable, but make out the full interpretation of it in their own minds, as clear as the sun at noon-day is to their sight. "It alludes," say they, "to things real, though mixed with things imaginary: and this mode has been adopted by the writer, in order to give a more distinct idea of the subject in hand, as viewed from a certain point." The *Slighted Beauty*, according to them, (for I am well aware of what they have said,) is no more than a personification of the Art of

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* It is to be observed, that the first part of this history was published many months before the remainder, in the papers called the Artist.

Painting. The *father* who adopted her, must mean the Popes or Bishops of Rome; by her old *duenna,* is signified the Romish religion; her conduct in Flanders is supposed to be the type or emblem of the prevalent characteristics of the Flemish schools of art; and the same of Holland, France, Spain, England, &c. &c.—Her two *lovers* mean Henry the Eighth and Charles the First: and the banishment of herself and her *cousin-german* alludes to the conduct of the Puritans, when they discharged painting and music from the service of the church:" and thus they go on, as if they had it all their own way, without ever consulting the poor author, or thinking it in the least degree necessary to have his consent; they have thus determined, and, as that excellent and sage proverb has it, "Just as the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh." But to do them full justice, it must be confessed, that they are willing to do the author the same, and thus they go about it:

"It is not intended," say they, "in this hasty sketch, to throw any slight upon the multifarious practice of the graphic art in this country, but merely some opinions are given, to serve as a vindication of British talents against those foreigners and others, who have endeavoured to prove that Englishmen do not possess, equally with other nations, that native genius requisite to qualify them for becoming illustrious, in what, by the ladies and their maids, is termed *the polite arts;* and that the author has, in his simplicity, attempted to give, in this tale, his own notions why the sublime in art does not thrive in the bosom of this his own dear country:" and they very candidly allow, that, if what the author has asserted cannot be denied to be a true statement, (and which they very kindly say it cannot,) why, then it proves, that the cause is not the want of intellectual powers in our countrymen, but the want of opportunity only to display them."

They still proceed—"Neither is it (say they) intended in this little work, to deny that a most ample share of fame, patronage, and profit, (at least equal to the just claims,) is bestowed on those departments of art, which, in conformity to the disposition of the natives, occupy its professors in this country. But," they say, " there is another distinct province of art, which is totally unknown in this country, and, there is also great reason to fear, will ever so remain. It is that, in which were produced the Cartoons of Raphael, and the Capella Sistina of Michael Angelo; that, in which Painting makes its claim to such high intellectual pre-eminence," and they declare it to be that description of art *alone*, which is here alluded to. As the author, I cannot but in justice acknowledge, that I have very great obligations to those good commentators for so kindly informing me of what it was that I was about, or meant to do in this my work. But I beg permission to offer a few words in my own vindication; I wish I had been capable of the fancy or imagination which those critics insinuate; then indeed I might have embellished my little history with allegory, and beguiled some idle readers, who, while they sought after amusement only, might have been cheated into knowledge, and so have made a moral use of my tale; for well I know, that to do good by stealth has been the approved practice of all degrees of philosophers, from those who conveyed it in a parable, even to those who administer it in a gilded pill. There is a strange perverseness in human nature, an unaccountable unwillingness to receive good for its own sake alone; it must be sweetened and adapted to the palate by a flavour or dash of pleasure, and thus, while the appetites are deluded and off their guard, the benefit is done against the will; and the greater or less quantity of wholesome medicine which is conveyed to the patient's relief, must wholly depend on the address with which it is administered. The power which is thus disguised, to insinuate itself with full effect, may, (though in this respect only,) be compared to the *Trojan Horse;* that which is contained must be unknown to those who receive it, and please in the means to become powerful in the end.

I shall say nothing more in my defence, only beg leave to give a hint to those who raise such fabrics in their imaginations; to wit, that they may sometimes perchance be mistaken; and that fancy and facts do not always coincide. I shall take the liberty to produce one instance (as it is a known truth) in order to prove and explain what I now advance, and then proceed to relate the remainder of my dry but faithful story, whether it be received as truth or not.

Not long since, in a populous street of a populous city, the passengers, as well as the neighbours, were awfully alarmed by horrid shrieks of murder in one of the houses. This soon collected a vast mob of all sorts, who as soon became tumultuous; and, as they could obtain no sort of information by repeated knocking at the door, it was determined to break it open by force, and enter the house to relieve this screaming victim from the jaws of death. But some amongst the crowd wished to oppose those violent measures, therefore a party of the guards was called in, to keep the multitude at bay; the peace-officers likewise were sent for, with the justice at their head, who was obliged to read the riot act, to keep order; but as the cries of distress still continued, it was determined at last to force the door open, in a legal way.—In the midst of this tumultuous clamour, the innocent family returned to their besieged house, having been abroad to spend a holy-day (it being Sunday.) When, after great difficulty, and as great insults from the mob, they obtained a hearing from the enraged populace, they declared there could be no sufferer in the house, as no one had been left in it; and that this cruel murder, which had filled every head and heart with horror, was nothing more than the suggestion of the imagination set at work by the simple screaming of their parrot.

CHAPTER II.

How the Beauty re-embarked for England, and how she was used by the Custom-house Officers on her landing; what they took her to be, and the embarrassment it occasioned her. How she was mistaken for a Spy, and also for a Cook.

Our beautiful Inconstant, still panting after variety, suddenly came to a resolution to try her fortune once more in fair England, where she had long conceived an ardent desire to pay a second visit, having of late learned that the former faction of her enemies was either destroyed, or, at least, pretty well kept under, and sufficiently humbled, so that she might very safely shew her face again in that kingdom. She accordingly, procuring a passage, took a French leave, and soon after safely arrived on the desired shore. Immediately on her landing, she was surrounded by the petty officers of the customs, who, not well knowing what to make of her, concluded she must be a spy, and therefore made seizure of all her baggage; but fortunately for her, they overlooked a small chest containing various articles of foreign taste, which she had picked up in the different countries in which she had resided. To this she immediately had recourse, and began to rig herself out in all the little remains of her property; and thus equipped, she made the strangest figure the world ever beheld, being obliged to wear the rags of every country in Europe. Thus, she had a scarlet *Ferraiuolo* from Rome, a ruff and scarf from Spain, a black silk skirt from Venice, a thick woollen petticoat and a pair of skaiting shoes or boots from Holland, and a spangled robe of gauze from France, trimmed with a full sufficient quantity of Flanders lace; and in consequence, she seemed, on her first appearance, to be so strongly attached to the various peculiarities and fashions of each country she had visited, that it was impossible to determine from which she came last; nor would any one of those countries have been able honestly to claim her as their own. Yet, to do her strict justice, I must remark, that after all her various turns of fortune, and in the midst of this medley of rigging, she most evidently retained the highest idea of her original importance and character, and spoke with pride and pleasure of that part of her life, which she had passed in her native country; condemned all others, Spain excepted, for false taste and vulgar manners, and finished by saying, her hopes now revived in breathing again in the land of liberty, liberality, and refinement. Being, however, rather reduced in her finances, she began to look about her for some proper mode, by which to get a reputable livelihood.

Endowed by nature with great abilities, (and those well cultivated, by every possible advantage of education, to fit her for employments which required the highest taste,) and having been particularly successful and admired by all the world, while in the court of her father, for her exquisite judgment in enriching, as well as adorning, so many magnificent churches, chapels, and halls, during all which time practice had added to the improvement of her talents; she therefore congratulated herself on her powers, and immediately fixed on the highest department of her skill, as the proper object of her future attention, and best befitting her rank and lofty genius. She now encouraged herself in the most sanguine hopes; in so much, that not a doubt remained in her mind, but that her fortune was made; especially when she saw the forlorn and unfurnished condition, as it appeared to her, of those numerous public buildings of the kingdom. Fired with all that enthusiasm which ever attends on genius, in the joy of her heart she exclaimed, "Now it is, that I shall again be seen in my original splendour, and shine the brighter by my late eclipse. Behold the land abounding with riches and public benevolence! a country whose annals teem with records of heroism and of virtue! Here indeed I shall find room for the exertions of genius! here give unbounded scope to fancy, and display before a wondering world such rare examples of novelty and of excellence, as shall surpass, perhaps, all that I have already achieved! nothing can bar my way or intercept my course;—and I am the more assured of this, when I reflect upon the many wealthy, splendid, and liberal *companies*, which compose the mighty mass of this immense metropolis; all of whom have superb halls, in which to hold their councils,—and those remaining unadorned—surely, it would seem, on my account, and only so left, because I did not return sooner to the kingdom."

Thus full of herself, she indulged in fantastic reveries; she fancied the joyful reception she should meet with, on the discovery of her person to those who had been so long in the expectation of her coming: and even enjoyed the idea of playing off a kind of teasing plesantly upon them, before she discovered to those friends, who and what she was.

Her temperature was a kind too energetic to suffer her to remain long idle. She, therefore, immediately began to put her plan in execution; and, to increase the pleasure, was determined to apply, herself in person, to those in power, and surprize her future patrons at once with her presence. Thus resolved, she sallied forth, full fraught with her own consequence, and, with courage and unshaken perseverance, as if Apollo had gallantly led her by the hand, she went from house to house, and from hall to hall, but soon found the difficulty of obtaining admittance to any of the principal persons of those corporations; and when, at last, she had the good fortune to gain a parley, she found it still more difficult to make them comprehend what it was she wanted of them. This she at first attributed to her not being able to speak very distinct English; but some of the society, who thought they understood her better than their neighbours, answering for them, told her that they had no employment for her in the line she professed, for that all their banners and ornaments were generally painted by one of their own society, and it could not be expected that they should take the profits and advantages from him, to give it to a stranger, who had not even the freedom of the guild.

To several others of those fraternities she was still more incomprehensible, and much less able to make her case clear. They distinctly heard her use the words *decorating* and *dressing* out their halls with *taste;* but taste with them had another signification, and decorating and dressing were by them mistaken for decorating their table and dressing public dinners; and therefore they answered her, that they did not dress their dinners in their halls, that they had a spacious and well furnished kitchen for that purpose alone, and then demanded of her if she was a professed cook, and in want of a situation.

To be thus defeated in her first essay, not a little discomposed her, and her spirits sunk on finding that nothing was to be done in this channel.

Those opulent traders, whose bounties are ever ready in all cases and on all occasions which you can once get them to comprehend, soon perceived her state of chagrin and disappointment with a sense of pity, and were willing to relieve her wants, had they but known how; one way indeed occurred—by them considered as a sovereign remedy in such dilemmas—to which they accordingly had recourse, and, to stay her stomach, immediately presented her with a large bason of the richest turtle soup, which, in point of exquisite taste in its way, would not yield the palm to any production of taste in her own. The offer therefore was irresistible, especially to a craving appetite just arrived from France; she mildly took it, smiled on their simplicity, and eat it, although in the only place which their politeness had allotted her, to wit, the porch or lobby, after which she retired to the contemplation of her present forlorn condition.

"Ah!" said she with a deep sigh, "here is no hope that the great actions of philosophers or heroes shall adorn *their* walls, who are much more edified by viewing in portrait the honest representation of some prudent successful trader, staring them in the face, to prove how much may be gained by industry and plodding, without the help of learning or of arts!"

CHAPTER III.

How the Beauty was disappointed in all her views, and how she had like to have been starved to death.

After the cutting repulse (just related) of our Beauty's proffered services, she remained for some time in that state of painful depression, which is so well known to all those who suffer from mortified self opinion; to which was added the immediate fear of poverty and dependence. She now called to mind her ancient and first friend the Church, and resuming her courage, resolved to make application immediately to that excellent source of patronage, learning, and benignity: "Here, at least," said she, "I shall have to deal with persons of wisdom, science, and piety, whose minds have been enlightened by education, and whose habits are directed by virtue. Now I shall have no difficulty in making myself understood; those learned men are sufficiently acquainted with the zeal I have shewn in the service of morality, and will quickly receive me as a bosom friend, as they will readily perceive that they have an opportunity to encourage a branch of science and of art, which demands, for the execution of its purposes with just effect, the closest study, added to the highest intellectual powers."

On making the trial, however, she found, to her exquisite mortification, that she was indeed but too well understood; for, she perceived, that although her former inveterate enemies were dispersed, yet the old prejudices against her character and connections still remained in all their original force. She was roughly answered, that none of her mumery or trumpery was wanted there; that her pretensions had already been maturely considered ; and it was deemed highly necessary to inform her that her demand was impious, that her seducing character was clearly and thoroughly known, and her assurance amazing in applying to that source, or expecting that any assistance would be obtained from it to such heretical arts as hers. "Also, she must surely very well remember, that she had been already curst out of the pale of the church, and no new reason had occurred to render it proper to reverse the judgment, which had been so dispassionately and so justly passed upon her; that it had cost trouble enough to get rid of her, and especial care would be taken in future effectually to prevent her ever again getting any footing in their precincts; for that, when she was let into their sanctuary, she did nothing but mischief, by daubing and scrawling on the walls, and playing such antics as drew off the attention of the congregation from the teacher, and his pious office."

At hearing this she trembled exceedingly, and felt instantly convinced that the deadly blow to all her hopes of succour, respect, or even sufferance in this country, had been struck at the time when she was first attacked by that horde of inveterate enemies, who with such accumulated and unnatural vengeance had driven her from the realm; and that, notwithstanding she might, at this more calm time, escape the rigour of the law's power against her, yet (she plainly perceived) she should still be looked upon as an alien, as one who had been publicly cursed, and neither countenanced by church nor state, denied all degrees in the universities, and considered only as a base trapping of detested popery, or at best but a gaudy decorator of rooms for banquet or for revel.

The curate, the clerk, the beadle, the tax-gatherer, and the sexton were all present at this interview, and much they enjoyed her state of mortification, each wishing to put in a word on the occasion; when the clerk seeing her treated with so little ceremony, and perceiving she was about to withdraw, boldly ventured to give his opinion, and plainly told her, "That she had much better take herself off while she was well, and go practise her trickery in some other place, for it would not do *there*, and she might depend upon it, that every thing in his power would be done to prevent the evil effect of such *papish* fooleries."

Then the curate spoke, and gently addressing her, said he shrewdly suspected that she still held correspondence with her vile *father*, as she was pleased to call him, and was still ready and willing to assist his impostures.

In vain with plaintive accents she pleaded the innocence both of herself and her father, in respect to any evil intentions in what she had done, and asserted that she never had conceived it possible that her work could be viewed in so base a light! "Surely," said she, "in its very worst aspect, it can only be considered as matter of ornament, and that of the most simple and innocent kind. But may it not," she continued, "be also a silent help to piety and reflection, a means of instruction to the unlearned part of the world? for pictures, says Gregory the Great, are the books of the ignorant, where they may learn what they ought to practise.—Can it be wrong to produce, by objects of sight, those awful ideas, which are allowed to be so eminently useful to society, when produced by words? can it be wrong to employ means, by which a more impressive image is given of what has been read or said, than vulgar minds are able to conceive from their own resources?—will it not eventually tend to soften the hearts of the illiterate?"

"The instructions which are given to the young, should be pithy and short, as they will the sooner hear them, and the better keep them; and the words of

Seneca are, ‘ that men ought to teach their children the liberal sciences, if not because those sciences may give any virtue, yet because their minds by them are made apt to receive any virtue.’ Such is the nature of that instruction, which is derived from the works of my art, that the idle and unlettered, by the repeated view and contemplation of the characters and actions which I shew them, beaming with divinity and with morality, have their own minds sown, even before they are aware, with the seeds of purity, compassion, and of general benevolence, and virtue made familiar to them; for ‘ virtue is that alone which maketh men on earth truly famous, in their graves glorious, and in heaven immortal.’ ”

However, this fine speech not being very clearly comprehended by her auditors, the clerk smartly told her to hold her deluding tongue; that she was a very wicked creature, and that her tricks and wiles were of the most dangerous tendency.

The curate desired the clerk not to be so flippant of speech, for he would take upon himsnlf to lecture her. He then calmly told her, that she was a wretched, beggarly, hanger on upon the public, a sort of excrescence, and considered as a burthen by all who knew her; a kind of tax on the rich, who had so many better ways of bestowing their money than to pamper her in pride; one whom they had not the heart to starve, and yet begrudged the expense to maintain —and the most costly of all toad-eaters; an enthusiastic visionary, who imagined herself, from conceit and partiality, to be something more than mortal, and, like the tomb of Mahomet, to be suspended between heaven and earth, and would scarcely know to which she belonged, if hunger did not teach her; adding, that she must be possessed of a most astonishing share of arrogance, still to persist in her fulsome notions of fancied importance, when she must so clearly see her worthlessness demonstrated in this single fact, that neither church nor state gave her presumptuous claims the least countenance, but appeared to be clearly of opinion, that the whole which could be done, by the utmost exertions of her powers, was not, on their part, worth the smallest attention. They saw her in her true colours, as an useless intruder on society; even the very citizens beheld her with indifference, if not with scorn; and, as the proverb justly observes, "that which every body says must be true,"—that is past denying.

The clerk, interrupting the curate, observed with a significant smile on his countenance, that a good singer (the clerk was very fond of vocal music, and was blessed with a tolerable tenor pipe of his own,) or even a dancer, was worth a million of such vermin as herself; which was evidently and repeatedly proved before her face, and truly by the most unquestionable and weightiest test, to wit, the vast difference in their rewards.

Then the beadle, winking one eye in drollery, archly said, that if there was no other way of silencing her perpetual whining and moaning, as if she was a person really injured, and had a cause of complaint, they would soon quiet her by setting the law at her heels, and shew her the way out of the kingdom again as an alien, without any demonstrable way of livelihood; or else set her in the stocks, where she might complain at her leisure with some cause; but here the curate told him he was quite vulgar, and also wrong, —that she had not broken the law, and therefore could not be so treated.

Then the tax-gatherer, who was the most intimate chum of the sexton, and had often helped him to a job, slily whispered him that she was a vile hypocrite, and only pretended poverty to save herself from his clutches, and that he should soon attack her for his dues, besides letting the informer bring a handsome surcharge on her; as he was very well assured that she had a quantity of concealed jewels about her, which she had hidden, on purpose to elude their search.

Lastly, the sexton spoke, and finished the conversation, by shrewdly observing, (making his bow,) that he should be very happy to dig her grave, and made no doubt but, when she had been starved to death, she would be finally dismissed by her few friends, with a most pompous and splendid funeral, and therefore desired that he might engage his friend the undertaker for her, as he was apt to believe she was a much more profitable article to deal with in any manner when dead than when alive.

To be again rejected, again despised, was too much even for philosophy to bear. Almost overwhelmed with grief, even to despair, she returned to her habitation, where, unpitied and alone, she vented her anguish in a flood of tears. This second banishment struck her with the greater mortification, because her last dependence had been on the church, which had always given her protection, and had been her greatest friend, except at that particular period when bigoted, hypocritical, puritanical, enthusiastical enemies of her, and of all true taste, had driven her from the land. She had reason to expect no other treatment from barbarians—they had their own schemes to promote; but when it came upon her from the mild, the educated, and refined, it wounded her to the very soul. The insults of the vulgar we can with ease pass over, but contempt from the good, although from mistake, is truly terrible. "Surely," said she, "the soul payeth dear for hire in the body, considering what she there endureth!"

CHAPTER IV.

An Account of the Beauty's two Sisters; how one of them was fortunate, courted, and indulged, till she grew so bulky, that some thought she took up too much Room when at Church; and how the other was half-starved, and as lean as a Gridiron: serving to prove that some Folks find it as much Trouble to digest Meat, as others to get it.

As in a former part of my history I gave some account of a cousin-german of our heroine, I shall in this take notice of certain others of her relatives, as not unimportant to my main purpose; for there was a circumstance rather curious, which helped not a little to aggravate the mortification attending our Beauty's deplorable state, and she could not but feel it with great pain, whenever she reflected upon it. This was the instance of a favoured sister, who was also resident in this country, and had met with unbounded success in all her undertakings. As their pretentions were not very dissimilar, she could not help wondering by what means her sister could have obtained so decided a preference. The girl was certainly a comely, personsonable wench, but she had a heart of marble, and a face of brass; indeed, she was apparently composed of very different materials from her sister. This young lady was just as remarkable for being the object of singular indulgence, as our Beauty was of persecution, scorn, and neglect, and most particularly with the very same hierarchy which had denounced our heroine by a curse, and prohibited her entrance into its sanctuaries. This brazen-faced sister, on the contrary, was a prodigious favourite, and had an uncontrouled power, insomuch that, by her will and command, she would often stop up the finest window in the church from a mere whim. Sometimes she would only modestly seat herself directly in the window, so as to obscure the light something less than stopping it up entirely. Then she would make no scruple at any time to sap the principal pillars of support, root up the foundation, build up partition walls in the aisles from the floor to the roof, bore great holes in the walls, or open new windows in them to serve her purpose, cover the pavement, and by that means prohibit the sexton and clergy from their perquisites gained by burial ground. Still all those whims were suffered without a murmur, and so very far was this partiality extended to the pampered favourite, that her patrons, with the utmost readiness, always made a handsome recompense for all the damage she might at times occasion in any of her ingenious fantasies, in some of which she would stick herself up in the midst of a cathedral, with her elbows held out, so that you could scarcely pass by her, or, if you attempted it, she would break your shins with her great feet; for of late she was grown enormously bulky; and if you dared to complain, she would quickly clear the way before her with an iron bar. At other times, in order to shew her figure (which she thought was a good one) to advantage, she would throw herself into such attitudes as would shew her nakedness even to indecency, and all this with a face of bronze that nothing would dismay; foreside or any side was the same to her.

In short, she had been so long in the habit of taking liberties, and her protectors so long in the habit of suffering them, that she seemed, both to them and to herself, to be infallible, and was accordingly so treated, just as if she had given them love-powder.

The surprizing difference in the treatment which these two sisters met with, I never was able to account for, nor am I at present able to solve the problem.

I have already said, that whatever she did, the church and the state were well pleased; she was also as great a favourite with the city, and, in short, fortune was ever in her favour. In the city, she would sometimes exhibit herself in the streets or public squares, and display her feats in horsemanship; but in this attempt she generally cut but an awkard figure, and rather failed in her cast of this character, as frequently, on those gay occasions, she seemed to have lost all sense of shame; for sometimes she would appear rigged out in the habit of a Roman Emperor of old, and sometimes she would exhibit herself pig-tailed, with a cocked hat and a pair of jack boots, at other times with a large old fashioned wig, which reached down to her middle; yet her patrons were still so delighted with all her pranks, that they not only indulged, but rewarded her vagaries with enormous grants of thirty thousand pounds at a time: for she was prodigiously expensive, as nothing would suit her purpose, unless it came from a foreign country; "far fetched and dear bought," must serve her turn, so that no small allowance would suffice for her, although one quarter of the sum would have enabled her sister to shine with the utmost splendour; for our Beauty was modest, unobtrusive, and, though pleasing in all her manners to every body, never ran into any expense, but, on the contrary, she could give a value to that which had none in itself before; and was so humble in her deportment, that wherever she came, she made it a point to stick herself as close to the wall as a limpet to a rock, for fear of offending, but somehow she was always unfortunate, and all her care was but labour lost. Although she felt much pleasure in her fat sister's prosperity, and would have been glad of any opportunity to assist it, as she thought it a just encouragement, yet she could not survey this lavish, unbounded, and partial preference, but with desiring eyes, as some half-starved cur, at humble distance, glances a longing look at a well-fed spaniel, who is feasting on the rich repast of a fine marrow-bone. One thing, however, must be allowed in favour of this sister, which was, that she always spoke well of the dead, and it proved to be of infinite service to her. Thus, for instance, she would get up in the midst of the church, and, in her own way, make long harangues in various languages, filled with flattery and falsehood, praising the dead to gratify the living. It is true, it all went for nothing, as nobody attended to her, or believed one word of what she said, yet it got her many friends among those who were convinced of the necessity of such a helper.

There was also another sister, who was very ingenious, but, as she was not able to serve either city, church, nor state, by any of her performances, she passed her time in a most ragged condition.—I apprehend she is now defunct, as I have heard nothing from her for some time past. In truth, any account of her is unnecessary to our present purpose, therefore she is not worth our notice. However, as I have mentioned her, I will take the liberty just to give a few particular traits of this lady's character. In the first place, she was a great talker, and delighted in words, in so much, that one of her fancies was to set them down in curious shapes and rows, and she would then look at them with uncommon pleasure, always concluding, that every one who saw them would be as much delighted with them as herself. In this way she spent a great deal of her time, and was so diverted with this play, that she conceived, even when it produced ever so great nonsense, that, thus disguised, it would pass for sense; for like a good confectioner, she well knew that even weeds will be eaten as a delicacy, when embalmed in sugar. However I am to acknowledge, that when she was in her truly highest flights, she was really sublime. She most commonly assisted her fortunate sister in making her solemn church orations.

She was the eldest, the proudest, and the poorest of the three;—I say the poorest, because each of the others had known some intervals of prosperity, and even affluence; she never. Her whole life was spent as a pauper. Yet she carried herself with an air of the utmost dignity, even when she had neither stockings nor shoes to her poor feet. The only favour shewn to her in this country, that I ever heard of, was that she got a little matter by singing "God save the King" on festivals, now and then a cup of sack given to cherish her soul, and the promise of a handsome burial place at her demise.

CHAPTER V.

How the beauty bemoaned herself, and how she set herself up in a Chandler's Shop to relieve her Wants, also of her new Schemes which ended in Smoke. How she was annoyed and harrassed by a Phantom supposed to be her Grandmother's; and had it to combat with as if she had been her murderer.

All hopes had now left our fair forlorn, and she had reason most bitterly to lament her fallen state and misapplied industry. After having spent her life in the acquirement of the most accomplished education, assisted by natural endowments of the highest degree, the power and value of all which had been so often tried and proved in other countries, she at last perceived all were ineffectual to procure her a bit of bread. In this pitiable condition she remained, not knowing what course to pursue, till her pale and thin cheeks would have met, had not her unused jaws been placed between them: her now dim eyes, that once so sparkled with vivid expression, were sunk in their sockets almost to the back part of her head, and her emaciated, though once graceful, arms, hung at her sides like two walking sticks; in short, she seemed hastening apace to her final dissolution. She had been so stunned by disappointments which she little expected, that the sudden shock had deprived her of all power or strength to support herself, and she would sit for hours like a statue of despair. Sometimes in soft accents, scarcely audible, she would say, "Poor mistaken mortal that I am, why did I haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness? Why with unceasing industry mis-spend my young unprofitable days? Why did the rising sun so oft bear witness to my labours, or the midnight lamp so oft protract their length? And why, deluding visionary, Fame, did I become thy votary? Was it to live in poverty and die in want? Had those untired exertions of my youth and strength been well directed to profit and to wholesome trade, I had not now been left forlorn, I might have seen thy poor inveigled worshippers (thou syren Fame) bring offerings and lay them at my feet."

In this state of dejection and melancholy she could not have held out long; but suddenly recollecting herself, she perceived that something must be done to save herself from perishing, and that quickly too.

This thought awakened her from her dreadful dream, she clearly felt that she was philosopher enough to wish still to live, and therefore, set about the means of life with much alacrity. But poor as she was, the only thing she could resolve upon was to set herself up in a little chandler's shop, and, as the goods which she intended to deal in were not of a very expensive kind, she was soon able to furnish out her little warehouse. For the chief articles on which her trade depended were chalk, charcoal, stained paper, Indian ink, brick-dust, matches, farthing rush-lights, sand, small beer, and gingerbread. She also dealt in *gilded* gingerbread: indeed she used no gold on the occasion, her price would not afford any thing more costly than Dutch metal, which, although it pleased children and ignorant customers, had a copperish taste with it; but she always declared that it would have been much more gratifying to her to have put real gold, if she could but have had a price accordingly. In this small way, she made shift, by great economy, to pick up a livelihood, for as she dwelt in the neighbourhood of Paternoster Row, all those that lived in the Row became her principal customers, they made a point of dealing with her, and she sold them neat articles.

Possessed of that native humility which is the characteristic mark of innate greatness of mind, she submitted to her lot, making only this reflection: "Useless toil! I strove, to elevate and dignify my mind by frequent contemplation of those awful antique remains, those illustrious proofs and records of my high descent, only to qualify me to keep a chandler's shop, to be the retailer of gingerbread!"

At leisure times. when not better employed, she would put her hand to miniature painting, and place some specimens in her shop window, propping them up by cheese or candles, and writing under them in very legible characters, "Likenesses taken equal to this at seven and sixpence each, frame included." Indeed various were the ways, which necessity, the mother of invention, forced her to try, to pick up a precarious maintenance. "Surely," said she, "if the mind is truly noble, it shuns neither toil nor danger when it finds itself assaulted by poverty, and true virtue will labour like the sun to enlighten the world."

To further her laudable purposes, she now resolved to give public lectures on morality, character, and manners, which she was well qualified to do; and those moral effusions were interspersed with the finest wit imaginable, which she concluded would render them more palatable to the public vulgar. In these, the rake, the harlot, the miser, and the spendthrift, were pourtrayed in the most animated colours. But she found to her sorrow, that all her eloquence was addressed to deaf ears, nor did this scheme succeed while it continued in her hands, for her rooms were very thinly attended, and, fearing she might get into debt by it, she desisted. She had also been much annoyed in the course of her scheme by a large butcher's mastiff, named Carlo,* which was continually barking and snarling at her, and sometimes even bit her, and tore her clothes in a sad manner.

These lectures were afterwards published, and sold well, and were most deservedly admired,—but that unfortunately happened when the property, or other benefit, was no longer hers.

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* Churchill's Epistle to Hogarth.

Another circumstance I shall relate, which not only much mortified her, but likewise did her considerable injury. There were certain deep connoisseurs in Beauty and Taste, who had seen and admired her excellent works, while she was in her first state at the court of her father, but who never personally knew her. All those, on her appearance in this country, protested against her as being an impostor. They came and looked most sharply at her with spectacles and glasses to help their sight, and then pronounced her not the same person that she pretended, or if *any* relation, she must be the daughter or rather grand-daughter of their former acquaintance, for they affected to have had an intimate knowledge of the old lady, as they called her, and were very indignant, whenever our Beauty dared to mention herself as bearing the smallest comparison with *their favourite,* who was "a fine stately figure, elegantly formed, of a most beautiful complexion, graceful in all her actions, full of interest in her countenance, with a pair of eyes that were killing. But as for herself," they said, "merely to conceive that there was any resemblance between two such opposite figures, appeared like absolute insanity. She, who was a long shanked, raw boned, ill proportioned, awkard, dirty coloured, squinting creature!"—In answer to which, she would readily acknowledge that there was, in truth, a vast difference in her present appearance, from that which she made when in the court of her father, and under his protection; that she was then easy in her mind, and a blessing seemed to attend on all her ways, but that now she was half starved, which was not her fault, and that she should be much better looking, if she was in better plight; but this answer only served to aggravate their rage, and make them hate her more for her abominable and disgusting self-conceit, as they termed it, And so far did these enthusiastic devotees carry their admiration of the supposed old gentlewoman, her grand-mother, as to think (and they would maintain it too) that there was more of the true line of beauty, and more shapeliness, to be seen in the old woman's mere stockings than in our heroine's real legs ; and nothing is more common, even now, than to meet with fortunate persons who possess some trumpery relic, such as an old cast off pair of shoes, which have been since worn by others, and perhaps have been more than once heel-tapped and new soaled ; yet this morsel they will shew with all the happy effrontery of ignorance, as the most accomplished model possible of a perfect female foot, and keep it with the greatest veneration in a magnificent cabinet, as a most precious curiosity. It is enough for them that it once was fine. I have known a thousand pounds in pure sterling gold given for one of her old night-caps, in which a thousand holes had been darned up; and five hundred pounds for an old wig, on the mere assurance that it had been the very wig of their old woman; nay, many of these virtuosi have been seized with such a mania, that very large fortunes have been made by dealers in those ragged remains, by mere impositions on the wealthy ignorant, selling them the old clothes of others, while boldly asserting that they had been hers; and to such a length has the practice been carried, that it has occasioned frequent law-suits, whenever by some chance the cheat has been discovered; for as no palpable evidence of its value could be found in the article itself, the proof of its authenticity has wholly rested on the word and honor of the seller, which commonly served as a sufficient testimony with the small degree of knowledge in the buyer.

Certain of those virtuosi, who had a more favourable opinion of her, would at times trust in her hands some of those inestimable rags for her to repair and put in order, as not unfrequently it was far from very clear what had been their original form or use, and she, from the lack of better employ, would patiently apply her time to furbish up the tattered rubbish, and would most meekly turn, scour, and dye (to please them) her own former cast-off clothes, and by this means make them look worth something; and she has afterwards seen them sold for fifty times their original cost.

All this did most certainly much irritate the spirit of our Beauty, and she cast about for the means of doing herself some justice, yet knew not how: at last she devised a mode, as I shall shew in the next Book.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

The great Advantages of Learning.

We now draw near the end of our Beauty's piteous tale, as at this place we enter on its finishing book; therefore the most fastidious reader need not be impatient.

That I have not rendered this narrative a source of amusement to those who have condescended to notice it, I sincerely regret; first on my own account, secondly on my reader's, and lastly on the Beauty's: but I am unlearned, and therefore circumscribed in power; I am ignorant of all those means of insinuation by which truth becomes irresistible, and even falsehood may be adorned so as to have the semblance of truth. Learning and I are strangers to each other: I have not to complain that its painful, though useful, tasks were ever ungraciously forced upon me on any side. From this fatality of my youth, my riper age must suffer, and the early opportunities I have lost I may regret, but am now unable to repair. In vain I call to my remembrance the bright example which was once before my eyes, when I did not avail myself of the proffered blessing; but youth and ignorance at the time rendered me insensible of the singular advantage in respect to learning then within my reach: for I had a little crooked uncle, who was a very great scholar; and the article on which he piqued himself most was, his profound knowledge of the Greek. It is a real fact, that the comfort which he derived from it tended much to lengthen his life. He would strut about the room on his two little legs, that looked like drum-sticks with stockings on them, and, with an Aristophanes in his hands, read aloud, so that you might hear him all the house over.

He always signed his name in Greek; he had the motto to his coat of arms in Greek; whatever subject you started to talk upon, he would quote some old Grecian, and give the very text with all the importance of an oracle; then, in humble compassion to his auditors, would turn it into vulgar English for them, though very often at the time, (from my ignorance of its supreme excellence,) I have foolishly thought, that had the same sentence been found first in plain English, nobody would have supposed it worth their while to have remembered it: such as "that one half was more than the whole," and that "when the Gods wanted to destroy a man, they first caused him to run mad." I have often wished to ask him what the Gods would do as the second operation on the ill-fated object of their wrath? but I had so much respect for him, that I feared to offend him.

It has been frequent matter of wonder to me, what should have made him so very partial to those Greeks, for he was very unlike any of their statues that I had ever seen. What he most resembled of any of the Grecian figures, that I can recollect, was one of those in their alphabet. However, I was at last fully convinced by him, that, of all human blessings or acquirements, it must be acknowledged the first is undoubtedly that of understanding Greek: for as the poet says of madness, so it may be said of Greek, "that there is a pleasure in knowing Greek, which none but Grecians know." Advantages from all sides attend it: it acts like an universal armour, and protects its possessor from the crush of every assailant. A man may be whoremonger, a drunkard, a liar, and a thief—he quickly obliterates all disgrace, by proving that he understands Greek.

The deep read scholar, who can converse with Homer and Euripides in the originals, becomes well entitled to look down with contempt on those latter efforts of ingenuity, which fill the unlearned with wonder and delight. He who has read the mighty works of the ancients in their purity, must behold, with pity, the comparative puny attempts of Shakspeare or of Milton, as, in competition with the Belvidere Apollo or Farnesian Hercules, will appear the ill-formed figure of mortal man.

The first knowledge, therefore, I would give a child, is that of Greek, an everlasting source of pleasure, and a power which enables him to stem all storms.

The man proud of high birth, or conscious of superior genius, exulting in his riches, or vain of his beauty, even the tyrant in the plenitude of his power, has moments when those advantages cease to give him pleasure, and are not even in his thoughts: but the Grecian's enjoyment is perpetual; there is no instant of his life in which it is forgot; sleeping or waking, in sickness and in health, in riches or poverty, drunk or sober, it is still his comfort, and is ever in his mind: and certain it is, that real happiness is not to be found under the sun but by those who understand Greek.

Surely this is the great arcanum, without which true felicity is not to be possessed; and he who finds it, pants with uncontroulable impatience till he lets you know the vastness of his possession.

CHAPTER II.

The Beauty's Brother introduced to the Reader; also her new Projects, such as the World could not comprehend; which made some Folks take her to be mad, others, only to be a Fool.

In this narrative I have confined myself, for the sake of brevity, as much as it was in my power, to the matters which immediately concerned our heroine only, and have encumbered it as little as possible with her relations; but I now find the necessity of mentioning one very near of kin, who was bred up with her, and had been a partaker of all the advantages she had enjoyed in her own country. They loved each other from infancy, and were examples of benevolence and cordial affection, till of late years indeed they had been separated; she had sunk in her circumstances, and her brother, for such he was, had been busy and forgot her. He was a handsome, active, well built fellow, had an excellent front and a good foundation, besides innumerable firm pillars of support. From his early youth he had given his mind to the study of the mathematics and geometry, and stood well in the world by his ingenuity, being every where wanted; and as his poor sister was now become low and obscure, she never once came into his mind. It was curious to observe, that, although he had the command of a great many superb mansions, yet he never had thought of offering to let his sister into any one of them, even at the time she was without house or home. He, most assuredly, had it often in his power to have been of essential service to her, but he left his fabrics generally in such a state, as to make it impossible for her to get a comfortable footing in them; for truly he had more pleasure in seeing the walls decorated by trumpery and trifles, just like a christmas pie, than by any of her tasty performances. He, likewise, too much adopted the vulgar opinion, that she was a dirty slut, and that she daubed the walls and played the deuce in house or church, if she once got possession of it.

To this brother, however, she had now recourse, and he graciously deigned to recognize her, and promised to assist her; a magnificent idea had struck her mind, as a means to propagate her art, and by making it familiar to the multitude, increase its influence to the good of society. Accordingly she formed a resolution to put her project in practice, whenever she should be so lucky as to procure some small aid to forward her scheme. This, fortunately for her, her brother was able and willing to lend her, and she immediately set about it. With some trouble she collected together as many of her works as she was able, and by this means produced a very splended assemblage.

Here it was that her brother lent his assistance, providing her with rooms for her purpose, gratis—to be sure the apartments were not very commodious, for the best of them was at the summit of eighty stairs, all which you were obliged to clamber up, in order to see this display which she publicly exhibited; and as the price of admittance was but small, and the amusement to the eye was great, it was soon visited by every rank of society, where curiosity and idleness had influence, and the profits were more considerable than she had expected. Also to give an air of importance to her show, and render it in some degree unlike a low or vulgar thing, she had so contrived it, poor soul! as to get a couple of real centinels to be at the entrance, with muskets on their shoulders, who marched to and fro before the door-way, and I confess it had a very grand effect.

But now comes the wonder of virtue, as seen in her conduct, in which instance the truly noble and elevated turn of her character is displayed most clearly, and with a degree of patriotic benevolence, that has no parallel, perhaps, in the world.

For she had resolved from the beginning of this project, not to apply one farthing of what was to be gained by it to her own private use, but, with the larger portion of the accumulated profits, to found and maintain a public free-school, for the education of youth in the knowledge of all matters of taste, with the hope thereby to inspire a love of intellectual refinement in the nation, and also to give a splendour to it in the eyes of other countries; with the remaining portion of profit to form a fund of charity, by which she might afford relief and comfort to certain poor wretches, who had depended on her, but who, from various misfortunes, were in a worse plight than herself. But her weakness did not stop here; for, like a fabled heroine in romance, she panted for glory, and has frequently been known to have actually given medals of gold and silver, as a reward and encouragement to youths of distinguished merit, and also sums of money out of her fund of shillings, to send them for improvement to her native country; when at the very time she has wanted bread herself. For so inviolable were her notions of honor, that nothing would tempt her, in her greatest wants, to touch a farthing of this fund, which to her mind was become a sacred matter, consecrated to the most benevolent purposes.

But this her munificence appeared so very romantic in the world's eyes, that very few could comprehend it; therefore, very naturally they accounted for her seeming strange conduct, every one according to his own notions: some did not believe it to be at her own cost, but thought she was assisted by a higher power; others concluded that her intellects were a little in disorder; while many contented themselves by more mildly considering her only as a fool; but not one attributed to her any virtue in her motives.

Surely it must be confessed, that if she was mad, she shewed method in her madness, and appeared to act even with some policy. Thus she contrived to give annually out of her gains a public festival, to which she took care to invite all those persons who, from their rank in life, bore the highest sway, and all those of intellect, who had the highest fame in the kingdom; trusting to have kindled a flame in them, and to have gained their interest. They all came, they all saw—were amused—some even admired—but all were silent; not one shewed any inclination towards being on terms of closer friendship with her, or dared to touch her without having gloves on, for fear of shaking hands with a lunatic.

I must here also observe that, in aid of her school, it was her earnest desire to annex a little library to it, to be composed of such books. &c., as should be most useful and necessary to advance the knowledge and studies of her scholars: and therefore from time to time, as her little income would allow, she would purchase some trifles, which, together with now and then a donation of gratitude from her pupils, was all she could procure, and a most scanty affair it was, for no hand of power or of plenty would ever deign to help her, or offer to furnish her empty shelves; and she had no other consolation, than that which is always the reward of the virtuous and independent—the reflection that, if it was poor and scanty, it was free from obligation, for it was all her own. However, her shillings came in to help her out in her splendid scheme, and the youths of her school increased in their acquirements; and, although her own interests made no progress, yet her vanity was plumed in contemplating the supposed effects of the knowledge she had diffused, and the benefits to society derived from that school, of which she was the sole support; congratulating herself on having done that, unassisted and alone, which in all other polished countries might have called forth the fostering hand of governments.

One priviledge also the world allowed to her without a question, to wit; none could dare presume to be considered or received as persons of taste and critics, if she had not first invited them to her festival; and it was therefore solely on that account as much sought after, as if it had been a court honor, or, as if by it such persons had been dubbed connoisseurs, and acquired a title, which it lay exclusively in her power to confer.

A mischievous intimate of hers, who envied the great pleasure, which she seemed to enjoy from this new scheme, and desirous to mortify her pride and vanity, thus addressed her; " My dear inconsiderate friend, what has been your chief motive to found this school, of which you are so fond? Is it that you are not content to starve alone, but wish to become a stalking-horse, a decoy-duck to entrap others in the snare? like malignant nuns, who were ever striving to get companions in their misery. You but too well know that the fate of your scholars is similar to the state of those poor mortals who go to law; where the happy favourite of fortune, when he wins his cause, is left in rags, and where he that fails is naked. You are like the Cuckoo, who produces her brood, and then can neither feed them, protect them, nor force any one to admire their song.—Excuse me, but such I think to be precisely your case.

" It cannot fail to move a feeling heart with pity, to contemplate the probable fate of those numerous candidates for fame whom you create, for you prove in your own sad example, that great acquirement does not create or insure great employment. After your scholars have, by indefatigable industry, gained every possible improvement which education can bestow, and amply qualified themselves for the execution of works of the highest order, pray inform me, if you can, who is it that will call at their warehouse to purchase their sublimity, or where in the name of wonder, can it be placed, when it is accomplished?

" It brings to my recollection an anecdote told of a poet, who, being advised by a minister of state to learn the Spanish language, had raised his expectations with golden dreams, (as many of your scholars may no doubt,) to the highest pitch which fancy could create, of what might be the happy result of this acquisition; and he therefore immediately set about the task with a tumult of delight, and accordingly by time and attention made himself master of the laborious undertaking; when, going again to his seeming patron, filled with joy at the hope of reward, he informed the minister, that he was now become a master of the Spanish tongue—' Well done!' said the great man ' then you have now the felicity of being enabled to read Don Quixotte in the original.'

" In short, it seems to me that you are beginning at the wrong end; all your schemes might do very well in kingdoms, where the high art is known and cherished; but situated as you now are, your conduct is as absurd, as if a merchant, on a speculation of gain, was to attempt to introduce a manufactory for parasols in Lapland or in Nova Zembla."

CHAPTER III.

How the Beauty became known to a good Man, and how much Good he did for her. How she lost him, and had a Patron in his stead.

About this time a moment of good fortune attended our heroine, by what means I know not, or by what lucky chance a thing so strange to her could happen, but she was introduced to a man eminent for his well known benevolence of character; one of the elders of the city. He was a man of great discernment, liberality of mind, and fine taste, and who, from the first hour he saw her, admired the many excellencies which she possessed. Although so much obscured by her poverty, depression, and ill health, yet he was soon able to estimate the value of all those perfections, for which she had been so much distinguished, when in her native country. He never failed to pay her unceasing attention, and she, in return, had a greater veneration, esteem, and true love for him, than for any one person she had ever met with, from the time she first quitted her father's dominions. It was his chance to become a chief magistrate, when he endeavoured, by every effort in his power, to introduce her to the highest personages in his district. But in this attempt he failed. Those good people, whose minds and habits were formed by traffic and industry, were not prepared to relish the refinements which are the produce of genius and of taste; and she was not cordially received in that quarter, nor ever able to inspire the inhabitants with the least perception of her eminent perfections of grace, beauty, or virtue, although at the same time they paid great attention to her fat sister.

However, her friend still persisted in his attachment, and often invited her to his dinners and his balls, and paid her such court, that it quite revived her almost broken spirits. She now began to look cheerful, and really was inclined to think, that her former days of happiness were returning, and she daily blessed his name. He, on his part, erected a magnificent temple, which he dedicated to her, and to the most illustrious poet of this country, and thus united their names together with his own.

For a short period during the life of this good man, she became an object of attention and of some degree of consideration, for at last he prevailed on others to admire her nearly as much as he did himself.

But alas! as all things under the sun must have an end, so likewise ceased this transitory ray of light. He died—the temple raised to her and the greatest poet, became a ruin! Its relics were scattered, and she was again forgot. Even the very place, where once this temple stood, could scarcely be known. But still, as if unable to quit the revered spot, once so precious to her, our heroine would sit a mournful spectacle amidst the desolation, like fallen Marius on the ruins of Carthage. Her good genius seemed yet to hover over the place, and animate its very dust; for it appeared to make a dying effort to revive, as if loth to lose its former elevated office, and at last she had the heart-felt joy to see a little kind of vapour arise and fix itself upon the very spot; for not long after the death of her patron, the fabric was by some benevolent persons appropriated to a kind of free-school and sale-room for the use and encouragement of juvenile attempts, which both gratified and flattered her, the more as it was a kind of appendage to the school of her own foundation.

She flattered herself that she saw a gleam of good in the project, and this thought she fondly encouraged, as some forlorn maiden, whose lover has forsaken her, muses over her empty tea cup, and shakes the grounds remaining at the bottom; and fain would, if possible, discover some good, some blessed chance in the stores of fortune yet to come for her.

I have often heard her express her candid opinion upon the subject, as I knew it was her desire ever to assist even the weakest efforts. "This laudable little scheme," she would say, "although as yet but in a small way, may be productive of something better; that which begins in being addressed to children, may end in becoming an object to men: the end desired by it is truly praiseworthy, although the means be feeble. There is, however, *one* part which, I must confess, gives me some pain—I am sorry that we cannot conceal this project from the scornful eyes of supercilious nations, who affect, with haughty arrogance, to despise the country of *Boutiquiers*.

"All those, instead of casting a look of kindness towards our virtuous struggles to raise the art, instead of viewing our innocent modes and contrivances to produce a traffic in it, with that feeling of compassion which would be the greatest ornament of their hearts, will only triumph over the puny attempts; and will be too apt to disregard the native beauty of the helpless infant, while they are absorbed in contemplating the poverty of its nurse. But let us take courage and rely on hope: although it may excite the insipid jests of foreigners, when they behold our little shop of cheap articles in national art, still let no one be dismayed; for it is ever to be remembered that the first great maxim of virtue is to bid defiance to the laugh of fools, and it has been proved by experience that the most consequential establishments have gradually risen from the humblest, and lowest origin. We should consider also, that we are in a trading country, and therefore it is impossible to devise a better mode to suit the habits of the natives, in order to answer the end proposed. We must be content 'to creep before we can go:' it is the lot of human nature; and as it has been to trade alone that I am indebted for my existence in this land, therefore to trade alone I now pay my homage.

"The project," she continued, "is excellent: it increases the means of discovering all those children who have a genius for the art; by alluring youths into the practice of it, you gain a fair opportunity of discerning their different degrees of talent; as numbers will rush to enter under the standard of fame, some from ambition, and many more from idleness; thus you will be enabled to separate and select the best from among the multitude, and the rest may serve to recruit the army, become soldiers, and seek glory under another banner." Then with a modest smile by way of an apology for what she was about to add, "To illustrate," said she, "my apprehension of this subject, I shall take the liberty to make a vulgar simile, being the first that offers. It is like the conduct of a good cook, or caterer in another department of taste, who, when she wants to furnish a dish of delicious green peas, first procures a great quantity of pods, out of which she culls those only which are most delicate and fit for her purpose, and the large remainder may be disposed of, no matter how:"—"given ," I added, "as food for hogs, made into soup-meagre, or left to be carried off in a beggar's wallet."

Our Beauty, as I before observed, having now lost her late great friend and benefactor, and seeing no help within her reach, sunk again into despondency, reflecting with sorrow, that all her days of joy were buried in his grave, and gone forever. In melancholy musing she cherished his memory, and kept alive the grateful sense of his friendship, never mentioning his name without tears; often saying, that he had done her more real service than the whole kingdom besides put together; that he was the just medium of prudence united with benevolence; that he only seemed to preserve himself in order to prolong a general blessing to society; that he had assisted her even to his own hurt; and always calling him her true and her only Mæcenas. Here, even Hope, the God of the wretched, forsook her: in her retired garret, (which, though she at all times preferred a sky-light, was now but a wretched habitation,) she moaned away her fading beauties.

As she was one morning ruminating on her deserted state, she heard a tapping at her chamber door, and, on opening it, there came in a polite and travelled gentleman, who, after paying his compliments to her, told her that he had heard of her fame and of her wants.—That it had ever been his wish to be the patron of elegant studies and neglected merit.—That he had been informed of the depressed state in which she had been left to pine in secret, but that she should have no cause again to complain, for he was determined to give her an opportunity of exertion, by which the world should be convinced of her worth, and acknowledge her rights; " and I," said he, " shall have the credit, as my reward, of having been your first patron in this region, and the first means of giving you to the country. Another great advantage you will have; I shall also help you much in the course of the work by my advice occasionally, in matters in which you may be incompetent; as I conclude you must allow that an amateur is more capable to give directions, from his liberal education, general knowledge, and freedom from those particular prejudices, which are so apt to govern the fettered mind of the mere professor, who chiefly attends to the execution of the hand alone.—For I must inform you, that I have made the complete tour of the continent, have crossed the Alps of Italy and Switzerland, seen all the varieties of landscape scenery, and most accurately ascertained by measurement the just proportions of all the famous antique statues. I have viewed with optic glasses the minutest touch of every celebrated picture, and have acquainted myself with all the preparations on which they were worked, and the process in working. I have investigated the various merits of the different schools, have been absorbed in the sublimity of Michael Angelo, have admired the grace of Correggio, been captivated with the sweetness and air of Guido, the firm line of Caracci, the force of character and expression in Raffaelle,—and have analysed the colouring of Titian and the Venetian school: so that you see I am not a bad helper for you. You must do a great work for me; I am impatient till we begin, that I may quickly shew the world a production that shall astonish; for by our combined force, we shall, no doubt, produce a perfect work.—The subject which I have selected, is from those fine lines of our poet Milton—

—"Riding on the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms."

This harangue of connoisseurship being ended, our Beauty soon set to work, and her kind patron was ever at her elbow—inded whatever she did on it when he was not present, was but lost labour, and she was obliged to put it out again when he came, as it was all wrong.

In the commencement of the business, she had taken the liberty to object to certain parts of the subject given, as not adapted to her powers of representation, and therefore in these points unfit for *her* purpose, although infinitely to be admired in the poet; such, for instance, as its being impossible by any means in her power to specify that this demon smelt infant blood, or that the moon laboured while the witches danced, (both of which were exquisite thoughts in the poet;) but to those objections he would not listen, but told her, "that, by following his directions, she would give such an expression to the figure, that all should soon perceive it was infant blood which was smelt; and as to the moon, I shall shew you," said he, "how to make her labour, I warrant you."

Thus then to work they went; *he* delighted to have the effusions of his own mind displayed, and she, from necessity, humbly submitting to every direction, till at last the work was completed, and they both sat down before it, and surveyed it with very different sensations. He saw with rapture a thing so consistent with his ideas; she saw it with disgust and dismay, as being so unlike to her own.

"Now," said he, "we shall astound the world, and I shall have the happiness and the glory of making your fortune at once:" she forced a smile from civility, but thought herself too deeply concerned in the event to smile from pleasure, for the thing looked to her like the jacket of harlequin.—As this erudite article was to produce a great effect at once on the public, it had been carefully concealed in its progress from all but themselves, when at last, after the patron had sufficiently glutted himself on the curious production, it was put forth for all beholders.

First came the patron and all his dependants; those all agreed in admiring it. Then the circle was increased, and those who were indifferent to both patron and performer, came and found fault: then came judges, some of whom despised it, and others laughed; when presently the matter was treated with scorn and contempt, universally condemned as not worth one farthing, or fit to be seen in any place.—The patron now took the alarm; he declared that he only employed our unfortunate as an act of charity; that he always thought her a very dull creature, without the least genius, and soon afterwards denied that he had ever beheld her, nor would he ever speak to her when by accident he saw her in public, and from that time paid all his attention to those works which he believed had been the labours of her grandmother.—Thus she unfortunately lost at once both patron and credit.—We see proved in this experiment that the highest powers when under the guidance of ignorance, become ridiculous, as under that of vice they would become detestable.

CHAPTER IV.

How the Beauty goes in search of fresh Patronage and gains only fresh Mortification.

There still remained a source of most eminent protection, yet unsolicited, for our unfortunate Beauty, the which, if once gained, would be as perpetual as it was powerful: but this sun of patronage she knew not how to invoke nor even to approach, as the difficulties of access to it were innumerable: her jolly sister indeed (as I have often shown) had been introduced, and had felt the benefit of its influence; but our Beauty's calamities had rendered her timorous, and she scarcely dared to hope that she should ever be favoured with its vivifying warmth; though, could she luckily have so placed herself as to have once caught even the smallest beam of its radiance, it would fully have satisfied the utmost wishes of her heart.

This vast and dignified source of earthly good, which she had in mind, was no less than the supreme power of the state, and she had thought of an application to the prime organ of its administration, as the means most proper to effect her purpose: yet, when she reflected on the high authority which she was about to address, she trembled at her own presumption, and her heart failed her, as well it might, considering the insignificant figure she must make in the presence of the great, thus unconnected and unsupported. Sometime she parleyed with herself of what was best to be done: when, recollecting (and without much knowledge of the world either) that if she did not endeavour to help herself, nobody was very likely to offer their services to help her, and that it was a duty incumbent upon her, to leave no proper attempt unassayed, however improbable the chance of success, she therefore determined to make this last trial towards an establishment for herself in this country.

The way had been made a little more easy to her by a friend, who had intimated to the Premier, that a person would request the favour of an audience of him, who had some pretensions to be heard.

With throbbing heart, she ventured forth on this forlorn hope, and soon arrived at the palace of the prime dispenser of favours, where, after remaining in an antichamber a time fully sufficient to recollect herself of all her claims to the attention of a State, she was at last admitted to the presence of the prime minister of its good, and was received with all that courtly affability which marks the manners of the great: after which, little time was spent before the conversation turned on business.

" Pray, Madam, to what lucky circumstance is it owing, that I have the pleasure of this visit from you, a perfect stranger to me?"

" I came, Sir, to implore the assistance of the State in my behalf."

" A bad beginning, Madam; assistance is just what we want ourselves, not to bestow it on others. But on what grounds do you found your claims to our attention? have you any important disclosures to make, from which the State may reap advantage?"

" My own opinion is, that society would reap much advantage from my services."

" By whom are you recommended? are you powerfully supported?"

" I have no supporters, Sir."

" What does nobody espouse your cause, or enforce your demands?"

" No mortal!"

" Are you an orator then? have you the powers of eloquence and persuasion?"

" In my own way, I think I have, and that in glowing colours."

" In glowing colours, did you say? can you make black appear white?

" No! that is beyond my powers."

"What are your powers? have you acquired learning, or have you the art of a logician? can you, with ingenious arguments, vindicate those disastrous accidents, which, but too often, intercept the course of the wisest conduct; or can you stop the watchful enemies of our proceedings, by your sophistry? If so, I can listen to your suit. Even without those high claims to attention, if you had been favoured by the protection of some powerful individual, had your cause been backed by a party, or came you recommended to our notice by a county, or had gained the patronage of a borough, even the most pitiful one in the kingdom, it would have given both force and dignity to your petition; but as it stands at present, I know neither you, nor from whence you came, and your application for favour appears absurd, if you cannot do us some service. What do you profess?"

"To study nature, cultivate taste: to investigate and represent to others the graces of the mind as well as those of the body, and to teach, or rather inculcate, morality."

"Alas! I admire your simplicity; but must observe to you, that whatever other endowments you may possess, you seem not to be much the politician. Pray, I ask you, what are those magic charms of the taste and graces? What have taste and the graces done for government, or for its ministers, to cause me to become their advocate? can taste and the graces make soldiers, and recruit the army for foreign service? can they procure a majority for me in the House? can they enable me to reward, with bounteous gratitude, my host of faithful friends; or guard me safely in the hour of danger, from the assaults of my enemies?"

"It appears singular that you should apply here for aid. The chief objects of your study we have nothing to do with, neither is there any office under the state to recognize them; if any where, they seem to belong to the church—you should make your application there."

"That, Sir, I have done, and was repulsed with scorn, as an idler, if not considered as mischievous."

"I must conclude you received a proper answer: apply, then, to the monied interest; there you cannot fail of being supported, if your projects are profitable."

"This I have done also, with as little success; perhaps because I could not explain myself so as to be understood: I was to them an unheard-of and incomprehensible stranger."

"If, then, you have been scorned and rejected by those to whose power and importance we are so largely indebted for our own, it is mere folly to come to me with your complaint, and I confess you disappoint me. I had been informed that you had resided in other kingdoms, and therefore conceived some opinion of your abilities. I expected you could have given information concerning those countries you had visited; of their general condition; also as to the force or weakness of our enemies; or otherwise, that your genius had directed your studies towards those things which might have rendered you useful to the ordnance department; or that you possessed that kind of knowledge which would have helped the financier: but it seems, all that you can teach belongs to the schools only, men of the world have other knowledge to employ their thoughts. Is it possible you can be in that state of ignorance, to imagine that, at the time our attention is so awfully employed in procuring, with difficulty, the various means to defend ourselves and the nation from foreign and domestic foes, and contriving to raise revenues that must be grasped, and friends that must be bought, to support our power, can you, I say, suppose, that we are in a state of that calm leisure to survey, from an easy chair, the gentle progress of Taste and the Graces? Such governors would be fit companions for the man who could sit playing soft music on a fiddle when his house was on fire. I do not conceive how any of your acquirements can be turned, so as to serve our purpose. You seem to possess no talents that we can make use of, and no intentions which we can notice: I know of no means of employing you, unless it be as a spy, which office your capacity would enable you to execute with advantage; but of such we are surrounded by crowds. My good lady, you see I cannot help you; I am sorry for your situation, but my scrupulous conscience will not permit my wasting any of the public's money on you, as it appears you can be of no service to the state; besides, the populace would reflect upon me as a bad economist of the nation's sacred treasures. You will excuse me, as my time and attention are wholly occupied on matters which I perceive to be far above your comprehension, and totally foreign to your aims, therefore any longer conference is only to waste your time as well as my own."

Just at this instant the minister was informed that certain important persons from the city desired to have a few minutes communication with him, when instantly he ran out of the room, and left our Beauty to the contemplation of her own thoughts. Thus she remained a considerable time with more patience than hope, unwilling to quit the place in despair, whilst possibly the great man might return, and lend a more favourable ear to her petition. "I wish to cherish expectations of good," said she, "and will wait the awful event of my fate." She sunk down in a chair, and her spirits failed her, when she muttered to herself the following soliloquy.

"I cannot flatter myself with hope," said she; "I have no attractions to gain a credit here; for we are to recollect, that the chief and proper end of government is not to reward or even notice ingenuity or industry, but to repress vice, therefore the whole business of ministers is to have their eyes fixed on the vicious alone, to keep strict watch on the turbulent, the discontented, and the lawless, as objects of their severity, or else so to manage them, that they may become assistants to their power; also carefully to maintain the authority whereby to keep good order and subjection, and to bestow rewards with a liberal hand on those only who are ready and willing to assist or increase that authority to any possible extent. To such, alone, goverments are to be indulgent. We daily see the effects of this grateful disposition of the state by the vast fortunes made, or splendid situations gained, by those who have promoted, or display an eagerness to promote, this great and good end. But as to ingenuity and industry, my only dower, they are qualities of a nature harmless, peaceful, and humble, being most commonly the offspring of indigence, and the associates of those few only who have neither time nor desire to be meddling in politics; therfore they create no political sensations of either love, hope, or fear in the state. They are so imperceptible to the eye of power, that they are overlooked; and was it not for their pecuniary contributions to the support of government, (an honour which is never denied them,) would be totally forgotten, like a non-existence."

In this manner our Beauty reasoned with herself, and might have continued to reason longer, had she not been suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a well-dressed gentleman into the room, whistling the tune of "Hearts of Oak," who, when he saw her, thus addressed her: "It is you, madam, I presume, who have been soliciting favour of the minister, whom I have just left. As I suppose you are the person he mentioned to me, therefore I can inform you, that I heard him say that your claims to favour from the state were very frivolous, and that no attention could be paid to such curious and mistaken notions of importance, as those on which you founded your pretensions. If you had devised a new tax, or discovered a means to increase the force of gunpowder, you could not have thought more of yourself, by his account; therefore, tarrying longer in this place is unnecessary; you will see no more of him to-day, I can assure you. His important hours are perpetually occupied in matters from which his country may reap advantage: he is, indeed, a wonderful man. I wish you a very good morning."

On thus taking his leave, he quitted the room, not much to the surprize of our Beauty, who had, in her own mind, anticipated the result of this her dernier resort; and she now remained one of that little group of the blessed, who expecting nothing can defy disappointment.

CHAPTER V. AND LAST.

The Beauty receives a vast Treasure in wholesome Advice; a Species of Riches seemingly much more easy to bestow than to use.

When she became thus a prey to poverty, all her acquaintance, of course, thought themselves sufficiently wiser than herself, and therefore took upon them to admonish and direct her in what she was to do for her own good; one tells her she ought to put her hand to drawing flowers, fruit, shells, insects; another, to paint fans, or else miniatures of the favorite players in favorite characters, or of striking scenes in favorite novels; or to draw caricatures of public characters, or describe the pastime of infants, or any such elegant and pleasing matters, fitted for the amusement of ladies and gentlemen of the politest circles; and this, they said, would be spending her time to some purpose, and cautioned her not to hold her head so high, with her rhodomontade notions proceeding from pride and impertinence, as if she thought the world could not turn round without her helping hand;—adding, that it was intolerable folly and presumption in her and nothing better; and, if persisted in, she might be very sure of being humbled according to her arrogance.—All this was told her in friendly plain English, for it is quite unnecessary to treat the poor with ceremony.

Another officious friend, although unasked, would still advise, saying, " Why not try your luck in rural and tender scenes purely sentimental? Seat yourself at a cottage door, incline your head with studied grace, and, with an elegant languor in your eye, look as if you had seen better days; let a spinning-wheel be placed near, to indicate your industry, and pretty poultry round you, to shew the soft compassion of your angelic mind. You may have a straw hat upon your head, lined with a becoming colour. This, which you may place a little on one side of your forehead, will add wonderfully to your charms, yet at the same time give an air of careless neglect; or tie a white handkerchief round your head and under your chin, for as the poor have no white handkerchiefs, it will serve to shew that you are not one of the vulgar.

"Thus equipped, you will become a most interesting and sentimental figure of elegant distress, which cannot fail to captivate, with irresistible force, all those who cannot make the distinction between affectation and the real expression of pure and beautiful nature; and as this class is by far the most numerous, you will, of course, gain numerous friends."

One of her intimates, who was true to her and her interest, addressed her in words to this effect: "My dear and unfortunate friend, your situation appears to me to be truly deplorable, especially when I consider the modes of the country in which you have but too much flattered yourself with hopes of success. I will not deceive you with false notions to your utter ruin, but, on the contrary, like a plain dealer and true friend, will explain to you the naked truth of your lamentable case; which may enable you with the more patience to receive the advice I shall then give you, and prevent your being mortified at what is said purely for your good.

"In short, the true state of your case has been but too plainly proved to you by woeful experience, though you are yet so wilfully blind as to nourish hope.

"You must plainly perceive that all those ideas of sublimity in your mind, of tragic grandeur, are every where received with disgust; and as to comedy, in you it is deemed vulgar. The city considers all the work you have done, or all that you can do, as nothing more than useless lumber. The state, you see, will never employ you to immortalize their worthies or their heroes, and the church scorns your connections: even those prattling gossips, the daily newspapers, who can find leisure to give a loaded detail of every earth-born trifle, those with whom nothing is too trivial, gross, silly, or unimportant, who are the true thermometers of the temperature of the people, pass you by as a non-existence, unless now and then a palpable puff is given from personal friendship, or by pay, or accidental notice is taken of you by abuse—for your real genuine praise is always given with a certain portion of fear, lest it pall upon the unwilling reader. Even the annals of your own royal school declare that you are scarcely to be found on record. In fact, you are not as yet naturalized, and therefore can claim no natural rights. Thus, in the whole combination, I think it must appear pretty distinctly to you, that the country has you now in check mate, and I should be glad to be informed by a person of your ingenuity, how you will make your next move, or what is your view or hope. The few customers to your little shop from Paternoster-Row, you say, are not sufficient to keep soul and body together; and I know traders are always hard dealers.—In fine, you must abandon the capricious goddess Fame, when imperious hunger calls you. I seriously ask you, is it not much better to have a good dinner than to starve on high flown notions of sublimity? I confess that I admire the integrity and noble independence of your heart, and the justness of that proper pride, which inspires you with the desire to execute the noblest purposes in your power, by which the memory of the honored dead might be rendered immortal, and the eminent actions of the living would become illustrious examples in the eyes of the world, and society at large be enlightened, from the habitual view of images of pure beauty and heroic virtue, high wrought by efforts of sublime genius. But alas! this is not the time, nor is this the place. For although there may be some, who are able to appreciate with justness the value of your highest efforts, yet these are too few to give you a sufficient support. The populace is not prepared to relish so great an attempt;—you come upon the country unawares, and resemble those unhappy missionaries, whose zeal made them attempt to teach the holy mysteries of our religion to savages, who had so small a share of cultivation, that instead of listening to those pious pastors, they first knocked them down, and then eat them. Learn of me; humble your pride, if hunger has not already humbled you enough.

"I shall now take the liberty to give you some advice for your future benefit, still most sensibly feeling that it may be a degree of mortification to you: however, true friendship is always willing to run the risk of offending, if by it she may do a real service.

"I will plainly point out to you the path which you must follow to better your situation:

"It has been frequently hinted to me that mimicry is your proper walk, and as it is that which suits all capacities, it will therefore give universal delight: try this scheme; turn your mind to mimicry: here all will comprehend you, and all will be partakers of the pleasure it affords; your abilities qualify you for this department; to you it will be but play, and affluence will be the result."

CONCLUSION.

It was at this period of the Beauty's misfortunes, that I undertook her narrative.—She had been, as I now discovered, exceedingly mortified at the wholesome advice of her best friend; it sounded to her like insult, but no remedy was to be found: she had ruminated on it till she grew very hungry, and as her hunger increased, her pride diminished, and she said within herself, "This state of want cannot be endured; I must console myself by the example of a great prophet, and say, 'if the mountain will not at my order come to me, why then I must go to the mountain.' I will practise mimicry, since I must—and have plenty." She accordingly followed her friend's advice; and soon eminence and plenty were her own; the young, the old, the great, the rich, the learned, the wise, the beautiful, the vain, and the proud, attended late and early at her gates; from the new-born infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," to the "slippery pat aloon," tottering on the brink of the grave; and she mimicked the likeness of whoever came, with so much address, that each individual was filled with rapturous gratitude; for she did not draw in *caricatura*, but gave an air of either loveliness, dignity, or wisdom, which seemed to assimilate with the subject, and appeared to raise it beyond itself; and vanity became enamoured of its image. In short, the experiment so successfully answered, that from poverty and rags, she now flaunts in as good clothes as any Christian would wish to wear, is well fed, and looks sleek and in good case, is both fat and cheerful, and is even thought a fit companion for any real gentlemen or lady in the land; is, at times, suffered even to dine (in private) with my lord and my lady, and the second table is always at her command, (of that she is free;) while otherwise, with her pride and refined notions, she might have remained a wandering outcast, till she had died starving in a corner, unnoticed and forgot.

But such is the perverseness of human nature, that, notwithstanding all her plenty, she still, from an unconquered lurking pride, seems to feel herself as one degraded; she laments having no longer the power to exercise her highest talents, and, like an encaged bird, who, poor fool, still flutters those wings in pride of heart, which long since have ceased to be of any use, so she fancies herself reduced to be no better than the votary of vanity and that she suffers for the advantage of others. And truly, thus far I must urge in justification of these seemingly strange notions, that, in consequence of her new calling, she is materially injured in her person; as, for instance, the original beauty of her form is, by such frequent habits of distortion, at length almost lost: her mouth, by screwing and stretching, now reaches, almost, from ear to ear; and her nose, by the habitual twisting and pulling into various forms, to bend it to those whom she has aimed to represent, now no longer retains the beauty it had once of the Grecian contour—at one time, she had nearly broke the gristle of it, by attempting to form it to the likeness of a person of fashion, whom she endeavoured to personate. Then her eyes also have acquired such a kind of squinting leer, as renders her really disagreeable to look at.

She still, in outward appearance, at least, preserves all the dignity of patience; for, at times, when she has been insultingly told, that she got her bread by grinning for her dinner, she has gaily replied, "Let those laugh who win; they cannot deny that I have a good dinner; and, as all pride within me is now subdued, I am therefore content with my humble lot."

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POSTSCRIPT.

The curious reader will, perhaps, receive some gratification, though not pleasure in being informed of the farther ingenious opinions of those sagacious critics, to whom I have alluded in a former chapter. They still persist in their idea that the *Slighted Beauty* is a personification of the Fine Arts, and, in addition to what has already been said, they insist upon it, that her motley dress, in which she is described to have appeared on her return to England, is an allusion to the different styles of those various schools of Painting in Europe, whose manners and excellencies are imbibed and adopted, in a greater or less degree, by the professors in this country, who compose the mass, which we may now presume to call the English, or rather British, school of art.

The chandler's shop, they say, is significant of the employment given to the fine arts in furnishing all those petty performances, which so much amuse the purchasers of modern art. Her lectures must mean Hogarth's moral works. Her sisters undoubtedly are Sculpture and Poetry, and her brother no other than Architecture; and her final resort to mimicry is verified by the common employment of English talent in the practice of portraiture.

[illegible]

ON

ORIGINALITY,

IMITATORS, AND COLLECTORS.

———Desilies imitator in arctum.

The silent improvement of the mind may distinctly be seen in the progressive works of any great painter, whose life has been long.

His first step of art is a dry imitation of the most obvious part of nature, without sufficient knowledge, and without power of selection.

The second stage is full of acquirement, which, to the young and elated student, becomes delightful from its novelty, and makes him look down on the simplicity of nature as scarcely adequate to his purpose, because, in comparison with his own conceptions, it appears to him insipid.

The third and last state is a mature investigation of nature, regulated by the principles of science.

The first of these stages is of no value; every one can arrive at it who is willing to make the attempt. It is of no greater difficulty than walking or dancing, and may be acquired by all in a certain degree; but to walk or dance with eminent grace or dignity, must be the peculiar endowment of the individual, and extends beyond all rules or lessons.

The case is the same in painting: it is the display of superiority alone which gives it rank, and entitles it to respect; although the ignorant pay nearly an equal degree of homage to every attempt, idle or ingenious, because they are not sensible of the difference, wide as it is, between that which it is the lot of so very few to attain, and that which is within the reach of all who take the trouble but to try.

A true criterion of talent is alone to be formed from the novelty, the originality, which is to be found in any work of art. As this is one of the constitutional marks of a powerful mind, which views nature from its own sensation or feeling, and an indispensable requisite in every work of genius, originality becomes the very test of merit. Something must be disclosed in the painter's attempt, not only of an estimable quality, but of such a kind as the world has never before seen; and this essence, be its sphere ever so confined, will yet, according to its value and quantity, ascertain its degree of genius.

Therefore, it is not enough to do again that which has already been done, be it ever so grand or sublime: for, notwithstanding every ingenious endeavour to hide the debt by common-place alterations, the work will still want that novelty by which it is to captivate, and which is to give it all its intrinsic value; and, for that reason, it will never pass as the offspring of an elevated or strong mind, although it may denote one of much ingenuity.

Imitation is one of the means by which genius often makes its first advances towards excellence; but it should ever be regarded as the means only, and not as the end. In every species of copying from the work of man, you put your mind in a state of subjection and servitude; you are but making a copy from a copy; it is giving up your own observation and study of nature into the hands of another.

Fame and immortality can never be reached by him who is contented to depend on imitation only for their attainment. Whilst you follow, it is well known, you must be behind. If you contend for fame through the channel of imitation, you must remember that, in order to possess yourself of that eminence which has long been the distinction of another, you must not be content with borrowing or drawing your nourishment from him alone; for while he thus continues to claim superiority, he precludes you from the glory at which you aim. You must surpass him in his own particular excellence: you must, by superior achievement, obscure his name and annihilate his importance to the world. To accomplish this end, you must far outdo those excellencies which you seemed to imitate, by giving to them new and unexpected beauties, and, by these means, you will make that, which you began with considering as your example and your pattern, end in being your footstool only.

It was in this manner that the genius of Raffaelle triumphed over Massaccio, and over Pietro Perugino his own master; and yet a stronger example may be seen in the instance of Shakspeare, whose renown so totally obliterated all traces of his predecessors, from whom he is said to have copied, that, had not their names been rescued from oblivion by the untired researches of the laborious antiquary, we should not now have known that they had ever existed.

The imitator of another, if fame be his object, must remember, that he wages war against the elected sovereign of the province which he attempts to win, and that, in his endeavours after a station of immortality, he makes pretensions to a throne already filled, and which can hold but one. If, indeed, he prove finally successful, and raise his point of art to higher excellence than can be found in the productions which he imitates, his predecessor will then appear to have merely furnished him with hints of which he alone has been able to make the full use, and the prize of fame will be solely his own. The world will cease to find a value in that which they once admired, when they see it presented to them in so much more perfect a state, and of consequence all former examples will be rendered useless, become neglected, lost, and soon forgotten in the attractive splendour of his superior excellence.

But if, on the contrary, the imitator fail to surpass the object of his rivalship, the fate of being neglected will be his; for the world is not solicitous to see that done in an inferior degree, which it has already seen executed with success; nor must he, in that case, presume to flatter himself that he has added a single atom to the fund of human knowledge or improvement. It is from this cause that the least portion of originality, although, as has been said, displaying itself in the lowest department of art, is more estimable in the eye of genius, than the most successful imitation of the highest excellence.

The originality of genius produces a variety, which is one of the greatest sources of our entertainment and pleasure, and is soothing to the inherent impatience of our nature.

Variety is a beauty requisite in every work of art, and can only be wrong, when carried to a degree of excess or affectation, or when persisted in to the prejudice of higher requisites.

There is, indeed, an originality of so high a class, that too few are the minds able to comprehend its excellence: I mean that which shows itself in the highest department of art, which we term the grand style.

Of this style it may be asserted, that, although it appeal to us with great and commanding powers, though it convey a sentiment the most awful and impressive, yet it speaks a language so little cultivated, or even rudely known, that none but minds the most highly enlightened can be made fully sensible of its essence.

Miserable would be the state of that artist, who, endowed by nature with powers so rare and suited to so great a task, after intense application, and perhaps the sacrifice of health to labour, should find in the end, that he was to tell his tale in a country in which his language had not been learned, and to a people who would not endure to hear that his work was neither the subject of vulgar criticism, nor a mere toy which they are entitled to praise or condemn according to their ignorance or caprice; that it is not so much done for their pleasure as designed for their improvement, by opening the mind to receive impressions of the highest order, and aiding it to nourish the highest virtues.

In this style must be classed, in a greater or less degree, all those works of art which are intended to move the mind with terror and with pity, subjects which we but too commonly find rejected with disgust. This refinement upon delicacy itself, this extreme tenderness of sensibility, which is unable, even in picture, to survey an object of terror, has been one of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of modern art in England, notwithstanding that scenes of this description, when executed by foreign masters, are received with open arms into collections the most select, and viewed with unbounded admiration.

Surely, an evil star has presided over the fate of British arts, condemned for inability to do that which they have been prohibited from attempting, and driven to the necessity of wasting their strength on trivial subjects, unworthy of the powers and below the dignity of art!

Yet, while subjects of the highest order of art have been excluded in England from the painter's canvas, it cannot but strike an observer as a singular circumstance, that our stage is not only permitted, but even required, to exhibit scenes of the deepest horror, and the tragic dramatist has free licence to "touch the very bounds" of all that we abhor.

The principal reason, I apprehend, wherefore subjects of terror have been objected to in painting, at the same time that they are thus admired in the deepest scenes of tragedy, is that our minds are not prepared, *by degrees*, for the impression made on us by the picture, which flashing upon us at once, affrights us, whereas the effect of the drama steals upon us gradually, by slow paces, until we are rendered capable of viewing the most terrible scenes.

Fortunately for the cause of the liberal arts in Britain, there appears a strong probability that the assistance given to Painting and Sculpture, by the splendid and munificent establishments which have just at this time been formed amongst us, may soon raise a school to vie with those that have, for ages, been the boast of every other polished state in Europe; and that the charm will at length be broken, which has so long kept the arts of design in bonds, with a sort of necromantic power.

A melancholy spectacle has it offered to Englishmen, to view the pining arts of Britain beset and trampled by an army of connoisseurs and collectors of foreign pictures, strengthened by the most powerful assistance of dealers in this species of traffic, all arranged rank and file, and bidding defiance to every effort of our own country, associating closely among themselves, assigning great names to the fragments they possessed, standing before them with affected rapture, and congratulating each other on their signal good fortune and their taste! These men beheld, with terror and dismay, all such as fell under the suspicion of real knowledge and judgement in the art, apprehensive lest a discovery might be made, which would dissolve the magic charm, in one moment annihilate their visionary riches, and change to trumpery their ideal wealth.

This whole mass of operation might have been surveyed with the eye of compassion, as we see the poor lunatic who fancies himself a king, or regarded as a ludicrous scene in a comedy, but that it was not quite so innocent in its effects. It kept up perpetual war against the talents of all our living Artists, while an excess of adulation was bestowed on foreign works, and prices demanded and given for them as if they had been the productions, not of men, but angels; the possessors, with affected wonder, asking the reason *why such works could not now be done,* as if any opportunity had been afforded of ascertaining by experiment, whether they could be done or not.

I shall conclude with observing, that if the excessive praises, of which some men of this description were so liberal, had been bestowed, with pure justice, on those works alone which deserve, and ever will claim, our respect, it would have been grateful to every lover of true genius; but when, on the contrary, all sorts of common place or ruined performances were presented for your admiration, and when you perceived that mere trifles were called miracles, and saw all this lofty farce incessantly played off between cunning that sells, and ignorance that buys, it became difficult to view the scene with common patience.

LETTER

FROM

A DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.*

As an old practitioner in the liberal arts, I claim your indulgence. I consider you in some degree as their champion and protector, and though, by your profession, I know you cannot be rich, yet I am sure you are honest, and your attention ever alive to the voice of truth. I therefore boldly make my complaint to you, as it flows from the source of experience, and beg leave to bring forward to your observation a species of patrons of the arts, who, saving the predominance of their vanity, have, I believe, very good intentions, yet produce by their actions the worst of consequences. These *signiors*, like libertines in another department, are perpetually in quest of novelty, and, every year, find a new wonder, whose fancied talents are of their own creation, and on whom they lavish all their little patronage and attention; some embryo *artist*, cheaply purchased, who bends with profound humility and homage for the unexpected blessing, thanks heaven and his genius, and concludes that his fortune is made. The fond patron is elated with the gratifying hope that his discernment and his taste will now be proved in the face of day, by the splendour of the rising genius, which his sagacity has been able to discover before it was known to, or became the wonder of, the world, and thus his fancy unites him as a joint sharer in the future glory of his protege.

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* Originally addressed to the Artist.

The consequences produced by this precipitate favour, are often deplorable, as the effects are precisely like those of a trap. The young, unthinking, vain, though innocent and pitiable, victim is deluded on, till the flower of his youth be past, and till it is become too late for him to begin or seek another profession; and when he is thus irretrievably encaged in the trammels of his art, his patron leaves him to his fate—commonly either finding himself mistaken in the talents of his subject, or cooling in his attachment as novelty wears off, or tired, perhaps, by repeated attempts to promote the fame of one whom he can prevail on so very few to admire. The unhappy wonder is thus turned adrift on chance and on the world, where, if his profession be *painting*, he becomes a picture-cleaner or an out-cast, with poverty in store, and leisure more than enough to deplore the fatal hour he first was favoured by the caprice of his dangerous admirer, while the patron, untaught by experience, all alert, spreads fresh nets for fresh game, ensnares anew some unfledged subject, but with lively hopes of better luck; thus spoiling an honest tradesman, whose success in the world his bounty would have insured.

The wonder-hunters put me in mind of those gentlemen in Bartholomew fair, who are masters of what is called a *Flying Coach,* and are continually taking up fresh darlings, one after another, giving each little fluttering heart a whirl in their airy vehicle, which " swiftly flies, yet makes no way," but having once set it down again on the same ground from whence they took it up, regardless of the piteous countenance of the poor mortified urchin, look briskly round in quest of fresh aspirers to their bewitching honors, who are, of course, in their turn, cast off like those who went before.

For, give me leave to remark to you, that those professors, " which have borne the burden and heat of the day," and whose long and laborious studies have been bent on the improvement of abilities which their efforts have demonstrated, are never in the thoughts of such patrons as objects of encouragement: fresh wonders are all they seek, totally regardless in what manner those future years are to be spent, over the fate of which they may be said to have cast the die.

Peace to all such!—But there have, of late, appeared (thanks to our better stars!) instances of such patronage as is truly patriotic, which revive the drooping head of art, and promise national splendour from its influence.

I am, &c. &c.,
A Disappointed Genius.

ON THE

INDEPENDENCE OF PAINTING ON POETRY.

Decipit exemplar.

It is a received opinion, in minds not used to make nice distinctions, that painting is the follower of, and dependant on poetry; and this notion has, in some instances, been inculcated by the authorities of such men as apparently ought to have understood each of those sciences better: to which painters have never given an answer, because, having only the power of being eloquent on canvas, they have no opportunity of controverting this palpable absurdity. They are in the state of the lion in the fable, who was shown by the forester his image conquered by the man: had lions been the carvers, this example had been reversed.

Take all your ideas from the descriptions of the poets, and all your actions and expressions of the passions from the stage, and you will then be a hopeful painter.—This is the voice of folly; these are the watery notions of insipid men; yet, however ridiculous or false such advice may appear to an enlightened mind, however confined and ignorant in conception, it would notwithstanding certainly be received as good counsel, by many whose education and power of intellect have sufficiently enabled them to see its grossness, had they but spared the time requisite to make the inquiry.

I do not mean to deny that either of those arts may reap some small advantage from the assistance of the other; they, as studious followers of nature, may be said to receive more or less assistance from all things that exist.

Painting and poetry both begin their career from the same important point, and each strives to approach the same goal by different paths. Like companions of equality on a journey, they may at times derive aid from each other.

But let it ever be remembered, that they are equally the children and pupils of NATURE, rival imitators of her in hopes of fame; and if either the poet or the painter be obliged to submit to the dominion or direction of the other, he will soon find himself deluded out of his right road by an ignis fatuus, a false representation of the great archetype. Moreover, in addition to all his own errors, he will frequently perceive himself involved in those of his companion whom he has acknowledged as his superior, thus proving himself to be of a mean genius, without hope of being ever ranked in the first class. For he demonstrates, that his capacity does not enable him to judge or choose for himself, but that, instead of applying to nature directly, he receives his ideas through the medium of another's mind, whom, like a weak bigot, he has made, of his equal, his protector and saint.

I have often thought, that there is no better way to prove the defects or excellencies of a poet, in respect to his descriptive powers or knowledge of nature, than by making a composition for a picture from the images which he raises, and from his own description of his characters and their actions. You by these means put him on his trial; you will detect every deviation from nature; and, when his performance is brought to this strict examination, it will sometimes happen, that what in words might seem like a true representation of nature to the poet, to the painter may appear much like the tale of a false witness in a court of justice, and he will soon be convinced, that the admired work is no more than an ingenious falsehood.

Historical truths, howsoever related, possess a certain degree of unavoidable simplicity, and are marked by such circumstances only as are necessary in explaining the state of the case in question; whereas the poet, indulging his fancy, perhaps, to forward his own particular purpose, but too frequently loads his tale with those additional conceptions, which in the painter's province will prove only cumbersome minutiæ, and, when set before him as an example, will become a stumbling-block in his way.

There is also an interesting energy in pure nature, which poetry, as an imitative art, cannot possibly possess.

I wish to have it understood, that what I say now is relative chiefly to *descriptive* poetry; in which, whosoever has searched the works of the poets with a painter's mind, must have observed the frequent occurrence of circumstances that are incompatible with each other.

It is, surely, not the province of one art to imitate another; nature alone is the great object from which all art draws its nourishment, and it will be found by experiment, that art thus copying art in succession, the evaporation of nature's essence will be so great at each remove, that very soon scarce any of the original flavour will be perceptible, and besides this, it will have gained an additional taste from each vessel through which it has passed.

To paint, therefore, the passions, from the exhibitions of them on the stage, or from any intended descriptions of nature by the poets, is to remove yourself one degree farther from truth, and places the painter in the same forlorn state to which a poet would reduce himself, who made pictures and the stage his only means of seeing nature.

The greatest works of art, both in painting and in sculpture, evidently derive all their highest excellence from being transcripts of ideas formed from a study of general nature, and regulated by a judicious choice; and, if this be the case, it must then be acknowledged they would have been precisely the same, had poetry never existed but in the mind alone.

Perhaps it may be asked, why was our prime poet Shakspeare selected for the English painters to try their first efforts on?—I would answer, not because he helped those painters in their art, but because the popular eminence of Shakspeare's name would help on to high notoriety any work connected with a poet already so precious, and would thus become the most ready means of attracting an unwilling people to pay some attention to their unknown painters. And I will venture to pronounce that not one of those pictures, from the best to the very worst, gained the smallest degree of intrinsic worth from the genius of Shakspeare; and for this plain reason, that what Shakspeare had done best was totally out of the province of the painter's art to represent; and also, that where the painter has succeeded best, it has been in that which it was not in the power of words to express, but belongs to painting alone, and which therefore even Shakspeare was unable to give, notwithstanding all his acknowledged powers.

The above reasons, I conjecture, are the only true ones which have induced any painter of merit to paint from any poet, not because he was helped in the powers of his art, but because he was helped in the sale of his work; since, by connecting himself with the poet, he immediately partook, and became a sharer, in all the advantages of his established notoriety.

It will be urged that Nicholas Poussin has painted from the poets. This may be true, and I am apt to think he was, of all painters, the fittest to paint from them. He was (if I may be allowed the expression) the *pedant* of painters. His subjects are often from the poets, his figures from the antique statues, and his expressions of the passions chiefly from the stage or some other substitute for nature: he had a predilection for any helps, so he might avoid approaching that source. He had so little the habit of applying to nature for assistance, that it produced in him a painful awkwardness, whenever necessity obliged him to it; and, therefore, he is entitled the *learned* painter, in distinction from the *natural* painter. His expressions of the passions seem to have been made from description, or by receipts for expression; in consequence of which they have the appearance of being overcharged: it is this appearance which gives to his figures the air of hypocrites or pretenders to feeling, and is therefore apt to disgust, and to prevent our sympathy.

These are his greatest defects; yet it must be also remembered, that, mixed with that which ought not to be imitated, there is much in Poussin to be justly admired. It is most true, also, that his expressions cannot be mistaken by the most vulgar observer, any more than you can mistake those of a mask; but then they are without that beautiful variety with which nature teems, without those nice differences which create the exquisite sympathy, the interest, which we find inspired by the works of Raffaelle. Raffaelle, indeed, by possessing a thousand times the capacity of Poussin, had a field of greater extent, in which to range and to make a more select choice for his purpose; and this enabled him to approach so much nearer to a comparison with Nature herself, and gave him the vast pre-eminence which he possessed.—In Poussin it is the head and the hand we admire: in Raffaelle the head, the hand, the heart, command our equal astonishment and delight.

It may be remarked, that the meaner painters and young students, in their beginnings, are the most fond, of any, of devoting their powers to the service of the poets.

There seem to have been but two principal causes, why painting should ever have applied itself to poetry for help: the one is the barrenness of those individual minds which have sought and followed it; the other, that a picture not being capable of giving all the circumstances of a long narration, which yet may have some point of time in its events fit for the powers of the art, the spectator may refer to the poet's page, (who gives the complicated detail) and will be thence enabled to comprehend, with full effect, that sentiment in the picture which no words can give. This last reason is applicable also to subjects for painting taken from history.

But another great argument to be urged against painting from the poet is this; that, as all human powers are limited, you will find that the poet, be he ever so great, has still had his weakness to hide; he has, judiciously perhaps, ranged through all his knowledge of nature, to select out those parts in which he could best bring his powers to a focus, and might best be able to screen his wants; consequently he can give you at most but a partial view of nature, and therefore his representation, like all art when tried by the tally of nature and of truth, will be found frequently to be distorted, and, in many respects, imperfect and unnatural, and must of course have a tendency to mislead the efforts of the painter.

It is applicable to my present purpose and will explain what I mean to say, if I refer to an instance where the same story is related by the historian and by the poet.

The book of Ruth, as found in the Bible, is given with all that fascinating simplicity, energy, and interest, which ever accompany an unassuming relation of simple facts; and, from being divested of all art, it captivates with irresistible power, like truth itself.

The same story is said to be also told by Thomson in his Seasons, under the name of *Lavinia*. But the distance at which it is removed from its original, by the artificial and studied modes of poetic narration, diminishes the air of truth, and renders sympathy comparatively inadmissible. It would, therefore, be the grossest absurdity for the painter to look to him for his example. Besides, the means are here made to predominate over the end. The author seems more solicitous to draw our attention and admiration on his own poetic powers, than on the delicate distress in which he has involved his fair Lavinia, and reminds us of some vain actors on the stage, who, instead of attending to the character they have undertaken to represent, are wholly employed in looking round on the audience, to discover how many they have captivated by their charms.

This preference of the means to the end is the disease of professorship, to which all professors are but too liable. The painter is enamoured with handling and executive power; the accomplished performer in music, if required to play, will, instead of such a composition as would recommend his taste or delight your ear, sometimes give you that which has no one property to recommend it to notice, but its infinite difficulty to be performed.

Bombast in poetry, and ranting on the stage, are allowed to be the bane of either art; yet they have power to captivate the vulgar, who abundantly admire and freely give applause where sounding words in the poet, or violent distortions in the actor, are offered as the substitute for meaning and for sense; and many an empty nothing seems embodied by these splendid impositions.

But all this is of no sort of use towards helping the painter in his work: the contemplation of it has rather a tendency to hurt the state of his mind, in which the grandeur and simplicity of Nature ought alone to prevail, as they do when she inspires the works of the greatest masters.

Where, in fact, can he go for succour, but to nature? If he wish to represent the person of a beautiful Eve on his canvas, shall he wander to the poet? And will he there, even in the highest examples of the art, find himself much assisted in his efforts, by being informed that

"Heaven" was *"in her eye,"*

Or,

"In her gestures, dignity and love?"

I do not mean to say but that the poet, in so describing her, has done his work well, as all that he had to do was to make us conceive that his Eve was complete and perfect, and this he has effected by the proper means in his art, leaving us to finish in our minds the idea he has inspired: but the painter still remains unassisted, and has yet to apply to nature as his source of information, as he cannot paint, from words, either "Heaven in her eye," or "Love in her gestures."

And, notwithstanding that many flights of imagination, arising in the mind of the poet, and particularly fitted to *his* art, may have given vast delight, and caused the highest admiration, we shall yet, on the trial, be convinced that they are not adapted to that of the painter, and therefore are no model for his imitation; since the painter ought to furnish his work with those materials best suited to his own art and to his own purpose, selected from Nature's boundless variety by the direction and influence of his individual disposition and sensation; by which means the work will be new, and of consequence in a greater or less degree delightful.

There cannot be a stronger proof of a genius for painting, than to know well the subjects best adapted to the powers of the art.

When you paint from a poet, you may be said to have your dinner from the table of one man; you must take what he was able to give you, whether it particularly suit your palate or not; but from Nature's great banquet you have an unbounded range for your choice, you have the liberty which the poet had, of selecting out those parts and those circumstances which best suit your temper, your powers, and your particular art.

It must without doubt be acknowledged, that every work of the liberal arts is a lesson by which we may be taught to discover and distinguish the highest beauties of nature; still remembering that art is not nature, any more than the directing post is the road you look for.

I press the argument with the more force, to prevent all bigotted reliance on guides, weak and fallible as ourselves: Nature we may rely on with the most absolute security, since in her there is nothing contradictory or false, and when seen by the cultivated mind of a man of genius, she presents an ample store of that which is perfectly simple, beautiful, pathetic and sublime, in a much higher degree than can be found in any work of art, nature being the fountain of all art.

I cannot but offer one remark of some authority, which is, that in searching through the works of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Corregio, the most eminent painters that have appeared in the world since the revival of the arts, you will find but very few subjects by their hands taken from a poet, and, of their works of the highest fame, *not one ;* and as these names are at the highest pinnacle of art, it is a clear proof of that eminence being within the reach of painting without the help of the poets. The best historians, and simple relations of facts have been their chief resource; and whenever any of the great painters have been what we may justly call poetical in their compositions, it has always been from their own funds, by the means of which they were enabled to bring together such materials as best suited their powers and their art. For the poetic subjects of a painter, and those of a poet, differ as much in their nature, as do the means by which the sentiment of each is given to the world.

In a picture there should be no attempt to tell a long and complicated tale: the art of painting is not the vehicle for long stories.

The subjects best suited to the powers of the art are, 1*st*, such as contain a sentiment within themselves, which may be impressed by character, action, and situation; and are not dependant on foreign aid for an explanation of their greatest interests;

Or, 2*dly*, those eminent events which are known to all, yet, in their relation, are unincumbered by trifling minuteness of description, and leave the imagination to range without control;—Such are all the subjects of Sacred Scripture;—witness those innumerable beauties, which have been introduced in pictures relative to the first years of the life of Christ;

Or, 3*dly*, those historical facts which are rendered eminent or important either from their consequences, or by characters conspicuous for their virtues or their vices.

In fine, the painter who would give most force and dignity to his art, whether he take the subject for his picture from the historian or the poet, should consider himself as inventing a kind of Episode to the author. He is not his servant or follower, but his equal: he is to illustrate and amplify all that which words cannot reach, and thus to complete the poet's work; he must add the supplement, be the explainer and splendid commentator.

For there are certain ideas and impressions, which the mind is capable of receiving, and which words are not calculated to give. This is eminently exemplified in matters of natural history and mechanical inventions, which can never be explained by words alone, without the help of figures or diagrams added to the descriptions—The figure gives the form, the words its qualities.

Just in this state of relationship stand the painter and the poet. Neither of them is the inferior or imitator of the other, but equal, and distinct in their powers; and when their force is united in assisting each other, they leave nothing for the imagination to supply.

SECOND LETTER

FROM

A DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

THE reader may recollect, in an early part of these papers, a short address from an unfortunate Artist, whose memoirs form the subject of the following letter. Although I will not take on me to say how far it may prove entertaining to my readers in general, I am in hopes that, with some of them, it may have a moral tendency, by pointing out the pitiable consequences of misapplied industry in those who, either from youthful conceit, the fond partiality of parents, or the inconsiderate flattery of friends, have been led on, step by step, to espouse a profession for which nature never designed them, and for which they have forfeited nearly all the blessings that life has to bestow, and embraced, in their stead, poverty and contempt; when the same industry and the same moderate talents, which failed in the pursuit of celebrity, would have been their security in a more ordinary track, and might have brought them every requisite to competency and comfort.

> From other's harms learn to beware,
> And you shall do full well.
>
> GALLANT LADY'S FALL.

I CONCLUDE you* are well informed by your scientific mind and professional knowledge, that all things seen in perspective make those parts appear the largest which approach nearest to our eye. A similar effect is produced by the influence of that partiality which every man feels for himself: and although I am well aware that to some I may appear so distant in the horizon that I am almost lost in the vanishing point, yet, in my own view of the prospect, I am not only by very much the largest, but also the most finished figure in the whole extensive circle, and with this prepossession, I can have no doubt that whatever relates to myself or my concerns must be infinitely interesting to you.

It was my ill fortune to have been born in one of the counties of England the most distant from the metropolis, and this untoward circumstance debarred me from every means of early improvement in my darling study. It would be mere affectation (which I destest) were I not ingenuously to confess that I think I had, from my birth, a *genius for painting*, which in my own opinion was evidently proved by the early love I showed towards the art, notwithstanding my father, good man, never would give me the least encouragement in such a notion; for although he was a wise man in many respects, yet it seemed to me that he had too much of the dry philosopher about him, and did not think it consistent with prudence to trust any thing to the risk of fortune or chance, if it were possible to avoid it, and with whatever eagerness I urged my claims to eminence in the art, he still answered coldly, insisted on its being a very precarious undertaking, and said that none but such as were by nature blessed with uncommon abilities would succeed in it; adding that he should much rather see me a good honest shoemaker, as that was a safe and sure maintenance, since every body at some time or other must be in want of good shoes, but that nobody at any time would be in want of bad pictures. All this pithy advice sounded in my ears little better than folly or ignorance It was still a fixed thing in my own mind that *I had a genius*, and drawing was my only delight, which he called idling; indeed it might to *him* have that appearance, for I must honestly confess that I always felt an aversion to every thing which was given me to do as a task, and instead of trying to write a good round hand, or to cast up a sum in arithmetic, I generally spent the time in scrawling figures and lanscapes on my copy-book. Whenever a strolling painter came into the town, I was sure to be his constant follower, greatly to the displeasure of my father, who generally checked my ardour by dryly saying, "Hold! hold! this intimacy will end in his borrowing money of me, and then we must take the debt out in pictures, or get nothing, which is the same thing." You may conceive how all this sounded in my ears.—That *genius* should be thus treated!—All my friends and acquaintance persevered in their opinion of my wonderful talents, and although my father would not take their word, I did. I therefore grew impatient, and determined to take the first opportunity of quitting his house, whether with or without his consent, being fully convinced that I should make my name illustrious in the art. Accordingly on a fine May morning I set out for London, filled with all the enthusiasm of youth, and elated with my ideal prospects of future success.

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* Originally addressed to the Artist.

As I approached the great city, which I had never seen, it seemed to me that I trod on the clouds, and was at the entrance of Paradise; however, when in London, I had powerful competitors to encounter, and I found myself in the state of the harper in the fable, who, after having been the wonder of his native town, was astonished at being hissed off the London stage. Nevertheless, I persisted undismayed, and now resolved to become a portrait-painter.

But here also I soon found a considerable difference in the face of the world towards me: At my father's house, where I had never offered my works for sale, I had been used to have the most excessive praises bestowed on my performances, for that cost the doners nothing; but now, as I was to be paid for them, the case was materially altered, since all who came had a right to speak their mind, and to examine sharply whether they had got an equivalent for their money. I took care always to make my likenesses uncommonly strong,—they sometimes perhaps bordered a little on *caricatura*, which occasioned my being often told they were not handsome enough; and not unfrequently even the *likeness* was disputed, and all that I could say in my own behalf went for nothing: it was only lost labour for me to assert that it was impossible for resemblances to be stronger, even if Raffaelle himself had drawn them; no one would take my word, and I was obliged to submit patiently to have it proved by a very severe, and as I thought, a very unjust trial, as it was carried on before a numerous jury, of whom many were certainly not my *Peers*, and yet I was not allowed the power of challenging a single one amongst them. The portrait I had drawn was to stand the test of being known and approved of, not only by the employer, but also by a long train of sycophant followers; to wit, ignorant affected ladies' maids, humble, flattering, dependant cousins, nursery-maids both wet and dry, new born babes and favourite dogs; and if all these did not give a verdict in my favour, my work was left upon my hands, and my employers became my inveterate enemies, with as much rage against me as if I had made their own persons as hideous as they said I had made their pictures: indeed they told me I had given it *under my hand* that they were so.

I now despaired of succeeding in this line, and began to grow weary of my life; yet something was to be done for a livelihood. I therefore looked about, in hopes of hitting on some new invention, by which I might yet captivate the world: but this was a difficult matter; for every thing I could think of appeared to have been done already. At one time I thought of painting with my toes instead of my fingers, as such an essay at a striking novelty would have been a sure means of bringing all London at my feet, and my heart leaped for joy when the thought came first into my head. I reflected with delight that I was so fortunate as to be in that country and in that very city, so eminently known above all others in the world for their liberal and splendid encouragement of quackeries of every species, and my elated heart made me look down with contempt on all the other schemes of making pictures, whether in silks, in worsted, in wool, with bits of coloured rags, marble dust, sand, or a hot poker. These had passed their day and were forgotten, having been pushed from their places to make way for newer wonders. But there was one sorrowful obstacle to the completion of my scheme, which was, that some little time was requisite for acquiring the proper practice; though I knew a very moderate degree would have been sufficient to satisfy the eager curiosity of an idle multitude, glad to catch at any means by which they may get rid of themselves and a tedious hour: but as I was actually without either money or credit, I had great apprehensions that I should have run the hazard of being starved in my novitiate, and this fear alone made me give up the scheme altogether, to my no small mortification.

My next determination was to become the inventor of *the Venetian ground*, on board and on canvas, by which means every painter should be enabled to paint exactly like Titian; and thus, like most other teachers, I boldly proposed to point out that road to others, which I had not been able to find myself.

This lucky hit for a time proved very successful, and I was employed to prepare canvas for some of the high painters in town; but fortune soon left me again in the lurch, for in a short space of time some of the pictures which had been painted on my grounds became exceedingly cracked, and others fell piecemeal from the canvas; so that I have been informed, that the house-maids used to bestow curses on the painter for dirtying the rooms with his *dropping* pictures. But that which gave the finishing blow to my credit in this line of *Art*, was an accident that happened to a portrait which had been painted by a very celebrated artist on one of my primed grounds. It was hung over the chimney of a very close warm room, and from the great heat, the ground became soft to such a degree, that the eye floated down the face as low as the mouth; and really I must own that it quite spoiled the likeness.*

I next professed myself a picture-cleaner, having an invaluable nostrum for this purpose, which was imparted to me by a friend. But having had a picture by Vandyke, of some value, intrusted to my care, I unfortunately, from ignorance in the method of using my nostrum, nearly rubbed it out, and lost the skin from the tops of my fingers into the bargain. This hurt my character so much, that I could not get any one to trust me with another job, for I had neither the wit nor the knavery to paint over again those parts which I had cleaned away, as then I should have stood a good chance of delighting my employer, and making him think the picture much better than ever it had been; but, when I showed him the canvas quite bare, he dismissed me with rage.

I was now driven to such streights, that the Arch-fiend, who they say, never sleeps, took the opportunity of my distress to tempt me to become *a dealer in pictures;* but, thank Heaven, I was able to resist him, for I had always a spirit far above such a traffic, and I am happy in this place to declare, that, in all the melancholy hours of my frequent distress from cold and hunger, even when driven from my lodging and my bed to the street and a bulk, (not being able to pay my rent,) I have never yielded to the temptation; but although guilty of many sins, I have kept my hands clean from that business, and I hope they will so remain to my life's end, and be laid unspotted in my grave, for I am a true born Englishman, and a lover of my country. But I am apt to think that Satan, because he could not prevail, has owed me a grudge ever since, and, in consequence, has reduced me to such a state of misery, that I was glad to catch at a shadow, and have now taken to drawing profiles by lamp-light, and cutting them out in paper and blacking them over with ink or black-ball; and by these means at present I pick up a precarious livelihood. But, after all, my good father's words come frequently to my mind, when he used to say, that all the world at times want shoes; which is precisely my own case at this present moment, and for which reason I am not able to come out of doors, especially in wet weather. Dear Mr. Artist, if you will be so good as to lend me a two-pound note, on my honor as a painter, and therefore a gentleman (although without shoes,) I will honestly pay you again from the profits of the very first shadows I can catch.

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* A safer method of preparing *grounds* and suitable colours, has lately been rewarded by the Society of Arts with a premium of twenty guineas, and their silver medal.

I shall not disclose my name, (for indeed I have, from necessity, been obliged to adopt so many, that I now scarcely know which was the original one,) but shall sign myself, as before, by that which I know is my right,

Your's, &c., &c.,

A Disappointed Genius.

ON THE

IMITATION OF THE STAGE

IN PAINTING.

Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu?

In a former paper it has been my endeavour to point out some of the evil consequences that might ensue to the Student in Painting, from his not having a proper conception how highly important it is to him, that he should look up to nature as the great archetype and the source of all truth. In that paper I dwelt chiefly on the danger of his being led away by Poetry: I shall now finish my subject by a few observations also on the hazard of his imitating the Stage.

Young minds, from their inexperience, are prone to be captivated with all such appearances as are most palpable to the senses, and it requires time and nice observation to enable them to select and discriminate those higher beauties, which the more mature mind expects and demands from any work of Art that attempts to gain its approbation.

The young Student in Painting, perhaps, may view with astonishment and delight the expression of the passions on the Stage, and think this copy even preferable to the original in Nature itself, because it is more obtrusive and glaring, and he may, therefore, conceive it needless to seek for better models as examples.

It is true that the Stage offers him an opportunity of seeing the representations of awful situations, which he may never obtain a sight of in nature. But it behoves him to examine carefully whether this be a true portrait of nature, or not; as well as to consider also the great distinction which exists, of necessity, between a theatrical representation and a picture: there certainly are some important and fundamental differences; for notwithstanding that they are, each of them, imitations of nature, yet they are shewn under very different circumstances.

It is to be remembered that the Painter can represent only one moment of time, yet the picture may remain long before your eye, and thus enable you to investigate its merits or defects with the most critical exactness: therefore the highest delicacies of expression may be given without the least risk of the most subtile beauties being overlooked. He has also an unlimited power over the persons of his drama, so as to suit them to the characters they represent, in every requisite. But the actor, not having these advantages, must supply the deficiency by violent and decided gestures, actions, and expressions of the countenance, such as may be seen and understood at all distances, and by all the various capacities that compose his audience; and, in as much as his voice is raised above all common modes of speaking, so his expression of the passions and their actions, may be carried beyond all common modes of expression or action, and this may be at times an excuse for his *out-stepping the modesty* of Nature, as Shakspeare terms it, which he sometimes does. But the Painter has no such motives to check his highest attempts at refinement; his work is to remain long for examination, and for the discovery of all those excellencies which may be shewn in it of expression, character, situation, and action, together with all those effects of refined and deep observation on nature, which are characteristic marks in the works of the greatest masters of the art.

These refinements, if the Actor could exhibit them, would be of too delicate a nature to be discerned under the circumstances with which representations on the Stage are seen; and for this reason they would be in danger of appearing insipid, and his character underacted. The ancients seemed so sensible of this, that to avoid the error here mentioned, they are said to have run into the contrary extreme, if it be true, as some of the learned antiquarians suppose, that their stage representations were performed with actions the most violent, the expressions of the passions in the face supplied by the distortions of a mask, and the voice assisted by a species of speaking-trumpet, or some such artifice. By an exhibition like this, the Painter, to be sure, would be in no danger of being led astray, for here was nothing of nature to inform or to allure him; yet I cannot but repeat in this place the apprehension I have before expressed, respecting the hazard which attends on a bigoted and indiscriminate admiration of any model to be found in the circle of art: for, although the Painter might not be in danger of being led away by a scene which offered to his view so awkward a spectacle as that above described, yet it is to be observed, that this rude, immense yet despicable, Stage was destined to exhibit scenes conceived by men endowed with powers of the first magnitude, illustrious geniuses reduced to the necessity of conforming their works to the barrenness of their theatrical apparatus; and that, notwithstanding they were unable to display the full extent of their powers in this limited scenery, still the dazzling splendour of their invention has so blinded succeeding critics, that those bigoted devotees, unable in the heat of their admiration to distinguish that which was praiseworthy from that which was defective, have mistaken those accidental accommodations contrived by the poets to adapt their works to the scanty means of stage effect, and construed them into beauties, have boldly drawn rules from the whole together, and delivered them down to posterity as laws, which proceeded from infallible guides, for all succeeding dramatists, and as excellence fit for everlasting imitation. This instance alone may serve as an awful example to shew how careful we ought to be, both as professors and critics, that, whilst we admire, we should be very circumspect to make the just distinction and separation between that which is the proper object of our admiration, and that which is its accidental accompaniment, and which may be, and often is, a drawback on its merit. This, however, is not so easy a task as at first it seems, and many a young student has been ruined and made a mannerist from the want of this very power of discrimination, since we have seen that the splendour of certain excellences often so deludes the judgment, that the whole mass is received together as the entire model of perfection. How frequently do we hear the young practitioner in painting bestow an equal praise on the work of a great master for that which he has not done, as for that which he has, and how frequently is he apt to think himself thereby excused in not doing well those things which he does not find adequately accomplished in the work, which is the object of his study! Instances of a similar kind, as I have before remarked, we find clearly exemplified in those modern dramatic authors, (and some of them not mean ones neither,) who, overcome by the captivating genius of the ancient dramatists, and without taking into consideration the embarrassed state to which they were reduced by the necessities of their Stage, have therefore slavishly imitated all their accidental defects as if they were the greatest beauties.

It was the apprehension of this dangerous kind of bigotry which made Nicolas Poussin say of Pietro da Cortona that he was born into the world to be the ruin of Art, because the splendour of his beauties eclipsed egregious defects; and of the latter it is that the imitator carries off the largest share, because the excellencies of an original genius, as they are produced by the force of his own nature, are always inimitable.

Under a similar infatuation, the Painter, in his admiration of the merits of some favourite actor, might blindly take too large a portion of the individual for his model: and we often see instances, even amongst the works of great masters, where they have made a favourite individual, either a mistress or wife, the sole model for their highest efforts towards giving an example of the most perfect beauty.

There is a natural bias in mankind, which inclines them to imitate that which they admire, and is the principal cause that we so often have occasion to remark in Poets, Players, and Painters, &c. a propensity towards copying, or being of the school, as I may say, of some native genius of each class: but this is an ill omen, a dangerous state; because, in the end, it will produce what we call a mannerist. If this practice be a means to strengthen the weak, it will surely enfeeble the strong, and is not the way to be on a par in value with the object of their admiration.

Those favourites of Nature, whom she has endowed with superior talents, display an essence in all their efforts, which is able to bid defiance to imitation, and keeps it ever at a humble distance; we can copy only their grossness, the obvious quality, but none of that indescribable zest which gives the whole its value and power to delight.

The mimic of genius is like the monkey to the man; there is a rude superficial similitude, but the action is without its proper motive or its use; although its general *effect* to the eye may be something alike, yet the *cause* is totally different, which renders it useless; you may imitate the external action and manners of a wise man, but that is neither being wise, nor the way to become so.

A splendid display of high art is so captivating, that, at the same time that it is a lesson, it is but too apt also to delude the unwary; and it becomes a difficulty that demands the utmost exertion of judgment, to disentangle and separate the part, which might be of service, from that which might be prejudicial as an example. We have seen this error of delusion demonstrated in most eminent instances, in what we may call the *late* school of French painters, who, evidently, instead of looking at nature as their guide, assisted themselves almost entirely from the poets and the stage, which has given to all their historical paintings of that period the exact air of a scene in an opera. Enamoured by the artificial spectacle, which seemed a picture already done to their hands, they believed they had thus a much more easy means by which to make the arrangement of their pictures, than by searching out and selecting the refined and subtile beauties in the stores of nature: they thus took that which was most obvious to them and came first to hand, not giving themselves the trouble to examine into the difference between this fabricated mass and nature unadorned, or to investigate the reason why an opera has such charms;—that it was solely from its being a combination of the most exquisite art, which a little consideration would have been sufficient to have informed them of, had they not been too idle to examine or analyse it, and to convince themselves that it is too far removed from nature to answer the painter's purpose.

The remark is obvious to all, that, when you see an opera performed, your whole attention is taken up by the excellence of the composition of the music, and of its various performers. The circumstances of the Drama, or the fate of the personages it represents, engage but a very small part of your interest, nor is it designed that they should attract a greater: the little of nature which is there displayed, is moulded to serve a particular purpose, and therefore will neither create nor gain your sympathy; your whole attention is taken up in admiration and pleasure in the contemplation of fine art. I have already remarked, that it is considerably the same in poetry, which is high art engrafted on the stem of nature; but the art still predominates, and is so intended; and I might add, that an equal caution may be applied in regard to Painting, when proposed as the example for any other art; but such a remark is here unnecessary.

As a general rule it may be remarked, that, by as much as you see the artifice obtrude or prevail, by so much it diminishes that interest which ought to be the first and predominating quality of every work which aspires to be a representation of fine nature.

It is a well known observation, that when you read fine poetry, you think of and admire the genius of the author; but when you read the simple history or relation of a fact, you are absorbed and interested by the narration only, and never once think of the relator, because in the first case it is the art which prevails and catches your attention, in the last it is only simple nature which creates the highest interest. The student of painting, therefore, should never suffer his mind, which ought to range at large, to be fettered by any bigoted adoration of another's work; but should consider the dignity of the art which he professes, and the extent of its powers, and that all nature is before him and courts his choice.

Never rest content with the word of another when you can have free access to the fountain of all truth.

Yet after all that I have said, let me not be misunderstood. I well know that, to form the mind of an accomplished painter, every possible knowledge would assist; instruction should be received and cherished from whatever quarter it may chance to come, and poetry, painting, and the stage, will each afford their ample lessons when judiciously surveyed, and not held up in our minds above their rank or value.

It is the characteristic quality of genius to comprehend much at one view. By means of that quality alone it is that we can justly ascertain the true comparative worth or importance of things, as the reverse is conspicuously discoverable in persons of narrow intellect, who viewing every object with a microscopic eye, see small things great, with a disproportionate effect; and to this cause it is owing that in all the imitative arts, poetry, painting, &c. we so commonly perceive parts only of a work well done, and not of a piece with the rest, nor in harmony with the general effect of the work.

To make an union in the whole together, to give it the appearance of a work done by that presiding power which sees the whole, while executing each particular part, is the grand excellence and difficulty of art. When this can be accomplished, it proves beyond all doubt the mind of genius and the master's hand.

ADVICE

TO A YOUNG ARTIST.

IT seems to be inherent in the nature of mankind, and more particularly at the period of youth, when we first enter on the busy stage of life, to be possessed with a much higher notion of our own importance, abilities, and claims on fortune, than we find to be justified by subsequent events. And although this presumption may be a powerful incitement to great actions in early life, yet as the truth will be disclosed by degrees, and harsh experience will every day teach us how much less wise, and how much less fortunate we are, than vanity had promised and led us to suppose, bitter mortification must be the unavoidable consequence of such self delusion.

To prevent the evils incident to those who being deficient in a knowledge of the world, are thus apt to frame their conduct upon mistaken notions both of themselves and human life, such precautions and admonitions should be given to them, and such examples pointed out, as will best supply the place of that experience, which seldom comes to instruct us till it is too late to gain any advantage from its hard-earned lessons.

None can be taught too early to know what they have to expect, or on what they are to depend.

Considerations like these induce me to say, that if happiness be the lot of a painter, he will most commonly find the blessing, like the religious devotee, in the solitary enjoyment of his own thoughts, in the delightful reveries of a mind ever teeming with images which play on the fancy in infinite varieties. To impart these conceptions to the world, must be his first aim and highest gratification; and by succeeding, he will transform his labour into pleasure. For let it be remembered that he who devotes himself to study, will be obliged to make frequent sacrifices at its altar, and must be prepared to suffer, with patience, both wants and privations. If he cannot command sufficient resolution to meet this arduous state, it were better for him to leave the *Fine Arts* to be encountered by those of abler minds and stronger nerves, and not expect (as a late great writer expresses it on another occasion) to be dandled into an artist. Eminence is not to be gained whether you will or no: superiority is not of easy acquisition where all are striving to be the most excellent.

Few are aware of the hidden cause, which but too often obtrudes its influence to determine their choice of a profession, and still fewer would brook being told that it was idleness, or perhaps vanity alone.

In all those professions which chiefly attract the gaze of youth, these view at a distance the eminent only, who seem to them to be surrounded by an alluring and bewitching splendour to which they find that the rich and even the powerful pay homage. For instance, successful poets, painters, players, warriors, captivate the inexperienced and aspiring candidate for fame, and there are few amongst the young, of any spirit, who have not fixed upon one of those favorite objects, as the idol of their emulation, and gaily joined the poet's song,

> " What shall I do to be for ever known
> And make the coming age my own ?"

while the safe, though obscure occupations of common life are treated by them with scorn: for no suspicion of inability has ever alarmed them with a doubt of success.

No whispers of experience have ever informed them of the toils and difficulties which must be encountered, or the many chances that must concur to produce an instance of distinguished superiority: their notice has been attracted by those alone who have gained the prize; not aware of the thousands that have perished in the attempt and are forgotten; nor suspecting that as they climb the mountains there will open to their view still higher mountains to be climbed.

There are certain employments in some manufactures so baleful to the human species, that the laws of England, framed with equal wisdom and compassion, have prohibited the proprietors from enticing persons into the pernicious work; and none but such as voluntarily offer themselves can be employed in them. The same restricting rule would be advantageous in respect to the arts; none should, by flattery, when young, be deluded by weak or ill judging patrons to undertake that in which they are probably not qualified by nature to succeed. It would be much wiser to treat them as a kind father acted by his son, when he expressed an eager desire to devote himself to the service of the navy, the result, perhaps of idleness, accident, or whims, and with a total, ignorance of the kind of life which he fixed upon as the object of his choice. The father complied with his request, but at the same time gave a strict injunction to the commanding officer, not to screen him from any, even the hardest duties of his profession; as by this means he would gain experience before it was too late for his profit; and should his mind, after the trial, continue unchanged, his choice would be then proved to be an impulse of nature, and he would be likely to do much honor to himself and his profession. Thus in the arts (indeed in every department,) he who knows the worst at first, and still persists to combat all the difficulties in his way, almost insures success: as it proves in him the possession of strength of that mind, which is an indispensable requisite towards the attainment of excellence. It is the true spirit of emulation which inspires him. He will not content himself with the little ambition of surpassing his contemporaries only, but feels it a duty to survey the works of all men in all ages and in all countries: nor will he deign to congratulate himself while he is conscious that any man before him has accomplished that in which he has been foiled, but will perceive himself in danger of incurring the shame and disgrace of one who has arrogantly engaged to perform a feat beyond his powers. He feels that, being originally at liberty, he might have avoided the contest; but having made his election, he is no longer free but must succeed, or suffer the consequences of a presumptuous and defeated pretension.

I must remark, that in the performance of all those works, which are mere superfluities in life, and not absolutely necessary to the well being of mankind, and which, if not well done, need not be done at all. a mediocrity of performance will have no place, will never be called for: and the pitiable object, who fails in the arduous enterprize, will soon find that the little ability which he possessed, will of course be diminished, because his thoughts must necessarily be employed, not on his art, but on petty contrivances, to procure the means of a precarious maintenance; and thus he skulks through life by shifts and expedients, in want and discredit. Innumerable examples have proved the profession of a painter to be difficult of attainment, and uncertain in the event, even when accompanied with excellence, and that hundreds must attempt for one to be prosperous; therefore it ought to be clearly ascertained, that its votaries and followers are real lovers of the study, *for its own sake*, before they are permitted to espouse it for life: and such prognostics should be shewn as may best presage success in the adventure. Yet, on the other hand, we should, with jealousy, beware of that presumptuous confidence, which would be the greatest hindrance to all improvement, by closing up the mind in its selfsufficiency, and putting a stop to all inquiry, by reducing it to rest on its own fancied perfection.

No man can have too little dependance on what he possesses, nor too much on his ability of acquirement.

He who is determined to become a great painter, should consider himself as ever learning, continually in progress, but yet as one, before whose persevering powers all difficulties must give way; as by this laudable presumption, or rather persuasion of his mind, he will be enabled to accomplish that, which he would otherwise have shrunk from as impossible to be done. He must strongly feel the shame of not being able to conquer that, which he knows men, like himself, have conquered. He should consider failure in his attempt, as worse than death itself, and, when he has once entered on his career, should allow himself no hope of retreat.

A singular circumstance occurs to my mind, which shows what resolution like this may accomplish. A small party of men determined to surprize and capture the strong fortress of Panama, and to prevent alarm being given in the attack, they embarked together in one small boat, encountering all the dangers of a dark and stormy night. Before they got on shore, or made good their landing, it was agreed among them, that the man who last left the boat, should stave a hole in its bottom: this done, and hope of retreat being destroyed, to conquer or to die, was their only choice: then clambering up a steep precipice, before considered as the side on which the fortress was inaccessible, they reached the summit, seized the sentinels by surprize, and soon possessed themselves of the panic-struck garrison, by whom no resistance was attempted. Thus, by determination and resolution, the place was taken without a blow, although well furnished with every requisite for defence and support; and this heroic act was accomplished by the sole prowess of about twelve determined men. Hence, we see, that no one can make a just estimate of his powers, till he is urged, by imperious necessity, to bring them to the proof. He takes a double chance to conquer, who sets out with a determination not to be conquered. There are heroes in the closet as well as in the field. That man is a hero, whatever may be his department in life, who defies all obstructions to accomplish a laudable purpose, and ultimately overcomes them. Heroism may as clearly be displayed in the pursuit of the arts, of science, and philosophy, as in the instances of statesmen, warriors, or martyrs. Heroism is proved by unabating ardour, and firm adherence to the end proposed: it leaves nothing unattempted, which curiosity, research, labour, or courage may acquire. How did Raffaelle, having never executed a work of any consequence or magnitude, boldly enter the Vatican, and at once undertake to encounter the highest difficulties of the art! Thus, alone, he took the lion by the beard.

Yet, it must be observed, that with all those qualities which a painter must possess, in order to enable him to surmount every difficulty of his arduous undertaking, and to support himself under all the variety of checks, disappointments, and disasters in life, it is requisite that he should, in addition to all these, have what seems almost incompatible with them, that is, a mind and heart of the most susceptible nature. The painter's imagination should act with more than usual power. His hopes, his fears, his joys, his mortifications, must be felt with double force. He should have such a tenderness of sensibility, as to receive and feel every impression on his mind, with all the energy of poetic fire; for who can paint what he never felt?

How is it possible, that works which display ideas, exalted or sublime, should attract the attention of minds, coarse, trifling or vulgar? The mind acts like a magnet, when thrown amidst a quantity of mixed and various matter; it attracts and attaches itself to that alone, which is similar to its own nature. How often do we see this exemplified in our own art, by those affected connoisseurs of puny intellect, who are more amused, more delighted, with a highly laboured picture of a bunch of flowers, in which insects and drops of water are represented, than with the sublimest subjects that adorn the Vatican? And if it can be supposed, that such connoisseurs have any real attachment to the art, they will clearly discover, by their selection of pictures, the degree of their intellect, their taste and also their disposition.

The prevailing character operates more or less in every action of the man, and the really great mind will be shown even from the minutest object of its attention. Of this nature is that instance of Achilles when, in his disguise amongst the women, he could not but act like himself, and out of all the toys and trinkets which were exposed before him, was discovered by fixing his choice on a sword.

In the same manner, in respect to the arts, exalted minds are known and displayed by the reverence they pay to all those works which tend to dignify our species, or elevate our idea of its rank, value, and importance; while they receive little or no pleasure from those productions which familiarize or degrade it; and consider them only as the pastimes of children, or feats of mechanical dexterity.

In all the inferior branches of the art, the highest finishing, as it is called, constitutes their highest value; and in this place I wish to make an observation on the article of finishing, as nothing, perhaps, demonstrates more clearly the strength or weakness of the mind of the painter and his admirers. Those may be said *to finish the highest*, who in their work imitate the characteristic and interesting qualities, and properties only, of the object they mean to represent; and not those who render their works with infinite pains and labours, but at last without feeling, energy, or character. In judging of this matter, the vulgar commit one of their grossest mistakes, in not making any distinction between judicious finishing, and mere labour: or rather in giving preference to the latter; thus often esteeming the worst picture more than the best. Nothing is more common than to hear such judges say that the works of Denner and Gerard Dow, are *more finished* than those by Titian or Vandyke.

Thus far I have endeavoured to describe the combination of these apparently opposite qualities, which I apprehend are required to make a great painter; bold and firm without arrogance, or conceit; humble yet powerful; diligent yet energetic; laborious but not insipid. He endeavours to convey his sentiments to the heart by his earnest exertions to give truth of character, beauty, simplicity, and grandeur, by purity of just feeling, and without self applause, vanity, affectation, or pretension to that enthusiasm which he does not feel: unlike the aims of such painters as Vasari, Goltzius, Spranghér, Martin Hemskerck, &c., who appear to have been thinking much more upon themselves than upon their work, and who expected to become its rivals for our astonishment and admiration. It is the happiness of this class to receive abundantly their own applause, and that applause alone: whilst, on the contrary, Titian, Holbein, Corregio, and Raffaelle painted from the heart. It is by such works only, that the heart is captured: and it is surely not presumptuous to say, that there remains but little doubt, that, the cultivating and encouraging the higher branches of painting, in which they excelled, it would become as effectual means as any we are acquainted with, to humanize the mind; for art so conducted draws the attention of the idol from mischief, affords wholesome relaxation to the busy, instructs the ignorant, and displays examples of splendid virtue which may direct ambition the way in peaceful paths to fame and immortality.

LIST
OF THE
HISTORICAL AND FANCY SUBJECTS,
TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
AND
EMINENT PORTRAITS,
EXECUTED BY
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Subjects.	*Possessors.*	*Prices.* (Guineas.)	*Engravers.*
Angel contemplating the Cross, bequeathed to	Duke of Portland		
Ascension			
Calling of Samuel	Duke of Rutland	100	Dean, 1788
Do. do.	Duke of Dorset	50	J. R. Smith, 1783
Do. do.	Earl of Darnley	75	Delatre, 1784
Do. do.	C. Long, Esq.		C. Knight, 1792
Cornelia & her Children (Lady Cockburn)	- - -		C. Wilkins, 1791
Cauldron Scene in Macbeth	Mr. Boydell	1000	Thew
Cardinal Beaufort	Do. now Earl of Egremont	500	Caroline Watson, 1792
Dionysius the Areopagite	- -		Jenner, 1776

Subjects.	*Possessors.*	*Prices.* (Guineas.)	*Engravers.*
Death of Dido: for Mr. Bryant	Marchs. Thomond	200	Grozer
Holy Family: 500*l.* to Macklin, sold to	Lord Gwydir	700	W. Sharp, 1792
Hercules strangling the Serpents	Empress of Russia	1500	Hodges, Walker
Infant Hercules in Cradle	Earl Fitzwilliam	150	Do. do. 1792
Infant Moses in the Bulrushes	Duke of Leeds	125	J. Dean, '86, 1791
Infant Jupiter	Duke of Rutland	100	Smith, 1775
King Lear	Marchs. Thomond		Marchi & Sharp, 1783
Nativity: for New College window	Duke of Rutland	1200	Earlom
St. John: for New College window	Marchs. Thomond		
Do.	—Willet, Esq.	150	Grozer, 1784
St. Michael slaying the Dragon: Copy from Guido	Marchs. Thomond		
School of Athens, from Raffaelle: Copy	Do.		
Do. travestied: now at Straffan, in Ireland	J. Henry, Esq.		
Ugolino and children in the Dungeon	Duke of Dorset	400	Dixon
Virgin and Child: left unfinished	J. Bannister, Esq.	65	
Do. do.	Earl of Egremont		
Young Hannibal, a boy in armour	-	-	C. Townley, 1792

Ariadne	W. Locke, Esq.	35	Doughty, 1779
Bacchante, portrait of Mad. Baccelli	Duke of Dorset		J. R. Smith, 1784
Do.	Sir W. Hamilton	50	Do. do.
Bacchus, portrait of Master Herbert	Lord Porchester	75	Smith, 1776
Beggar Boy, with Child & Cabbage-nets	Duke of Dorset	-	Hodges
The Bird	-	-	J. Dean
Boy laughing	—Bromwell, Esq.	50	

Subjects.	*Possessors.*	*Prices.* (Guineas.)	*Engravers.*
Boy with a dog	- -	-	Dean
Do. in a Turkish dress	- -	-	Do. 1778
Do. with drawing in his Hand	Duke of Dorset	50	
Do. with Portfolio	Earl of Warwick	50	
Do. praying: since sent to France	Mr. Chamier	50	
Do. eating Grapes	- -		Spilsbury
Do. reading	Sir H. Englefield	35	Hodges
Boy's School: heads of two Master Gawlers	- -		Smith, 1788
Captive: has been called Cartouche, &c.	Rev. W. Long	80	Smith, 1777, & Dean
Captain of Banditti	J. Crewe, Esq.	35	
Careful Shepherdess	- -		Eliz. Judkins, 1775
Cardinal Virtues, and four others: for the New College Window -	Marchs. Thomond		Facius, 1781
Cælia (Mrs. Collyer) lamenting her Sparrow	- -		J. Watson
Charity: for New College window	- -		Facius, 1781
Circe -	Sir C. Bunbury	35	
Children in the Wood	Lord Palmerstone	50	J. Watson, 1772
Child with Angels	Duke of Leeds		
Child sleeping	S. Rogers, Esq.		Doughty, 1780
Do. do.	Earl of Aylesford		- -
Comic Muse (Mrs. Abingdon)	Duke of Dorset		Sherwin
Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl (Kitty Fisher)	Lord Boringdon		Fisher
Continence of Scipio	- - -		
Conway Castle, a Landscape	- -		W. Birch, 1790
Covent Garden Cupid	- -		Dean, 1779
Cottagers, from Thomson, for Macklin's Gallery			Bartolozzi, 1784
Count La Lippe: portrait	H. R. H. Prince Regent		
Master Crewe as Henry VIII.	J. Crewe, Esq.		Smith, 1776
Cupid and Psyche (Miss Greville and brother)	C. Long, Esq.	250	Mac Ardell, 1762
Do. do.	S. Rogers, Esq.		- -

Subjects.	*Possessors.*	*Prices.* (Guineas.)	*Engravers.*
Cupid in the Clouds	- -		Dean
Cupid sleeping	- -		Do. 1778
Cymon and Iphigenia: the last fancy piece ever executed by Sir Joshua	Marchs. Thomond		F. Harward
Diana (Lady Napier)	- - -	-	- -
Do. (Duchess of Manchester)	- -		J. Watson
Edwin: from Beattie's Minstrel	Duke of Leeds	55	
Faith: for New College window	- -	-	Facius, 1781
Family of the Duke of Marlborough	- -	700	
Fortitude: for New College window	- -		Do. do.
Fortune teller (Lord and Lady Spencer)	D. of Marlborough		Sherwin
Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy: sold to J. J. Angerstein, Esq. for 250 guineas	Earl of Halifax	300	T. Watson & Fisher, 1762, &c.
Garrick, as Kitely	- -		Finlayson, 1769
Mr. and Mrs. Garrick sitting on a garden seat, and Garrick reading to her	Hon. T. Fitzmaurice 150		
Girl with Bird's-nest	N. Desenfans, Esq.		
Do. with Bird-cage	Duke of Dorset		
Do. with Muff	Marchs. Thomond		Jenner
Do. with Cat (Felina)	N. Desenfans, Esq.		Collyer, 1790
Do. with Kitten	Marchs. Thomond		Bartolozzi, 1787
Do. drawing (Miss Johnson)	- -		Grozer, 1790
Do. leaning on a Pedestal	Visct. Palmerstone	75	Baldry
Do. laughing	Earl of Lonsdale		
Gypsey Fortune-teller	Duke of Dorset	350	Sherwin
Do.	Marchs. Thomond		
Gleaners (Mrs. Macklin & Miss Potts)	Mr. Macklin	300	
Heads of angels: study from daughter of Lord William Gordon	Lord W. Gordon	100	
Hebe (Miss Meyer)	- -		Fisher & Jacobi, 1780

Subjects.	*Possessors.*	*Prices.* (Guineas.)	*Engravers.*
Hebe, (Mrs. Musters)	- -		J. R. Smith, 1799
Hope nursing Love	Henry Hope, Esq.	150	
Do. - -	Lord Holland		Do. 1777
Do. - -	Marchs. Thomond		Fisher, 1771
Hope: for New College window	- -	-	Facius, 1781
Innocence -	J. Harman, Esq.	-	Grozer, 1788
Infant Academy: bequeathed to	Lord Palmerstone		Hayward
Juno(Lady Blake)	- -	-	J. Dixon, 1771
Justice: for New College window	- -	-	Facius, 1781
Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces	Sir C. Bunbury	-	Fisher
Lady with Flowers	- -	-	Do.
L'Allegro (Mrs. Hale)	Lord Harewood		Watson, &c.
Landscape	Earl of Aylesford	50	
Do. View from Richmond Villa	- -	-	Jones and Birch
Lesbia - -	Duke of Dorset	75	Bartolozzi, 1788
Ld. Sidney & Col. Ackland, as Archers	Earl of Caernarvon		
Love untying the Zone of Beauty: called the Snake in the Grass	Earl of Carysfort	200	J. R. Smith, 1787
Do. do.	Prince Potemkin	100	
Do. do. a present to	Henry Hope, Esq.		
Madona	- -	-	Blackmore
Marchioness Townshend, Mrs. Gardener, and Hon. Mrs. Beresford, decorating a term of Hymen	Lord Mountjoy	450	T. Watson
Melancholy (Miss Jones)	- -	-	
The Blackguard Mercury	- -		Dean, 1777
Miranda (Hon. Mrs. Tollemache) and Caliban	- -		J. Jones, 1786
Muscipula, Girl with Mouse-trap	Count d'Adhemar	50	Jones, 1786
Nymph (Mrs. Hartley) and young Bacchus	Earl of Carysfort	-	
Nymph and Boy	J. J. Angerstein, Esq.		

Subjects.	*Possessors.*	*Prices.* (Guineas.)	*Engravers.*
Old man's Head	J. J. Edridge, Esq.		J. Watson
Do. reading a ballad	Duke of Rutland		Okey
Omai, the Native of Otaheite	J. W. Steers, Esq.		Jacobi, 1777
Oxford Window (a general plate)	- -		Earlom
Pouting Girl	G. Hardinge, Esq.	-	
Prudence: for New College window	- - -		Facius, 1781
Puck from Midsummer Night's Dream: done for Ald. Boydell	S. Rogers, Esq.	100	Schiavonetti
Resignation, from Goldsmith's deserted Village (White the Paviour)	Marchs. Thomond		T. Watson, 1772
Robinette (Hon. Mrs. Tollemache)	Earl of Lonsdale		J. Jones, 1787
Shepherd Boy	Lord Irwin	50	Barnard, Spilsbury, 1788
Do. - -	Marchs. Thomond		
Shepherdess with a Lamb	Do. - -		J. Grozer, 1784
Shepherd and Shepherdesses	Do. - -		
Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse	W. Smith, Esq.	700	Hayward, 1787
St. Agnes (Mrs. Quarrington)	R. P. Knight, Esq.	50	Chambers, 1787 Bettelini
St. Cecilia (Mrs. Sheridan and two Misses Purdons)	R. B. Sheridan, esq.	150	Dickinson, 1776
St. George (Francis Duke of Bedford & brothers)	- -		V. Green, 1778
St. John (Master Wynne, now Sir Watkyn Williams)	- -		J. Dean, 1776
Strawberry Girl	Earl of Carysfort	50	T. Watson, 1774
Studious Boy	P. Metcalfe, Esq.		Dean, 1777, Smith
Thais	Mr. Greville	100	F. Bartolozzi, 1792
Temperance: for New College window	- -		Facius, 1787
Theory of Painting	Royal Academy		J. Grozer, 1785
Do. do.	Marchs. Thomond		
Do. do.	J. Hughes, Esq.		

Subjects.	*Possessors.**	*Prices.* (Guineas.)	*Engravers.*
Triumph of Truth (Dr. Beattie)	Mrs. Glennie		J. Watson, 1775
Two Groupes of celebrated Characters done for the	Dilletante Society		
Tuccia, the Vestal Virgin, from Gregory's Ode to Meditation	Mr. Macklin	300	
Venus chiding Cupid for casting Accounts	Earl of Charlemont	100	Bartolozzi, 1784
Venus do. bequeathed to the	E. of Upper Ossory		J. R. Collyer, 1782
Do. do. painted for Sir B. Boothby	Sir T. Bernard		
Venus and Boy piping	J. J. Angerstein, Esq.	250	
Una, from Spenser (Miss Beauclerck)	Marchs. Thomond		T. Watson, 1782
Wang-y-Tong, a Chinese Boy	Duke of Dorset	70	

Portraits.	*Possessors.*	*Engravers.*
Archbishop Markham, of York	- -	Fisher & Watson, 1778
——— Robinson, primate of Ireland	- -	Houston, 1765
———Burke, of Tuam	- -	J. R. Smith, 1784
Admiral Barrington	- -	Earlom, 1780
———Boscawen	- -	Mac Ardell, 1757
Mrs. Abington	Lord Boringdon	Judkins, 1772
Bishop Percy of Dromore	- -	Dickinson, 1775
——Shipley of St. Asaph	- -	Smith, 1777
——Newton of Bristol	Abp. of Canterbury	Watson, 1775
Joseph Barretti	Mrs. Piozzi	Hardy, 1794
Archibald Bower	- - -	Faber
Edmund Burke	- - -	J. Watson, 1771
Do.	- - -	Hardy, 1780
Mr. Chauncey	—Carter, Esq.	Caroline Watson
Count Belgroso	- - -	Jacobi
Colonel Tarleton	- - -	J. Smith, 1782
Countess of Berkeley	- - -	Mac Ardell, 1757
————Carlisle	- - -	J. Watson, 1773

Portraits.	*Possessors.*	*Engravers.*
Countess of Cornwallis	- - -	Do. 1771
———Coventry	- - -	Do.
———Essex	- - -	Mac Ardell
———Harrington	- - -	V. Green, 1780
———Hyndfort	- - -	Mac Ardell
———Northumberland	- -	Houston, 1759
———Pembroke & Son	- -	Dixon
Two Miss Crewes	- - -	Do.
First Duke of Cumberland	- -	Spooner
Late Duke of Cumberland	- -	T. Watson, 1774
Duke of Bedford, two brothers, and Miss Vernon	- -	Smith
Duke of Devonshire	- -	Faber, 1755
———Gloucester	Pr. Sophia of Gloucester	
———Marlborough	- -	Houston
———Orleans	Prince Regent	J. R. Smith, 1786
———York	- -	J. Jones, 1790
Honourable Miss Damer	- -	J. R. Smith, 1774
Dr. Charles Burney	Mrs. Piozzi	Bartolozzi, 1781
—John Hawkesworth	- -	J. Watson, 1773
—Lucas	- -	Mac Ardell
—W. Robertson	- -	Dixon, 1772
—Joseph Warton	- -	Smith, 1777
Duchess of Ancaster	- -	Houston, 1758
Do. - -	- -	Dixon
Duchess of Buccleugh	- -	Ja. Watson, 1775
———Cumberland	- -	Do. 1777, 1790
———Devonshire	- -	V. Green, 1780
———Gloucester	Lady Waldegrave	Mac Ardell, 1762
———Gordon	- -	Dickinson, 1775
———Rutland (Dowager)	- -	V. Green, 1780
Samuel Dyer	Sir Ridley Colborne	Marchi, 1773
Earl of Albemarle	- -	Fisher
———Abercorn	- -	Dean
———Bath	- -	Mac Ardell, 1758
———Bristol (Augustus)	- -	Fisher
———Carlisle	- -	Spilsbury, 1763
———Dalkeith	- -	V. Green
———Dartmouth	- -	Spilsbury
———Gower	- -	Fisher, 1765
———Mansfield	- -	Bartolozzi, 1786
———Moira	Duke of York	Jones, 1792
———Pembroke	- -	Dixon, Watson, 1772

Portraits.	*Possessors.*	*Engravers.*
Earl of Rothes	- -	Mac Ardell, 1755
——— Strafford	- -	Mac Ardell, 1762
Mrs. Fitzherbert	- -	
Samuel Foote	- -	Blackmore, 1771
Monsieur Gautier (done at Paris)	- -	H. Fess
Edward Gibbon	- -	Hall, 1780
Oliver Goldsmith	Mrs. Piozzi	Marchi, 1770
Groupe: Lady Sarah Bunbury, Lady Susan Strangeways, & Charles James Fox	- -	J. Watson
Warren Hastings	- -	T. Watson, 1777
Soame Jenyns	- -	Dickinson
Samuel Johnson	Mrs. Piozzi	J. Watson, 1770
Do.	- -	Hall, 1787
Do.	- -	Doughty, 1784
Angelica Kauffman	- -	Bartolozzi, 1780
Miss Kemble	- -	J. Jones, 1784
Mrs. Kennedy	- -	T. Watson, 1771
Lady Bampfylde	- -	Do.
—— Broughton	- -	Do. 1770
—— Almeria Carpenter	- -	J. Watson, 1763
—— Chambers	- -	Mac Ardell
—— Elizabeth Keppel	- -	Fisher
—— Louisa Manners	- -	V. Green
—— Melbourne & Child	Visct. Melbourne	T. Watson
Three Ladies Waldegrave	- -	V. Green
Lord Amherst	- -	J. Watson
—— Anson	- -	Mac Ardell, 1755
—— Camden	M. Camden	Basire, 1766
Do.	- -	Ravenhill
—— Cardross (Earl Buchan)	- -	Mac Ardell
—— Heathfield	- -	Earlom, 1788
—— Hood	- -	J. Jones, 1783
—— Ligonier, on horseback	- -	Fisher
—— Rodney	Marchs. Thomond	Dickinson, 1780
Do.	- -	J. Watson
—— Romney	- -	Finlayson, 1773
—— George Seymour	- -	Fisher, 1771
Lord Chancellor Thurlow	- -	Bartolozzi, 1782
THEIR MAJESTIES, (two)	Royal Academy	Various
Giuseppe Marchi	- -	Spilsbury

Portraits.	*Possessors.*	*Engravers.*
Marquis of Abercorn (a family piece)	- -	
————Buckingham	- -	Dickinson, 1778
————Granby	- -	Houston, 1760
Do. do. (with a horse)	- -	J. Watson
————Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton & Colonel Barre	Sir T. Baring	
————Rockingham	- -	Fisher
————Tavistock	Duke of Bedford	J. Watson, 1767
————Tichfield	- -	Jenner, 1777
Marchioness of Lothian	- -	Spilsbury
————Thomond	- -	
————Townshend	- -	V. Green
Mrs. Moutague	- -	Pollard
Nelly O'Brien	- -	J. Watson
H. R. H. the Prince Regent	- -	F. Haward, 1793
Princess Augusta	- -	Mac Ardell, 1764
———— Sophia	- -	
Rev. Zachariah Mudge	- -	J. Watson
—— Thomas Warton	- -	Hodges, 1794
Samuel Reynolds, S.T.P.	- -	Mac Ardell
Of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS himself the portraits have been so numerous as to bid defiance to enumeration. These are all from his own pencil, with the exception of one by C. G. Stuart, an American, one by Zoffanii, and one by Mr. Breda, a Swedish painter. The best engravings are by	- -	V. Green, J. Collyer, J. Watson, C. Townley, I. K. Sherwin, R. Earlom, Pariset, Facius, S. W. Reynolds, Caroline Kirkley, Caroline Watson, T. Holloway, and the portrait which accompanies this work
Sir Joseph Banks	- -	Dickinson, 1774
— Charles Bunbury	- -	Marchi
— William Chambers	Royal Academy	V. Green, 1780
— John Cust	- -	J. Watson, 1769
— Charles Saunders	- -	Mac Ardell
— John Wynne	- -	Dean
Do.	- -	Watson
Laurence Sterne	Earl of Ossory	Fisher

Portraits.	*Possessors.*	*Engravers.*
Viscount Downe	- -	Fisher
——— Keppel	- -	Do. 1759
——— Sackville	- -	Mac Ardell
Horace Walpole	- -	Mac Ardell, 1757
Harry Woodward	- -	Houston

Even in the present Exhibition there are many which are not here enumerated; and there are also many others expected: so that a complete List, if it were possible to procure it, would fill a volume.

It is also proper to notice, that several of these here enumerated have been likewise engraved by other artists.

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